

# A STUDY OF SHELLEY

With Special Reference to His Nature Poetry.

## DISSERTATION

PRESENTED TO THE BOARD OF UNIVERSITY STUDIES  
OF THE JOHNS HOPKINS UNIVERSITY FOR THE  
DEGREE OF DOCTOR OF PHILOSOPHY.

BY

PELHAM EDGAR,

ASSOCIATE-PROFESSOR OF FRENCH IN VICTORIA UNIVERSITY.

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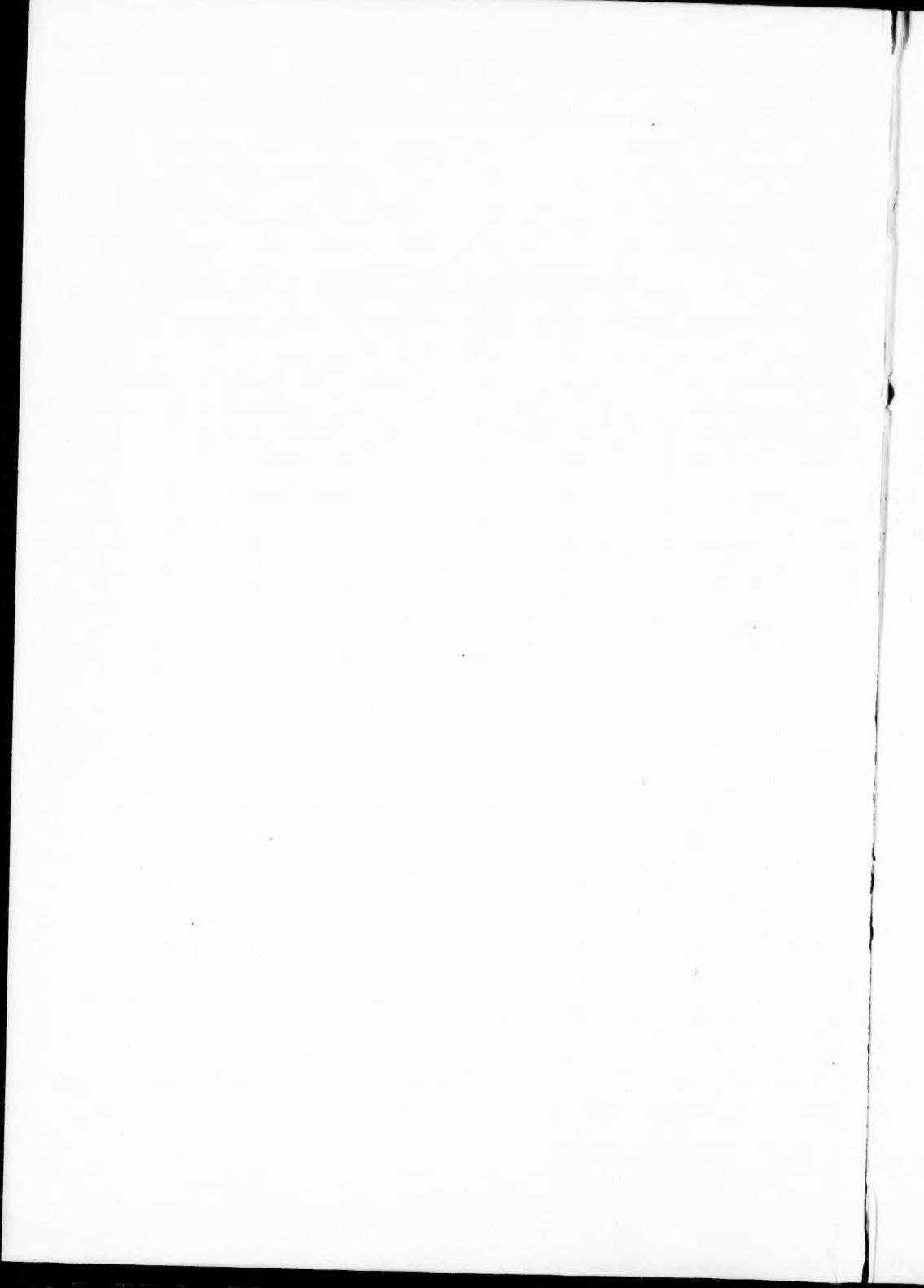
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## PREFATORY NOTE.

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THE pages which follow are an initial contribution to the study of Shelley's Nature poetry. In establishing the existing criticism on the subject, I have refrained from comment except with reference to the question of idealization. An extension of this criticism in any thorough sense would have carried me much beyond the ordinary limits of an investigation of this kind. It was, therefore, possible merely to indicate the direction which the study will take (page 20), and to state my intention of publishing the results at some future date. I need make no apology for the importance which I have attached to Shelley's similes as throwing light upon his poetic methods of treating Nature; and in this connection I take the welcome opportunity of thanking Professor Bright for many valuable suggestions and much kindly aid.



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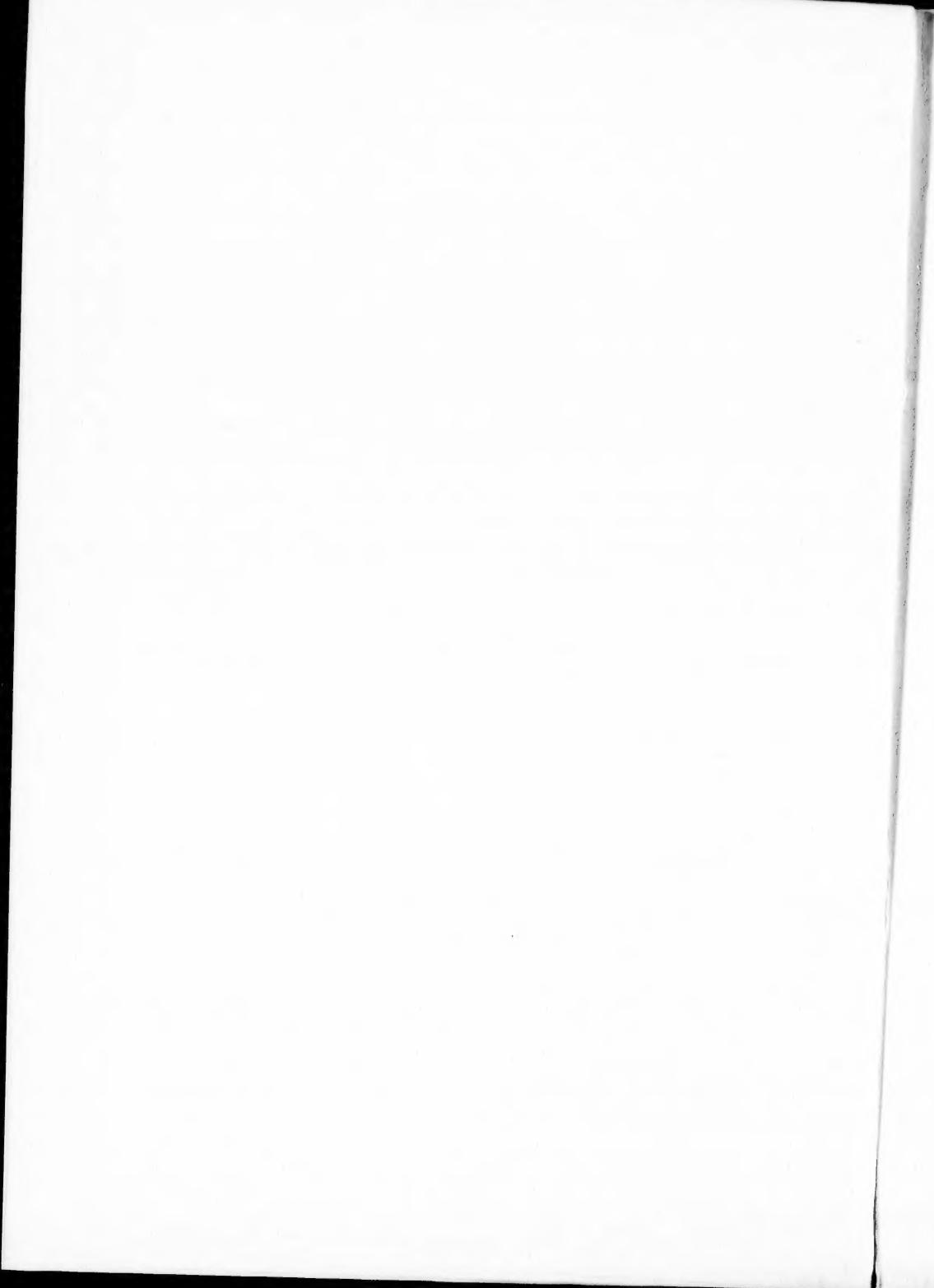
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# I.

## EXTANT CRITICISM ON SHELLEY'S NATURE POETRY.

### *Growth of his Love for Nature.*

PROFESSOR DOWDEN, in his "Life of Shelley," refers to Shelley's early indifference for natural beauty.

In the midst of the mountains of Cwm Elan, in 1811, Shelley writes to his friend Hogg, "'This is most divine scenery, but all very dull, stale, flat, and unprofitable; indeed, the place is a very great bore.' The poet in Shelley at this time was trammelled and taken in the toils by the psychologist and metaphysician." ("Life of Shelley," I. 165.)

"In the summer of 1811 his delight in mountain and vale and stream was tracked and hunted down and done to death by his passion for psychological analysis. 'This country of Wales' (writing to Miss Hitchener) 'is exceedingly grand; rocks piled on each other to tremendous heights, rivers formed into cataracts by their projections, and valleys clothed with woods, present an appearance of enchantment. But why do they enchant? Why is it more affecting than a plain? It cannot be innate; is it acquired? Thus does knowledge lose all the pleasure which involuntarily arises by attempting to arrest the fleeting phantom as it passes. Vain attempt; like the chemist's ether, it evaporates under our observation; it flies from all but the slaves of passion and sickly sensibility who will not analyze a feeling.' And again, 'Nature is here marked with the most impressive characters of loveliness and grandeur. Once I was tremulously alive to tones and scenes; the habit of analyzing feelings, I fear, does not agree with this. It is spontaneous, and when it becomes subject to consideration, ceases to exist.'" ("Life of Shelley," I. 167.)

"I am more astonished at the grandeur of the scenery" (letter to Hogg) "than I expected. I do not *now* much regard it. I have other things to think of." ("Life of Shelley," I. 168.)

Contrast with these letters those which he wrote from Keswick

after his marriage. (Letters of Nov. and Dec., 1811.) Here at last we begin to see the genuine Shelley.

Again, in 1812 we have evidence of the opposite excess of meaningless and delirious rapture, as in the letter to Miss Hichener when her morality had been put in question.

"You are to my fancy as a thunder-riven pinnacle of rock, firm amid the rushing tempest and the boiling surge. Ay, stand forever firm, and when our ship anchors close to thee, the crew will cover thee with flowers."

#### *Tendency to Excessive Idealization.*

This forms the substance of LESLIE STEPHEN'S contribution to the *Cornhill Magazine*, XXXIX. Compare *Quarterly Review*, LXIV., and SHARP in *Fraser's Magazine*, N. S. 20. To exemplify their extreme position I quote from Mr. Leslie Stephen. "The materials with which he works are impalpable abstractions, where other poets use concrete images. . . . When he speaks of natural scenery the solid earth seems to be dissolved, and we are in presence of nothing but the shifting phantasnia of clouland, the glow of moonlight on eternal snow, or the 'golden lightning of the setting sun.'"

While admitting that the general temper of Shelley's poetry is distinctly ideal, it is necessary to make a protest against that partial view which removes his work entirely from the sphere of human interest, and regards it merely as the meteoric display of an overcharged imagination which has never fed upon the concrete realities of life.

WHIPPLE (*Essays and Reviews*) makes the following plea on Shelley's behalf against the charges of unreality and lack of human sympathy: "The predominance of his spiritual over his animal nature; the velocity with which his mind, loosed from the 'grasp of gravitation,' darted upwards into regions whither slower-pacing imaginations could not follow; the amazing fertility with which he poured out crowds of magnificent images, and the profuse flood of dazzling radiance, blinding the eye with excess of light, which they shed over his compositions, his love of idealizing the world of sense, until it became instinct with thought, and infusing into things dull and lifeless to the sight and touch the qualities of individual existence; the marvellous keenness of insight with which he pierced beneath even the refinements of thought, and evolved new materials of wonder and delight from a seemingly exhausted subject—all these, to a superficial observer, carry with them the appearance of unreality."

It is important to adjust ourselves aright towards this question of idealism in Shelley's poetry. We must frankly admit at the outset that the tendency towards idealism exists in a very marked manner in the poems. We find, therefore, that criticism ranges itself into two opposing camps. On the one hand, positive common-sense

opinion, as represented by Leslie Stephen, will find that Shelley nourished his imagination with substance too rare and immaterial to form the food which a healthy and robust mind should crave as its natural diet. On the other hand, more enthusiastic critics like Whipple or Roden Noel (see p. 12) assert that his idealism constitutes the chief and enduring charm of his poetry. It is well here to hold a middle position. We may congratulate ourselves as lovers of English literature that our poetry with Shelley's advent received an imaginative impulse into ethereal regions where wing of poet never beat before. But is he, therefore, the "beautiful and ineffectual angel, beating in the void his luminous wings in vain," of Matthew Arnold's perverse creating? Shelley's burning zeal for humanity would of itself forbid the acceptance of that view in its sweeping entirety. In the poet's youth we must admit that his conception of humanity is visionary and false, and that his shadowy portraits are evasively delusive and vague in outline. But with growing years the concrete elements of his poetry gathered strength, and qualities of firmness and precision began to show themselves in such abundance as to afford the assurance in his future work of a more harmonious and equitable relation between the ideal and the real wor'd. In October, 1821, Shelley wrote to Mr. Gisborne, referring to the most idealistic of his poems: "'The Epipsychedion' is a mystery; as to real flesh and blood, you know that I do not deal in those articles; you might as well go to a gin-shop for a leg of mutton, as expect anything human or earthly from me." But let us first eliminate the sportive fun from this statement, and remember that within the less than two years that remained to him of life, he had produced those admirably human poems, "To Jane," and conceived and in part written a play upon the thoroughly human subject of "Charles I." In conclusion, we must bear in mind that in a large measure the impression of excessive idealism arises from the subtle character of the poetic imagery which Shelley employs to light up hidden affinities between human emotion and processes of beauty in the natural world. In this regard Shelley does not sin alone, and might shelter himself, did he require refuge from criticism, behind the accepted names of Lamartine or Victor Hugo, whose splendid imagery is conceived in a similar spirit, and employed for a similar end.

*Love of Indefiniteness and Change (cf. infra SWEET).*

REV. STOPFORD BROOKE. *Macmillan, XLII.*

To the love of indefiniteness and the love of change, qualities embedded in Shelley's temperament, STOPFORD BROOKE attributes the leading characteristics of his Nature poetry. "His love of that which is indefinite and changeful made him enjoy and describe better than any other English poet that scenery of the clouds and sky which is indefinite owing to infinite change of appearance. The incessant

forming and unforming of the vapours which he describes in the last verse of 'The Cloud,' is that which he most cared to paint. Wordsworth often draws, and with great force, the aspect of the sky, and twice, with great elaboration, in 'The Excursion'; but it is only a momentary aspect, and it is mixed up with illustrations taken from the works of men, with the landscape of the earth below where men are moving, with his own feelings about the scene, and with moral or

**Power to isolate Nature.** imaginative lessons. Shelley, when he is at work on the sky, troubles it with none of these human matters,\* and he describes not only the momentary aspect, but also the change and progress of the sunset or the storm. And he does this with the greatest care, and with a characteristic attention to those delicate tones and half-tones of colour which resemble the subtle imaginations and feelings he liked to discover in human nature, and to which he gave form in poetry."

There follow references in detail to the more celebrated cloud studies at dawn or sunset or during storm to be found in the poems. Of the dawn in the opening of "Prometheus, II.," he says: "The changes of colour, as the light increases in the spaces of pure sky

**Subtle Observa-** and in the clouds, are watched and described with **tion.** precise truth; the slow progress of the dawn, during a long time, is noted down line by line, and all the movement of the mists and of the clouds 'shepherded by the slow, unwilling wind.' Nor is that minuteness of observation wanting which is the proof of careful love. Shelley's imaginative study of beauty is revealed in the way the growth of the dawn is set before us by the waxing and waning of the light of the star, as the vapours rise and melt before the morn. The storms are even better than the sunsets and dawns. . . . Criticism has no voice when it thinks that no other poet has ever attempted to render, with the same absolute loss of himself, the successive changes, minute by minute, of such an hour of tempest and of sunrise. We are alone with Nature; I might even say, we see Nature alone with herself." Then follows an enthusiastic analysis of the "Ode to the West Wind."

Also, to his love of the indefinite and changeful, Stopford Brooke attributes Shelley's power of describing vast landscapes (e.g., "Euganean Hills," 90*ff.*; "Alastor," 550*ff.*), and his delight in the intricacy of forest scenery ("Recollection," 9*ff.*, "Alastor," 420*ff.*, "Rosalind," 95*ff.*, "Prometheus," II. ii. and IV. 194*ff.*).

*Power to Isolate Nature (cf. infra SWEET).*

Stopford Brooke proceeds to discuss Shelley's treatment of Nature in as far as it was affected by his lack of a definite idea concerning the source of Nature. "Again, just because Shelley had no wish to

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\* *Vide Sweet. "Shelley Society Papers," I. Pt. II.*

conceive of Nature as involved in one definite thought, he had the power of conceiving the life of separate things in Nature with astonishing individuality. When he wrote of the Cloud, or of Arethusa, or of the Moon, or of the Earth, as distinct existences, he was not led away from their solitary personality by any universal existence in which they were merged, or by the necessity of adding to these any tinge of humanity, any elements of thought or love, such as the Pantheist is almost sure to add. His imagination was free to realize pure Nature, and the power by which he does this, as well as the work done, are quite unique in modern poetry. Theology, with its one Creator of the universe; Pantheism, with its 'one spirit's plastic stress'; Science, with its one Energy, forbid the modern poet, whose mind is settled into any one of these three views, to see anything in Nature as having a separate life of its own. He cannot, as a Greek could do, divide the life of the air from that of the earth, of the cloud from that of the stream. But Shelley, able to loosen himself from all these modern conceptions which unite the various universe, could and did, when he pleased, divide and subdivide the life of Nature in the same way as a Greek. And this is the cause why, even in the midst of wholly modern imagery and a modern manner, one is conscious of a Greek note in many passages of his poetry of Nature. The following little poem on the Dawn might be conceived by a primitive Aryan. It is a Nature myth.

**Primitive Quality.**

"The pale stars are gone !  
For the sun, their swift shepherd,  
To their folds them compelling,  
In the depths of the dawn,  
Hastes, in meteor eclipsing array, and they flee  
Beyond his blue dwelling.  
\* As fawns flee the leopard."

"But Shelley's conceptions of the life of these natural things are less human than even the Homeric Greek or early Indian poet would have made them. They describe the work of nature in terms of human act. Shelley's spirits of the earth and moon are utterly apart from our world of thought and from our life. Of this class of poems, 'The Cloud' is the most perfect example. It describes the life of the Cloud as it might have been a million years before man came on earth. The 'sanguine sunrise' and the 'orbèd maiden,' the moon, who are the playmates of the cloud, are pure elemental beings. . . . In Wordsworth's poems we touch the human heart of flowers and birds. In Shelley's, we touch 'Shapes that haunt Thought's wildernesses.' Yet it is quite possible, though we cannot feel affection for Shelley's Cloud or Bird, that they are both

\* Compare also Sweet's consideration of Shelley in his myth making capacity ("Shelley Society Papers," I. Pt. II., *vide infra*), and see *Quarterly Review*, CLXIV.

truer to the actual fact of things than Wordsworth made his birds and clouds.\* Strip off the imaginative clothing from 'The Cloud,' and science will support every word of it. Let the sky-lark sing, let the flowers grow, for their own joy alone. In truth, what sympathy have they, what sympathy has nature with man?

*The Pathetic Fallacy.*

"The other side of Shelley's relation to nature is a remarkable contrast to this statement. When he was absorbed in his own being, and writing poems which concerned himself alone, he makes nature the mere image of his own feelings, the creature of his mood."

In this connection reference must be made to the *Quarterly Review*, CLXIV., and to the *British Quarterly*, LXXXII. (Hon. Roden Noel).

*Quarterly Review*, CLXIV.:

His own moods . . . formed no permanent essential part of himself; he could, without effort, transfer them to Nature. . . . The identity of feeling, which he thus establishes between himself and Nature, is as fascinating as it is peculiar. Yet it is certainly a sign of weakness. In "Alastor," for instance, he reads into his surroundings his own pensive and melancholy life. Autumn sighs in the sere woods, the grass shivers at the touch of the poet's foot; his own hair sings dirges in the wind. No man whose personality is strongly marked, can thus transfer himself to the natural world. In Shelley, the sense of personality was dimmed by the absence of will. He never learned to distinguish between his own feelings and those of others; but in his later poetry he shakes off the excessive morbidity of "Alastor," . . . and no longer reads his own misery into the aerial merriment of the wind, the wave and the bird. The contrast offers a significant proof of the steady development of the stronger sides of his character.

*British Quarterly*, LXXXII. (Hon. Roden Noel):

Proceeding from the assertion that, in order to arrive at a satisfactory idea of nature, science and poetry are alike necessary, the essayist continues to oppose Ruskin's effort "to distinguish the representation of Nature as she is, which he ascribes to Homer and to Scott among ourselves, and the representation of her as she only appears to our distorting emotions. That seems to me a misleading distinction, because what Nature in herself, apart from our minds is, we do not accurately know; we can see her only as she appears to us by virtue of the constitution of our faculties, senses, understanding, emotion, and imagination. Therefore, I cannot admit that there is a true nature, which the man of science and the land-surveyor see, but a false nature, which the person of delicate suscepti-

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\* *Vide infra* (p. 12) Roden Noel on the distinction between scientific and poetic truth.

bilities and the poet suppose themselves to see. . . . There is no more reason why those higher faculties should be excluded from their share and function in the revelation of truth than there is why the senses and the understanding should be excluded. . . . Hence, I cannot enter into Mr. Ruskin's preference of Scott over Shelley as a poet, which is founded on this distinction between them.\* . . . What would Shelley's 'Alastor' be without the magnificent scenery of mountain and stream amid which he moves onward to the close? They are one. They have joined hands and interpret one another. The result of the poet's meditation is neither man alone, nor nature alone, but some fair spiritual child of their espousals. This, I maintain, is somewhat distinctively new and precious added to our intellectual and emotional treasure."

SWEET. "Shelley Society Papers," I. Pt. II.

This is the most elaborate study of Shelley's nature poetry that has hitherto appeared.

*Shelley's Place in the Development of Nature Poetry.*

The author briefly surveys the wide field of world literatures where the nature idea finds its inception and development. The **Vedic** nature poetry is important in connection with **Vedas**. Shelley's mythology; "nor in a consideration of Shelley's attitude towards nature must we disregard the Teutonic and the Celtic elements in his poetry. To the former we relate his feeling for mystery, and to the latter we refer the extraordinary keenness of his colour faculty. Shelley's description of the imagined ruins of Venice in the 'Euganean Hills,' with the sea-mew flying above, and the palace-gate 'toppling o'er the abandoned sea,' recalls . . . that aspect of Old English lyric poetry represented by 'The Wanderer,' and the impressive fragment known as 'The Ruin.' . . . Shelley heightens the effect, almost as in 'Beowulf,' by

" 'The fisher on his watery way,  
Wandering at the close of day,'

hastening to pass the gloomy shore

" 'Lest thy dead should, from their sleep  
Bursting o'er the starlight deep,  
Lead a rapid masque of death  
O'er the waters of his path !'

"The 'natural magic' of such a description as this is, or, at least, might be, wholly English, wholly Teutonic—strange as such an assertion may seem to a critic like Mr. Arnold, whose ideas of the

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\* See Ruskin's "Modern Painters," Pt. IV., Vol. III.

Teutonic spirit are gained from a one-sided contemplation of modern German literature at a period when it was still struggling for the mastery of the rudiments of style and technique, lost in the barbarism of the Thirty Years' War.

"Shelley's poem 'The Question,' is . . . as purely Celtic both in its colour-pictures, . . . and its ethereal unreality and delicate, fanciful sentiment. It need hardly be said that this 'Celtic note' in Shelley no more proves Celtic race-influence than the 'Greek note' in Keats proves that Keats was of Greek descent. Shelley looks at nature with the same eyes as an old Celtic poet, because both were inspired by the same sky and earth, both loved the same flowers, fields and forests."

After tracing English nature poetry to the first truly modern conception in Milton, the writer swiftly passes the intervening period and proceeds to a discussion of Shelley's work in closer detail.

#### *Shelley and Wordsworth.*

"Shelley's real sympathies are with inanimate nature. Here he is at home. Here he is unique and supreme. He is indeed 'the poet of nature' in a truer sense than Wordsworth is. Wordsworth is really the poet of the homely, the common-place in nature as in man. Whatever in nature harmonizes with his own narrow sympathies he assimilates and reproduces with a power all his own. . . . Shelley, on the other hand, seeks to penetrate into the very heart of nature in all her manifestations, without regard to their association with human feeling. While in his treatment of man he is all subjectivity, in his treatment of nature he is often purely objective. In **Objectivity.** such a poem as 'The Cloud' there is not only no trace of Wordsworthian egotism, but the whole description . . . is as remote from human feeling as it could well be, consistent with the poetic necessity for personification."\*

#### *Cosmic and Elemental Sympathies.†*

"The range of Shelley's sympathies is bounded only by the universe itself. He combines forests, mountains, rivers and seas into vast ideal landscapes; he dives into the depths of **Vastness of Landscape.** the earth, soars among clouds and storms, and communes 'with the sphere of sun and moon.'"

#### *Love of Indefiniteness and Change.‡*

"Shelley's love of the changing and fleeting aspects of nature—the interest with which he watched the formation of mist and cloud,

\* Cf. *supra*, Stopford Brooke.

† See also Brandes' "Hauptströmungen," IV., pp. 248f, and Chevillon in *Revue de Paris*, June 1st, 1898.

‡ Cf. *supra*, Stopford Brooke

and the shifting hues of dawn and sunset—is, like his sense of structure, a natural result of the half-scientific spirit with which he regarded nature, for it is in the changing phenomena of nature that real life lies. According to Mr. Brooke, Shelley's love for the changeful in nature is the result of the inherent changefulness of his temperament. But of this I can see but little in his life. He was impulsive enough—for without impulsiveness he would hardly have been a poet—but not fickle or undecided in his feelings and principles.

*Shelley's Mythology and Mythopoeic Faculty.*

(*Cf. supra*, STOPFORD BROOKE.)

"Shelley's love of natural phenomena sometimes shows itself in naive expressions of delight, and simple comparisons which remind us of the nature-poetry of the Veda" (*e.g.*, "Witch of Atlas," XXVII.)

After referring to the employment of a conventional mythology by other poets, the essayist notes it as a characteristic of Shelley that he is without a trace of that conventionalism. "He never brings in the figures of classical mythology incidentally, but only when they are the subject of his poetry, and his handling of them in such cases is always fresh and original, as in his 'Hymn to Apollo'—the most perfect reproduction of the spirit of Greek mythology that we have in modern literature. His conception of Jupiter in his 'Prometheus' is quite new and original—he makes him the personification of all that hinders the free development of the human mind, which latter is personified by Prometheus.

"We see, then, that even where Shelley is trammelled by traditional mythology, he reveals something of that myth-making faculty in which he stands alone among modern poets—the only one who at all approaches him in this respect being his contemporary, the Swedish poet, Stagnelius. When Shelley is free to follow his own fancy, he instinctively creates nature-myths of a strangely primitive type, unlike anything in Greek or the other fully-developed mythologies, but showing marked similarity to the personifications of Vedas. . . . It is not only Shelley critics who have been struck by this characteristic. Mr. Taylor, in his 'Anthropology' (page 290), after remarking that the modern poet 'still uses for picturesqueness the metaphors which to the barbarian were real helps to express his sense,' goes on to quote as an instance the opening lines of 'Queen Mab,' . . . and analyzes them as follows: 'Here the likeness of death and sleep is expressed by the metaphor of calling them brothers; the moon is brought in to illustrate the notion of paleness, the dawn of redness; while to convey the idea of dawn shining on the sea, the simile of its sitting on a throne is introduced, and its reddening is compared on the one hand to a rose, and on the other to blushing. Now, this is the very way in which early barbaric man, not for poetic affectation, but simply to find the plainest

words to convey his thoughts, would talk in metaphors taken from nature."

"One of the best examples of Shelley's myth-making faculty is the little poem, 'The World's Wanderers' (IV. 51), . . . as remote as anything can well be from modern thought and sentiment. Its imagery and its strange unhuman pathos are alike primitive and elemental. The same sympathy with the heavenly bodies in their wanderings through space has been expressed by some of the older Greek lyric poets, but the conception of the star's rays as wings can hardly be paralleled outside of the 'Veda.'"

*Cloud Mythology*—See "Laon," II. v., and IX. xxxv.; "Cloud," 73; "Prom." II. i. 145.

*Cloud Comparisons*—See "Summer and Winter"; "Hilleas," 957; "Witch," XLVIII., LIII., LV.; "Liberty," 5.

#### SHELLEY'S COLOUR SENSE.

(*Vide infra, Atlantic Monthly, LXX.*)

Quotations and references are made under a variety of rubrics.

*Flashing and intermittent light.*

"Prom." II. iii. 30 and IV. 182; "Epips." 546; "Dejection," II.; "Orpheus," 59.

*Alternations of light and shade.*

"Laon," II. xlix. and XII. xxxvi.; "Athanae," II. xiii. and II. l.; "Rosal," 102; "Prom." I. 27 and I. 678; "Sens. Plant," II. 25; "Alast." 310.

*Atmospheric effects.*

"Prom." I. 82, II. i. 10 and II. iii. 74; "Laon," III. iii.; "Rosal," 729; "Dejection," I.; "Witch," XXXVII.

*Light seen through water.*

"Witch," XXVIII.

*Light seen through foliage.*

"Laon," II. i., VII. xi., VIII. xxx. and XII. xviii.; "Prom." II. ii. 75; "Sens. Plant," I. 23 and I. 43; "Epips." 502.

*Transmitted light.*

"Letter to Maria Gisborne," 123.

*Refracted light.*

"Alast." 334; "Laon," VII. 20.

*Reflected light or colour.*

"Alast." 352; "Laon," I. xx., III. xii. and XII. xviii.; "Prom." I. 467, I. 743 and II. iii. 28; "Witch," XXV.; "Recollection," V.

*Objects reflected in water.*

"Alast." 200, 213, 406, 457, 494; "Laon," III. xi. and VI. xxxiii.; "Prom." III. iv. 78 and IV. 193; "Sens. Plant," I. 18; "West Wind," III. 33-35; "Invitation," 50; "Recollection," 53. Also compare "Prom." II. i. 17, with Wordsworth, "Peele Castle," and *cf.* Shelley, "Evening," III.; "Liberty," VI; "Witch," LIX.

*Colour Contrast.*

"Alast." 137, 584; "Rosal." 782; "Prom." III. iii. 139; "Laon," I. xi.; "Witch," X.; "Marenghi," XIII.

*Shelley and Coleridge.*

"Coleridge's affinity to Shelley is shown especially in his descriptions of transmitted light and colour, . . . and in his elaborate pictures of reflection in water. . . . But Coleridge does not appear to have, any more than Wordsworth or Milton, any examples of reflected light or colour as distinguished from the reflection of definite objects: Shelley's picture of the 'lake-reflected sun' illuminating the 'yellow bees in the ivy bloom' seems to be entirely his own. . . . The similarity between the two poets (Coleridge and S.) in their treatment of light does not seem to be the result of imitation on the part of the younger poet: the agreement is in spirit, not in detail. The love of light was instinctive in both, and was fostered by their surroundings. Coleridge learnt to observe and love the effects of transmitted and reflected light in the shady lanes, and by the rivulets and pools of his native Devon, while Shelley learnt the same lessons in the woods of Marlowe and in his boat on the Thames."

*Colour Sense—(Continued).*

An admirable study of Shelley's artistic use of colour is contained in *Atlantic Monthly*, LXX. (V. D. Scudder). The analysis follows.

*Colour in Keats and Shelley.*

It is only in the nineteenth century that the poets have become great colourists; and no one but Keats can in this respect rival the greatness of Shelley. If Keats has more force of colour, Shelley has more purity. Keats' colouring is opaque, though brilliant, like that of a butterfly's wing; Shelley's is translucent, like an opal. Ruskin tells us that nature always paints her loveliest hues on aqueous or crystalline matter; and the very law of nature seems to be the instinct of Shelley.

*Colour in "Prometheus Unbound."*

"But the colour in 'Prometheus Unbound' has a higher function than to vivify the detail of the poem, or to give us a series of exquisite vignettes. The drama, by the use of light and colour, is shaped to an organic whole. It shows the harmonious evolution

of a central theme; and this evolution is symbolically presented through the progress of the new cosmic day." The writer develops this thesis skilfully and at some length in the remainder of the essay. Referring in more general terms to Shelley's nature poetry—"It is in the treatment of nature that the distinctive powers of Shelley's poetry are most clearly seen. The 'Prometheus' is in one sense a nature-drama. The Soul of Nature is herself one of the personages. We are transported from the wildest mountain scenery to the luxuriance of tropical valleys. Sky-cleaving peaks, glaciers, precipices, vast rivers, lakes, forests, meet us on every page. We have a sense that the drama is for the most part enacted on the heights, where the air is pure from earthly taint, and heaven and earth seem to blend. The sky scenery, above all, with its pomp and gloom of storm, its sunrise and sunset, its 'flocks of clouds in spring's delightful weather,' is as great as can be found in English poetry; yet the bold outline work, the strong and broad treatment of **Vastness and Delicacy.** the vaster aspects of nature, reveal the poet less than the renderings of delicate detail, of fleeting sights and sounds lost on a grosser perception.

See "Prom." I. 44-47; II. i. 83-86; II. v. 11-14; III. ii. 4-9; III. ii. 25-28; IV. 180-184; IV. 431-436.

The sensitiveness and passion for change which we have seen to be the notes of Shelley's temperament, are evident in every one of these passages. (*Cf. supra*, Stopford Brooke.) "It is doubtful whether any poet before our century, whatever his equipment, could so closely and finely have rendered the minutiae of nature."

The latest systematic presentation in English criticism of Shelley's nature poetry is contained in FRANCIS PALGRAVE'S 'Landscape in Poetry,' Macmillan & Co., 1897. The treatment is sketchy and unsatisfactory, and, if anything, hostile in tone. He objects that Shelley's landscape "is inevitably limited and dyed by the colours of his mind; . . . that no true poet of any age has left us so gigantic a mass of wasted effort, exuberance so Asiatic, such oceans (to speak out) of fluent, well-intended platitude." His shorter and chiefly his later lyrics show him to the best advantage. "Yet even here at times the matter is attenuated as the film of the soap-bubble, gaining through its very thinness its marvellous iridescent beauty. 'Shelley seems to go up and burst,' was Tennyson's remark on a passage of this character.

"In his best moods, where he has focussed his eye **Vivifying Power.** on his subject, it has that strange power of vitalizing abstractions and things of nature on which Macaulay has commented in his brilliant manner.

"We must not look in his landscape for human feeling **Lack of Human Feeling.** interfused as in Coleridge's, for the chord of true passion, or of the humanly pathetic, Shelley could scarcely strike; nor again for Nature moralized and spiritualized, as by

Wordsworth ; Shelley's landscape is essentially descriptive, but raised to a life of its own by an imaginative power of perhaps unsurpassed pure vividness, and that personifying habit which we have just noticed."

Literal truth and fidelity of description is accorded to the landscape in the "Euganean Hills," and to a few passages from his later lyrics.

## II.

I have now given the substance of the most important studies on the subject of Shelley's nature poetry, and in the course of this presentation have found it necessary to combat only the extreme views which obtain with reference to the poet's idealistic tendencies. To obtain a satisfactorily complete idea of Shelley's nature poetry, the existing criticism has to be extended and supplemented in many directions. With this end in view, I have endeavoured

1. To bring to bear upon the problem an entirely new method of examination (namely, the study of the Similes).
  2. To supplement investigations such as Sweet's, whose only fault lies in their incompleteness.
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### I. A STUDY OF SHELLEY'S SIMILES.

I here advance a large amount of material, arranged in such a manner as to throw abundant light upon Shelley's treatment of beauty in the external world, to illustrate his preferences and the individual peculiarities of his genius, and to exhibit his marvellous skill in adapting the world of nature to the elucidation of subtle intellectual states.

The wealth of Shelley's figurative language, and the extraordinary range of his similes have stirred the wonder of critics, and led them to affirm in his poetry a brilliancy that blinds and dazzles with excess. I wish, on the contrary, to affirm their artistic perfection, as constantly subordinated to some defined and conscious aesthetic impulse.

Shelley's own opinion of the nature of his powers will serve as a valuable initial commentary upon this portion of my work. "And in this I have long believed that my power consists in sympathy, and that part of the imagination which relates to sympathy and contemplation. I am formed, if for anything not in common

with the herd of mankind, to apprehend minute and remote distinctions of feeling, whether relative to external nature or the living beings which surround us, and to communicate the conceptions which result from considering either the moral or the material universe as a whole."—*Letter to Godwin*, December 11th, 1817.

It is clear, then, that we have in a systematic presentation of the similes an important factor which has never entered into the consideration of Shelley's Nature poetry; and in the light of his figurative language we may read the subtler operations of his mind, and see the paths upon which it was prone to run, in as far as human limitations grant us such an insight.

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## 2. EXTENSION OF EXISTING CRITICISM.\*

The following investigations are extended :

(a) *Love of Indefiniteness and the Love of Change.*

In these characteristics of Shelley's genius, Stopford Brooke assumes to discover the key to his philosophy of Nature. The analysis is skilfully conducted, and it is impossible to dispute the fact that Shelley's changeful temperament is mirrored faithfully in his poetry. But while not actually challenging these results, it is possible to show that they are misapplied. It seemed necessary, therefore, to investigate afresh Shelley's philosophy of Nature, to connect it with his theory of Beauty, and to point at least to some permanent and abiding ideas which give character and solidity to Shelley's work in this direction.

(b) *Shelley's Place in the Development of Nature Poetry.*

Sweet has made a general approach to this subject. In connection with Shelley's philosophy of Nature, more special reference than in Dr. Sweet's essay must be made to Shelley in his relation to Wordsworth, and in a lesser degree to Coleridge, Scott, Byron, and Keats.

(c) *Colour in Shelley's Poetry.*

This has already received treatment in Section I. It only remains, after the analysis of the colour similes given below, to supplement the categories which Sweet has established.

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\* NOTE.—This second section of the study, comprising II. 2 (a), (b), and (c), will be shortly published.

## I. ANALYSIS OF THE SIMILES.

The total number of similes in Shelley's poetry is 1989. The above collection contains 1720, all of which have a bearing upon appearances of the external world, whether developed for the sake of their own beauty or subordinated to the illumination of subtle mental operations. This fact is in itself significant.

I now pass to a consideration of the various classes of simile in some detail. The basis of arrangement is not a merely artificial classification, but is founded upon the most prominent characteristic in every case; though all are broadly included within the generic title of Nature Similes.

### (1) SIMILES OF COLOUR.\*

The similes in which colour is the most prominent feature number 425, whereas colour as a more subdued element may be observed in many more. Comparing this result proportionately with the similes arising from other senses than that of sight, we find that Similes of Sound amount to 210, while Similes of Odour naturally sink to 12. Examining the Similes of Colour more closely they fall into various natural subdivisions.

#### (a) CLOUD COLOUR.

It satisfies our preconceived idea of Shelley's poetry to discover that 59 similes involve more or less careful and beautiful cloud descriptions (always bearing in mind that many admirable cloud similes occur in other categories). By reference to 2, 3, 4, 9, 11, 13,

52, 59, we gain an insight into Shelley's habitual **Descriptions of men and women.** method of describing human (or spiritual) forms. Here his tendency to idealization mars the concrete

presentation of form and feature. His women are filmy shapes of diaphanous vapour, and even his men are effeminate creations entirely wanting in masculine vigour, and impelled alone by the fierce unrest of the spiritual flame within. To confirm this statement further reference should be made to the following passages in the poems.

#### *Descriptions of Women.*

See "Alastor," 175*f*; "Laon," II. xxiii., II. xxix., V. xxiiij., V. xliv.

#### *Descriptions of Men (or male spirits).*

"Laon," I. xlii., I. lvii., IV. xxix.; "Rosalind," 909*f*, 1009*f*; "Prince Ath." *passim*.

Shelley's descriptions of men are certainly vitiated by this excessive idealism. Contrast, for example, the brawn and muscle of Goethe's "Prometheus," or of Tennyson's "Geraint"—

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\* The analysis which follows is in part an extension of Sweet's categories (see pp. 16, 17).

"Who, moving, cast the coverlet aside,  
And bared the knotted column of his throat,  
The massive square of his heroic breast,  
And arms on which the standing muscle sloped,  
As slopes a wild brook o'er a little stone,  
Running too vehemently to break upon it.  
And End woke and sat beside the couch,  
Admiring him, and thought within herself,  
Was ever man so grandly made as he?"—

or Kipling's unconscious heroes with honest sweat of toil on their begrimed faces. The modern world has done with men, however eloquent their eyes and gestures, who weep and faint with weariness. They are a survival of seventeenth century French sentimentality, utterly alien to the English temperament, and as happily buried in the past as the Satanism of Byron's breed of destiny-branded heroes.

Idealism, which was the weakness of Shelley's masculine figures, is an element that intensifies the beauty of his women. They are not wholly abstractions of cloud and vapour. The general impression which their description conveys may be bewildering, but only because the images which denote it are merged in the Ideal of Beauty,

"Till they are lost, and in that Beauty furled  
Which penetrates and clasps and fills the world,  
Scarce visible from extreme loveliness."

*Clouds in repose or slow-moving (or vapours).*

1, 3, 16, 17, 23, 30; cf. also in other categories 225, 1290, 1296, 1363, 1695.

*Clouds in swift motion (or vapours).*

9, 13, 18, 31, 36, 37, 39, 47, 53; cf. also 1364, 1373, 1477, 1485, 1487, 1491, 1497, 1534, 1567, 1578, 1706.

A pregnant contrast between Shelley and Wordsworth is afforded by their respective descriptions of clouds, Shelley preferring habitually to revel in their swiftness, and Wordsworth to rejoice in their deep repose. The strenuous palpitating swiftness of Shelley is certainly never attained by the elder poet, though he has his moments of keen participation in the ardeurs of rapid motion, as witness his noble poem, "To the Clouds."

The love of speed was rooted in Shelley's temperament (as the similes of swiftness attest), and the clouds he paints are suffused also with an intensity and purity of colour which no English poet has ever approached.

*Intensity of Colour in Cloud Similes.*

5, 18, 19, 26, 36, 43, 50.

*Colour Contrast*, 5, 12, 13, 21.

*Transmitted Light*, 33, 34, 38, 40, 45, 46, 51, 55.

## (b) WATER COLOUR—36 similes.

*Transmitted Light*, 65, 71; *Reflected*, 71, 95; *Intensity*, 61, 90; *Contrast*, 61, 63, 74, 91.

## (c) THE SUN—31 similes.

*Transmitted*, 124; *Intensity*, 100, 118, 120, 121; *Contrast*, 113.

## (d) THE MOON—22 similes.

*Transmitted*, 135, 136, 141, 148; *Reflected*, 129, 142; *Intensity*, 133, 139, 145; *Contrast*, 128.

## (e) THE STARS—37 similes, and see under (j).

*Transmitted*, 159, 167, 168; *Reflected*, 149, 154; *Intensity*, 158 (in context), 161, 162, 176; *Contrast*, 168; *Motion*, 173.

178 deserves attention, where the light of a star is compared to the scent of a jonquil. One sense interpreted by another.

## (f) LIGHTNING—11 similes.

*Transmitted*, 187; *Reflected*, 192; *Contrast*, 187, 194.

## (g) METEORS, COMETS—14 similes.

## (h) THE SKY—19 similes.

*Reflected*, 227; *Intensity*, 215.

## (i) FIRE—23 similes.

*Intensity*, 237, 239, 244, 247, 248.

## (j) EYES—30 similes.

Basis of comparison :

*Fire*, 253; *Stars*, 254, 255, 258, 263, 264 (N.B.), 276, 277, 282; *Meteors*, 256; *Moon (-light)*, 257, 275; *Sunset*, 267; *Dawn*, 262; *Night*, 271, 278; *Lightning*, 259; *Sky*, 265, 273; *Dove*, 266; *Sleep*, 260; *Death*, 261; *Intensity*, 267 (N.B.); *Contrast*, 263, 267.

## (k) DARKNESS, SHADOW—32 similes.

Note especially for their boldness, 295 and 297.

## (l) WHITE LIGHT—18 similes.

Basis of comparison :

*Snow*, 315, 316, 317, 318, 321, 324, 329, 331.

*Silver*, 319; *Frost*, 322.

*Gruesome* in character, 323, 327.

## (m) GENERAL COLOUR SIMILES—93 similes.

*Transmitted* or *Suffused* colours, 352, 359, 361, 391, 393, 395, 407, 412, 417. In other categories, 548.

*Reflected*, 334, 362; *Intensity*, 413 (N.B.)

*Contrast*, 335, 338, 347, 365, 377, 412, 413 (N.B.)

*Light expressed in terms of music*, 357 (cf. *supra*, 178).

## (2) SIMILES OF SOUND—210 similes.

Many points of interest arise in this category to admirably illustrate the range of Shelley's sympathies. As Sweet in his suggestive study observes : "The range of Shelley's sympathies is bounded only by the universe itself. He combines forests, mountains, rivers, and seas into vast ideal landscapes ; he dives into the depths of the earth, soars among clouds and storms, and communes with the sphere of sun and moon." So here we find a Byronic exultation in the stormy symphonies which are the voice of nature's unrest, and a subtle penetrating sympathy, to which Byron's coarser-fibred spirit was not attuned, for the delicate eddies of sound that steal upon the sense in an hour of calm.

*Thunder* affords the basis of comparison in three unremarkable similes, 460, 462, 539.

*Earthquake*, 439, 476, and 474, where the hush between two earthquakes symbolizes the awed silence of a multitude.

*Volcano*. The cry of a multitude bursts like a volcano's voice in 464.

*Tempest*; and wild outbursts of sound are compared in 564 to a tempestuous wind tearing the sluggish clouds, and less successfully in 430 (from an early poem) to the weird notes of a wind among the trees. 440, 466, 634, describe the silence in the pauses of tempest.

The similes descriptive of the *human voice* abound in **Human Voice.** delicate perception. The bases of comparison for the human voice are as follows: *Bird*, 436, 602; *Wind in trees*, 438, (446); *Wind among flowers*, 481; *Dying Wind*, 458, 471; *Wind on water*, 427; *Wind in ruins*, 429, 612, 626, (cf. 873); *Wind*, 428; *Flame*, 482; (*Words=Fire*, 563; *Embers*, 572); *Ice*, 470; *Stream*, 454, 455, 457; *Waves on sand*, 480; *Music*, 434, 452, 483, 484, 505, 506, 587; *Waterfalls*, 433; *Light*, 619; *Shout=Sea*, 477; *Sound=Sea*, 478.

The characteristic manner, already illustrated, of expressing one sense in terms of another is illustrated as follows: *Sound=Sight*, with generally bright light superadded, 441, 449, 533, 548, 549, 557, 574, 575, and see above where *Voice=Flame, Fire, Light, etc.* *Sound=Odours*, 467, 488 (N.B.), 536 (N.B.); *Gruesome*, 444, 450, 620, 622.

## (3) SIMILES OF ODOUR—12 similes.

The sense of smell, as lower on the intellectual plane, contains naturally few similes. A few additional ones are contained in the preceding category.

641 and 642 are more luxuriantly sensuous in character than is usual with Shelley, and remind one rather of Keats, or of Tennyson in his studiously sensuous mood as in the "Lotos Eaters."

## (4) SIMILE AND METAPHOR—184 similes.

In this category simile and metaphor are combined with high poetic effect, the simile, as a rule, rising out of the body of the metaphor. This gives to the figurative expression, as a whole, a volume of sustained power, which is frequently lacking in the lighter individual similes. Occasionally, as in 649, the simile seems to inspire the metaphor which follows as its natural completion. So also 704, 712-13, 714, 716, 717, 825.

Examples of the reverse process where the metaphor is completed by a simile :

653. Hope *clings* like ice. (In cases like this it is, however, almost impossible to say whether the metaphorical idea of "hope clinging" came first into the poet's mind, and the simile expression "like ice" came as a natural complement to the idea, or whether, as the order of words in the original suggests, the simile inspired the metaphor. The former would be the more natural poetic sequence of ideas.)

660. Agony is *worn* like a robe.

661. In the *wilderness* of years her memory appears like a green home.

*Noteworthy similes in this category.*

690-1. (Imitated from "Calderon." See Shelley's note.) Here a condition in Nature is elucidated and amplified by human analogy. This reversal of the natural process of simile (from human to natural) is not uncommon in Shelley, though rare in other poets.

Observe, as representing many others, the magnificent similes, 712-3.

Other fine similes in this category are 717, 718, 719, 731, 732, 745, 746, 751, 761-2 (note the vigour and intensity, and also the element of colour), 765 (cloud imagery), 766, 785, 791 (cloud imagery). 813 contains the gruesome element so common in Shelley.

The similes in this category almost all repay study for the penetrating insight which they reveal into beautiful processes in nature, presented not alone for their own sake, but as revealing the significance of human conditions.

In 738 the simile and metaphor are not in harmony—'a blot upon the page of fame' being likened to a 'serpent's path.' The analogy is too remote to be successful.

## (5) DOUBLE SIMILES—183 similes.

It will at once be evident that some of these partake of the characteristics of other categories, as for example, 885, 887, which might have been classified under *Simile and Metaphor*.

But taking even a doubtful example like 885, it will be seen that there is a certain parallelism of structure which justifies its insertion among double similes. "As a golden chalice catches the

bright wine which else had sunk into the thirsty dust, so is my overflowing love gathered into thee." (as) Asia : chalice (so) I : the wine.

This parallelism or double-thread of simile will be revealed by an analysis of any simile under this rubric. Some examples, as 839, 879, etc., are much condensed, and a very few, as 841, 962, are obscure from mere crudeness.

*Gruesome Similes*, 836, 850, 939.

*Accumulative Similes*, 859f, 881f, 919f, 983f, 989f, 998f.

These similes are very characteristic of Shelley. Readers of "Trelawny's Record" will remember his interesting relation of the poet's own account of his methods of composition. "When my brain gets heated with thought it soon boils, and throws off images and words faster than I can skim them off. In the morning, when cooled down, out of the rude sketch, as you justly call it, I shall attempt a drawing." This swift succession of imagery is also found apart from the double similes; e.g., 76f, 176f (and indeed throughout the "Triumph of Life," which is a vast succession of accumulated similes), 290f, 297f, 318f, 513f (this is of the type Double Simile, but included under Similes of Sound), 545f, 602f. Also see "Hymn to Intellectual Beauty," l.; and as a remoter instance of the same rush of figurative thought, observe the accumulated metaphors in "Epipsychedion," 21ff.

#### (6) HOMERIC SIMILES—49 similes.

These are merely double similes of a more extended and pictorial character. As in the Homeric simile proper, the analogy is not maintained through every detail of the comparison. On the contrary, there need be only one essential point of contact, but the artistic impulse continues to develop a sustained poetic image, wrought out seemingly for the sake of its own beauty, and rather as an imaginative than as an intellectual stimulus. The type is a familiar one to the student of the classical poets, or even of our own classically minded poets, Milton, Tennyson, Arnold. E.g., "Iliad," IV.: "As when on the echoing beach the sea wave lifteth itself up in serried array before the driving west wind: out on the mid deep doth it first raise its head, and then breaketh upon the land, and roareth aloud, and goeth with arched crest around the promontories, and speweth afar the foaming brine: even thus in close array moved the hosts of the Greeks without pause to battle."

As an example of finely-wrought similes of this order in Shelley's poetry, reference should be made to 1015, 1036, 1050, 1058, 1059, 1060.

These are very successful similes in their kind, though not fashioned so carefully after the classical model, as certain famous examples in Milton, Tennyson, or Arnold. Some, as 1018, might easily have been classified as *Double Similes*.

*Gruesome*, 1060.

## (7) HUMAN TO NATURAL—145 similes.

"The imagery which I have employed will be found, in many instances, to have been drawn from the operations of the human mind, or from those external actions by which they are expressed. This is unusual in modern poetry, although Dante and Shakespeare are full of instances of the same kind: Dante indeed more than any other poet, and with greater success. But the Greek poets, as writers to whom no resource of awakening the sympathy of their contemporaries was unknown, were in the habitual use of this power; and it is the study of their works (since a higher merit would probably be denied me), to which I am willing that my readers should impute this singularity." (*Shelley, Preface to "Prometheus Unbound."*)

The similes in this category require no special comment.

## (8) HUMAN TO HUMAN—112 similes.

Of these I reserve only seven as containing an element of Nature description.

## (9) HUMAN TO ANIMAL (or the reverse)—72 similes.

Romanticism implies for English poetry primarily a vast widening of the sympathies which embrace now not only man in all the hidden recesses of his nature, but extend to a compassionate pity for the dumb creation, and an emotional love for the inanimate world of natural beauty. In all these respects Shakespeare had foreshadowed the modern attitude of mind, but after his death until Thomson, or even until Cowper, we do not find these qualities again united.

Shelley's treatment of the animal world is not entirely sympathetic. His attitude of compassion or the reverse is determined by the one significant fact as to whether the animal in question is carnivorous or not. This fact in itself expresses Shelley's deep-rooted disgust for flesh-eating in man or beast.

Thus he speaks of *dogs* habitually in a tone of loathing, and makes them the symbol of a base and treacherous character, e.g., 1223, 1229, 1255, 1271.

Even in 1251, 1282, where his sympathies for the oppressed in any form might have influenced him, he abates nothing of his habitual loathing for the friend of man. A reference to Ellis' "Concordance" will give other examples of Shelley's antipathetic feeling for dogs. (See also *Hounds.*) The only notable exception occurs in "Rosalind," 1069.

This same reason for his hatred of dogs inspires his sentiments towards the fiercer wild animals, e.g., *Wolves*, 1226, 1457, (see Ellis), *Tigers*, (see Ellis). This hostile treatment of beasts of prey need not, however, astonish us. It is only within the last few years that the splendid creatures of the jungle or the desert have entered as an element of beauty into artistic creation, and Leconte de Lisle and

Rudyard Kipling have alone sought to enter sympathetically into the meaning that lurks within their savage and unshaped intelligence.

With *Fish* the same principle holds. *Shark, Dog-fish*, 1279.

*Serpents*. Here the symbolical idea attaching to the serpent intervenes, and by a capricious reversal of Biblical teaching, Shelley identifies in "Laon and Cythna" the Serpent with the Spirit of Good. On the whole, however, he regards the serpent as inspiring loathing or disgust, e.g., 1215, 1218, 1220, 1221, 1227, 1281.

Turning now to animals for which Shelley manifests compassion or affection, we find that *The Horse* is never harshly mentioned. In 1240 and 1260 a sympathetic feeling for the horse suffering oppression is shown (contrast Dogs above), and readers of "Laon and Cythna" will not forget the vigorous description of the Tartarean horse that bears Cythna and her lover to a refuge from the disastrous battle. ("L. & C." VI. xixf.)

*Antelopes, Deer, Fawns*, etc. These animals as representing at once the claims of grace and swiftness, and innocence trembling beneath the harsh oppression of the strong, are treated by the poet with compassionate sympathy. 1244, 1246, (and see Ellis).

*Birds*. Here only the more grossly carnivorous are subjects of aversion.

*Vultures*. 1233, 1252, 1255, 1284, (and *Ravens*).

*Eagles*. The Eagle is saved by his very sublimity, as evident from 1248, 1272, 1273.

But in "Laon and Cythna" he is regarded as the symbol of the Evil Spirit, and other passages in the poems refer to him in his rapacious character, e.g., "Arethusa," III. 16; "Hellas," 307; "Laon and Cythna," VII. xxvii. 4.

#### (10) HUMAN TO ABSTRACTIONS, ETC.—40 similes.

Of these three only are retained. 1288 and 1289 are subtly imaginative, and reveal Shelley's primitive tendency to create living essences, as it were the presiding spirits or divinities of beautiful places.

#### (11) NATURAL TO NATURAL—119 similes.

*Gruesome*, 1336.

*Reflected Light*, 1346; *Reflected Form*, 1378.

*Colour*, 1382, 1383.

*Cloud or Vapour Imagery*, 1290, 1292, 1293, 1296, 1305, 1342, 1347, 1348, 1349, 1363, 1364, 1373, 1403.

## (12) NATURAL TO HUMAN OR NATURAL PHENOMENA TO MENTAL PHENOMENA, SPIRITS, ETC.—40 similes.

Shairp insisted that Shelley was incapable of direct forcible description, because, while contemplating a landscape, his thoughts evaporated into fantastic and unreal conceptions.

"So entirely at home is he in this abstract shadowy world of his own making, that when he would describe common visible things he does so by likening them to those phantoms of the brain, as though with these last alone he was familiar. Virgil likens the ghosts by the banks of Styx to falling leaves—Shelley likens falling leaves to ghosts: The dead leaves 'Are driven like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing.' We see thus that nature as it actually exists has little place in Shelley's poetry." (Shairp in *Fraser's*, N. S., XX.)

This is weak and insipid criticism with but a grain of truth in it. The similes, for example, wherein Shelley expresses nature in terms of the human or spiritual world, are rare indeed by comparison with those in which human conditions are illustrated by a reference to the external world. Descriptions of the last-named kind prove, moreover, that Shelley could write when he would with his "eye upon the object"; and many detailed descriptions besides would attest his powers of a concrete and definite presentation of beauty. Bearing this reservation in mind, we may admit that the *Quarterly Review*, Vol. CLXIV., makes a nearer hit at the truth. "Except in the distinct descriptions contained in 'Julian and Maddalo,' or the distinct studies of atmospheric effects, everything is allegorized and idealized. Substance fades when the characteristics of nature change with his moods, and the 'orb'd maiden with white fire laden' becomes a 'dying lady, lean and pale.' Shelley, with his quivering sensibility, his fresh imagination, his intense and simple nature, treats stream and fountain cloud and bird, in the true spirit of a mythological poet. He associates inanimate matter with the attributes of sentient mind; endows it with his own passions; tinges it with the hues of his own life. His pictures are so charged with supernatural life that he seems unable to observe without personifying. . . ."

In point of fact, Shelley in this figurative type merely conforms to the usage of the great idealistic poets. He represents Nature as a living symbol. And whereas the majority of poets materialize their ideas by images drawn from the external world, Shelley spiritualizes inanimate nature by a vivid symbolical interpretation of natural phenomena translated into the language of the intellect. Lamartine, the great idealist in French literature, as Shelley in English literature, affords innumerable examples of this faculty.

He speaks of a white corolla—

"Elle est pâle comme une joue  
Dont l'amour a bu les couleurs."

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## Or again

" De l'astre de la nuit un rayon solitaire,  
 A travers les vitraux du sombre sanctuaire,  
 Glissait comme l'espoir à travers le malheur,  
 Ou dans la nuit de l'âme un regard du Seigneur."

*Gruesome Similes.* Shelley's inevitable tendency to revel in gruesome ideas in the midst of beauty (*cf.* Hugo's employment of the grotesque) shows itself in the following similes : 1426, 1428, 1430, 1432.

## (13) NATURAL TO ANIMAL—27 similes.

*Gruesome*, 1497.

Number 1474, and the whole poem from which it is taken, admirably reveal Shelley's mythopœic power.

## (14) SIMILES OF SWIFTNESS AND EVANESCENCE—45 similes.

These similes are of great value for the characteristic expression which they give to an important side of Shelley's genius. Endowed with faculties of perception attuned to the highest pitch of intensity, and with emotional desires ever fleeting beyond the reach of attainment, his poetry vibrates with an eager vehemence of speed, incomparable surely within the range of literature ; and there is always present amid all the ardours of emotional pursuit an ineffable sense of loss or unattained desire, poignantly expressed again and again by the confession of the transiency of earthly joys, and by the evanescence of those insecure delights which crumble in the hand stretched out to seize them. I have therefore classed together the similes of speed and of evanescence as representing two closely related expressions of the same qualities of mind.

In his similes of swiftness Shelley stands alone. His similes of evanescences are at one with the traditions of poetry in all ages and in every land. No great poet has ever been blind to the fleeting character of earthly beauty, nor to the perilous tenure by which we hold the transient gifts of time. Isaiah was not the first to give utterance to this confession of human impotence in that splendid passage in the thirty-fourth chapter :

" And all the host of heaven shall waste away :  
 And the heavens shall be rolled up like a scroll ;  
 And all their host shall wither ;  
 As the withered leaf falleth from the vine,  
 And as the blighted fig from the fig-tree ;"

and while poetry exists there will be heard this human cry voicing the dumb protest of the world against the relentless march of change.

An analysis of these similes will show us Shelley's favourite comparisons.

*Swiftness* represented by

*Cloud(s)*, 1477, 1485, 1491, 1497, 1519, 1520, 1534, 1545, 1556, 1567, 1578, 1596.

*Shadow(s)*, 1516, 1552, 1571, 1579, 1584, 1587, 1621.

*Thought(s)*, 1504, 1521, 1541, 1543, 1560, 1592; *Wind*, 1538, 1573, 1583.

*Whirlwind*, 1503; *Tempest-vapour*, 1502, 1542.

*Storm*, 1572, 1601; *Leaves in tempest*, 1487; *Insects in gale*, 1493.

*Mist*, 1621; *Volcano-smoke*, 1490; *Earthquake*, 1599.

*River-foam*, 1479; *Foam from ship*, 1550; *Gossamer*, 1517.

*Light*, 1518, 1605; *Morning*, 1515; *Fire*, 1537, 1611.

*Moon*, 1523; *Meteor*, 1561; *Star*, 1580; *Dream*, 1563, 1590.

*Eagle*, 1498, 1505, 1581; *Antelope*, 1597; *Tiger*, 1582; *Horse*, 1602.

*Evanescence* represented by

*Cloud(s)*, 1482, 1485, 1508, 1509, 1528, 1553, 1558, 1564, 1613.

*Dew*, 1481, 1488, 1536, 1546, 1566, 1576, 1609.

*Mist*, 1495, 1510, 1531, 1542, 1595, 1614.

*Shadow(s)*, 1499, 1506, 1511, 1514, 1539, 1565, 1575.

*Smoke*, 1486, 1507, 1512; *Foam*, 1588; *Wave*, 1615.

*River (in Sand)*, 1501, 1549, 1570. *Bubbles on River*, 1562.

*Spray*, 1540. *Wind*, 1513, 1620, 1593. *Taper*, 1554.

*Dream*, 1569, 1574. *Moonlight*, 1594. *Embers*, 1604.

*Corpse*, 1591. *Dust*, 1577. *Insect*, 1555.

*Child's Legend in Sand*, 1585 (and cf. 1589).

#### (15) SIMILES OF LOVE—55 similes.

Of these, 41 bear upon Nature, and are retained. Shelley usually approaches love after the manner of the mystics, regarding it as the vital creative principle and the indissoluble band which knits the universe. Love and beauty in Shelley's half formless philosophy are so merged one in the other, that it is frequently difficult to dissociate them, and a discussion of the one topic would involve an investigation of the other. Here it need only be observed as a matter of curiosity that Love for the most part is figuratively expressed by an image of *Light*, e.g., 1623, 1624, 1625, 1626, 1627, 1630, 1632, 1637, 1646, 1649, 1650.

Is this a reflection of the Neo-Platonic philosophy? Plotinus, it will be remembered, attached mystical significance to light.

#### (16) SIMILES OF DREAM—51 similes.

(Five retained.)

## (17) SIMILES OF THOUGHT—30 similes.

(Twenty retained.)

Compared to *Shadows*, 1668, 1671, 1672. *Light*, 1673, 1676.

## (18) SIMILES OF NUMBER—25 similes.

(To denote a multitude.)

## Basis of Comparison.

*Leaves*, 1688, 1689, 1699, 1704, 1705, 1711. (Note the difference in presentation in each case.)*Sand*, 1690, 1693. *Waves*, 1691, 1692, 1702. *Clouds*, 1695, 1697, 1706. *Summer flies*, 1700, 1709. *Gnats*, 1701, 1703, 1708. *Ants*, 1712. *Mist*, 1721.

This category on examination will show how Shelley's originality enabled him to escape the bounds of conventionality. For no class of similes has such an artificial array of examples established by literary tradition, since Homer first numbered the hosts of well-greaved Achaians.

"So stood they in the flowery Seamandrian plain, unnumbered as are leaves and flowers in their season. Even as the many tribes of thick flies that hover about a herdsman's steading in the spring season, when milk drencheth the pails, even in like number stood the flowing-haired Achaians upon the plain in face of the Trojans, eager to rend them asunder" . . . or the following,—"Of a truth have I oft ere now entered into battles of the warriors, yet have I never seen so goodly a host, and so great; for in the very likeness of the leaves of the forest or the sands of the sea, are they marching along the plain to fight against the city." The Bible also is a treasure-house for such similes, and the danger of conventional usage is therefore evident. The following only may be considered conventional, 1688, 1689, 1690, 1691, 1693, 1699, 1700, 1703; whereas in the other examples the poet's subtle powers of perception are exercised to derive the appropriate imagery from the field of Nature.

## FLOWER SIMILES.

It only now remains to refer to the numerous flower similes or references that are scattered through the various categories. Many of these are extremely careful and delicate studies.

*Flowers in General*,—15, 75, 132, 164, 165, 169, 174, 190, 243, 333, 353, 378, 391, 396, 400, 401-2-3-4, 559, 593, 636, 639, 640, 643, 683, 684, 747, 754, 825, 852, 906, 908, 968, 980, 986, 1006, 1016, 1020, 1022, 1031, 1042, 1065, 1075, 1103, 1109, 1112, 1114, 1130, 1135, 1148, 1149, 1195, 1312, 1392, 1401, 1405, 1424, 1436, 1444, 1649.

*Roses*, 33, 341, 362, 370, 397, 605, 646, 753, 1089, 1090, 1423.*Lilies*, 352, 393, 729, 1178, 1332, 1422. *Hyacinth*, 536, 554, 886.*Violet*, 624, 637, 638, 1023. *Snowdrop*, 638. *Daisy*, 1333.*Lemonflower*, 641. *Magnolia*, 1380. *Sensitive Plant*, 1454.

## SIMILES OF COLOUR AND LIGHT.

(a) CLOUD COLOUR (AND MIST).

- 1                                  The pyramids  
     Of the tall cedar overarching, frame  
     Most solemn domes within, and far below,  
     Like clouds suspended in an emerald sky,  
     The ash and the acacia floating hang  
     Tremulous and pale.

—*A last.* 433ff.

2 Even as a vapour fed with golden beams  
     That ministered on sunlight, ere the west  
     Eclipsees it, was now that wondrous frame—

—*A last.* 633ff.

3 Its shape repos'd within : slight as some cloud  
     That catches but the palest tinge of day  
         When evening yields to night,  
     Bright as that fibrous woof when stars indu'e  
         Its transitory robe.

—*D. W.* 59.

4                                  Human eye hath ne'er beheld  
     A shape so wild, so bright, so beautiful,  
     As that which o'er the maiden's charm'd sleep,  
         Waving a starry wand,  
         Hung like a mist of light

—*D. W.* 70.

5 Thou must have marked the billowy mountain clouds,  
     Edged with intolerable radiancy,  
         Towering like rocks of jet  
         Above the burning deep

—*D. W.* 197.

6                                  And yet there is a moment  
     When those far clouds of feathery purple gleam  
     Like fairy lands girt by some heavenly sea :

—*D. W.* 201.

7 And walked as free as light the clouds among, —*L. & C. Ded.*

8 Even like the dayspring, poured on vapours dank,  
     The beams of that one Star did shoot and quiver  
     Thro' my benighted mind—and were extinguished never.

—*L. & C. I.* 41.

9                                  at night, methought in dream  
     A Shape of speechless beauty did appear :  
     It stood like light on a careering stream  
     Of golden clouds which shook the atmosphere ;

—*L. & C. I.* 42.

- 10 and as the vapours lie  
 Bright in the outspread morning's radiancy,  
 So were these thoughts invested with the light  
 Of language —*L. & C.* II. 16.
- 11 She moved upon this earth a shape of brightness,  
 A power that from its objects scarcely drew  
 One impulse of her being—in her lightness  
 Most like some radiant cloud of morning dew  
 Which wanders thro' the waste air's pathless blue,  
 To nourish some far desert —*L. & C.* II. 23.
- 12 the twilight's gloom  
 Lay like a charnel's mist within the radiant dome.  
 —*L. & C.* V. 22.
- 13 She stood beside me like a rainbow braided  
 Within some storm, when scarce its shadows vast  
 From the blue paths of the swift sun have faded,  
 —*L. & C.* V. 24.
- 14 for now  
 A power, a thirst, a knowledge, which below  
 All thoughts, like light beyond the atmosphere,  
 Clothing its clouds with grace, doth ever flow,  
 Came on us as we sat in silence there,  
 Beneath the golden stars of the clear azure air.  
 —*L. & C.* VI. 30.
- 15 as an autumnal blossom  
 Which spreads its shrunk leaves in the sunny air,  
 After cold showers, like rainbows woven there,  
 Thus in her lips and cheeks the vital spirit  
 Mantled, and in her eyes, an atmosphere  
 Of health and hope ; —*L. & C.* VI. 55.
- 16 And the white clouds of noon which oft were sleeping,  
 In the blue heaven so beautiful and fair,  
 Like hosts of ghastly shadows hovering there ;  
 —*L. & C.* VII. 15.
- 17 My eye and voice grew firm, calm was my mind,  
 And piercing, like the morn, now it has darted  
 Its lustre on all hidden things, behind  
 Yon dim and fading clouds which load the weary wind.  
 —*L. & C.* VII. 30.
- 18 the day was dying :—  
 Sudden, the sun shone forth, its beams were lying  
 Like boiling gold on Ocean, strange to see,  
 And on the shattered vapours, which defying  
 The power of light in vain, tossed restlessly  
 In the red Heaven, like wrecks in a tempestuous sea.  
 —*L. & C.* XI. 2.
- 19 It was a stream of living beams, whose bank  
 On either side by the cloud's cleft was made,  
 And where its chasms that flood of glory drank,  
 Its waves gushed forth like fire, —*L. & C.* XI. 3.

- 20      when bright, like dawning day,  
The Spectre of the Plague before me flew. —*L. & C.* XII. 25.
- 21      and hope and peace  
On all who heard him did abide,  
Raining like dew from his sweet talk,  
As where the evening star may walk,  
Along the brink of the gloomy seas,  
Liquid mists of splendour quiver. —*R. & H.* 641.
- 22 And in that dark and evil day  
Did all desires and thoughts, that claim  
Men's care, ambition, friendship, fame,  
Love, hope, though hope was now despair—  
Indue the colors of this change,  
As from the all-surrounding air  
The earth takes hues obscure and strange,  
When storm and earthquake linger there. —*R. & H.* 724.
- 23 On my faint eyes and limbs did dwell  
That spirit as it passed, till soon  
As a frail cloud wandering o'er the moon,  
Beneath its light invisible,  
Is seen when it folds its grey wings again  
To alight on midnight's dusky plain,  
I lived and saw, and the gathering soul,  
Passed from beneath that strong control, —*R. & H.* 1039.
- 24 There is no lament for him  
Like a sunless vapour, dim  
Who once clothed with life and thought  
What now moves nor murmurs not. —*Eug. H.* 61.
- 25 Gathering round with wings all hoar,  
Thro' the dewy mist they soar  
Like grey shades, till the Eastern heaven
- 26 Bursts, and then, as clouds of even,  
Flecked with fire and azure, lie  
In the unfathomable sky,  
So their plumes of purple grain,  
Starred with drops of golden rain,  
Gleam above the sunlight woods,  
As in silent multitudes  
On the morning's fitful gale  
Thro' the broken mist they sail,  
And the vapours cloven and gleaming  
Follow down the dark steep streaming,  
Till all is bright, and clear, and still,  
Round the solitary hill. —*Eug. H.* 74.
- 27 From the sea a mist has spread,  
And the beams of morn lie dead  
On the towers of Venice now,  
Like its glory long ago, —*Eug. H.* 210.
- 28 Noon descends around me now :  
'Tis the noon of autumn's glow,  
When a soft and purple mist  
Like a vaporous amethyst,

- 29 Or an air-dissolvèd star  
Mingling light and fragrance —*Eug. II.* 285.

30 The awful shadow of some unseen Power  
Floats tho' unseen amongst us—  
Like clouds in starlight widely spread. —*H. I. B. I.*

31 Spirit of Beauty  
Thy light alone like mist o'er mountains driven  
Gives grace and truth to life's unquiet dream. —*H. I. B. III.*

32 Look, sister, ere the vapour dim thy brain :  
Beneath is a wide plain of billowy mist,  
As a lake, paving in the morning sky,  
With azure waves which burst in silver light,  
Some Indian vale, —*Prom. II. iii. 18.*

33 Which fills this vapour, as the aerial hue  
Of fountain-gazing roses fills the water,  
Flows from thy mighty sister —*Prom. II. v. 11.*

34 Child of Light ! thy limbs are burning  
Thro' the veil which seems to hide them ;  
As the radiant lines of morning  
Thro' the clouds ere they divide them ;  
And this atmosphere divinest  
Shrouds thee wheresoe'er thou shinest. —*Prom. II. v. 54.*

35 The elements obey me not. I sink  
Dizzily down, ever, for ever, down.  
And, like a cloud, mine enemy above  
Darkens my fall with victory. —*Prom. III. ii. 80.*

36 Its wheels are solid clouds, azure and gold,  
Such as the genii of the thunder-storm  
Pile on the floor of the illumined sea  
When the sun rushes under it ; they roll  
And move and grow as with an inward wind ; —*Prom. IV. 214.*

37 The joy, the triumph, the delight, the madness !  
The boundless, overflowing, bursting gladness,  
The vaporous exultation not to be confined !  
Ha ! ha ! the animation of delight  
Which wraps me, like an atmosphere of light,  
And bears me as a cloud is borne by its own wind. —*Prom. IV. 319.*

38 Drinking from thy sense and sight  
Beauty, majesty, and might  
As a grey and watery mist  
Glows like solid methyst  
Athwart the western mountain it enfolds,  
When the sunset sleeps  
Upon its snow —*Prom. IV. 481.*

- 39 The wrecks of the tempest, like vapours of gold,  
Are consuming in sunrise —*Vis. of Sea*, 127.
- 40       Thou bearer of the quiver,  
Whose sunlike shafts pierce tempest-winged Error,  
As light may pierce the clouds when they disperse  
In the calm regions of the orient day —*Ode to Lib.* X.
- 41       I hear the pennons of her car  
Self-moving, like cloud chariotèd by flame;  
—*Ode to Lib.* XVIII.
- 42 How glorious it will be to see her Majesty  
Flying above our heads, her petticoats  
Streaming like . . . .  
Or like a cloud dyed in the dying day  
Unravelled on the blast from a white mountain;  
—*Ode. Tyr.* 95.
- 43       one intense  
Diffusion, one serene Omnipresence  
Whose flowing outlines mingle in their flowing  
Around her cheeks and utmost fingers glowing  
With the uninterrupted blood, which there  
Quivers (as in a fleece of snow-like air  
The crimson pulse of living morning quiver) —*Ep'ss.* 94.
- 44       the moving pomp might seem  
Like pageantry of mist on an autumnal stream. —*Adon.* XIII.
- 45 His cold pale limbs and pulseless arteries  
Are like the fibres of a cloud instinct  
With light, —*Hell.* 142.
- 46       A mortal shape to him  
Was like the vapour dim  
Which the orient planet animates with light; —*Hell.* 215
- 47 The Anarchies of Africa unleash  
Their tempest-wingèd cities of the sea,  
To speak in thunder to the rebel world.  
Like sulphurous clouds, half shattered by the storm,  
They sweep the pale Ægean, —*Hell.* 299.
- 48 In the death hues of agony  
Lambently flashing from a fish,  
Now Peter felt amused to see  
Shades like a rainbow's rise and flee,  
Mixed with a certain hungry wish. —*P. B.* XXVI.
- 49       the thunder smoke  
Is gathering on the mountains, like a cloak  
Folded across their shoulders broad and bare;  
—*Lett. to M. G.* 116.
- 50       Such clouds as flit,  
Like splendour-wingèd moths about a taper,  
Round the red west when the sun dies in it —*Witch.* III.

- 51 and on the water for her tread  
 A tapestry of fleece-like mist was strewn,  
 Dyed in the beams of the ascending moon  
 —*Witch*, LIII.
- 52 Its shape was such as summer melody  
 Of the south wind in spicy vales might give  
 To some light cloud bound from the golden dawn  
 To fairy isles of evening,  
 —*Fragm. of Dram.* 215.
- 53 See those thronging chariots  
 Rolling like painted clouds before the wind  
 Behind their solemn steeds  
 —*Chas. I.*, I. 136.
- 54 Oh, light us to the isles of the evening land !  
 Like floating Edens cradled in the glimmer  
 Of sunset, through the distant mist of years  
 Touched by departing hope, they gleam !  
 —*Chas. I.*, IV. 22.
- 55 and the sense  
 Of hope through her fine texture did suffuse  
 Such varying glow, as summer evening casts  
 On undulating clouds and deepening lakes.  
 —*D. W.* 36.
- 56 Let us laugh and make our mirth,  
 At the shadows of the earth,  
 As dogs bay the moonlight clouds,  
 Which like spectres wrapt in shrouds,  
 Pass o'er night in multitudes  
 —*Inroc. to Mis.* XII.
- 57 From that Typhaea mount, Inarime,  
 There streamed a sunlight vapour, like the standard  
 Of some aetherial host ;  
 —*Ode to Nap.* 44.
- 58 On one side of this jagged and shapeless hill  
 There is a cave, from which there eddies up  
 A pale mist like aerial gossamer,  
 —*Orph.* 18.
- 59 The Fairy's frame was slight, yon fibrous cloud,  
 That catches but the palest tinge of even  
 And which the straining eye can hardly seize  
 When melting into eastern twilight's shadow,  
 Were scarce so thin, so slight  
 —*Q. M.* 94.

## (b) WATER COLOUR.

- 60 With the sun's cloudless orb,  
 Whose rays of rapid light  
 Parted around the chariot's swifter course,  
 And fell like ocean's feathery spray  
 Dashed from the boiling surge  
 Before a vessel's prow.  
 —*D. W.* 153.
- 61 For where the irresistible storm had cloven  
 That fearful darkness the blue sky was seen  
 Fretted with many a fair cloud interwoven  
 Most delicately, and the ocean green,  
 Beneath that opening spot of blue serene,  
 Quivered like burning emerald :  
 —*L. & C. I.* 4.

- 62 Only 'twas strange to see the red commotion  
Of waves like mountains o'er the sinking sphere  
Of sunset sweep,  
—*L. & C.* I. 15.
- 63 Beside that Image then I sate, while she  
Stood, mid the throngs which ever ebbed and flowed  
Like light amid the shadows of the sea  
Cast from one cloudless star,  
—*L. & C.* V. 51.
- 64 while tears pursued  
Each other down her fair and listening cheek  
Fast as the thoughts that fed them, like a flood  
From sunbright dales ;  
—*L. & C.* VII. 2.
- 65 And in that roof of crags a space was riven  
Thro' which there shone the emerald beams of heaven,  
Shot thro' the lines of many waves inwoven,  
Like sunlight thro' acacia woods at even, —*L. & C.* VII. 11.
- 66 Below the fountain's brink was richly paven  
With the deep's wealth, coral and pearl, and sand  
Like spangling gold,  
—*L. & C.* VII. 13.
- 67 When the summer wind faint odours brought  
From mountain flowers, even as it passed  
His cheek would change, as the noon-day sea  
Which the dying breeze sweeps fitfully.  
—*R. & H.* 1015.
- 68 Beneath is spread like a green sea  
The waveless plain of Lombardy,  
Bounded by the vaporous air,  
Islanded by cities fair ;  
—*Eug. H.* 90.
- 69 And far on high the keen sky-cleaving mountains  
From icy spires of sun-like radiance fling  
The dawn, as lifted Ocean's dazzling spray,  
From some Atlantic islet scattered up,
- 70 Spangles the wind with lamp-like water drops,  
—*Prom. II. iii.* 78
- 71 I hid myself  
Within a fountain in the public square,  
Where I lay like a reflex of the moon  
Seen in a wave under green leaves ;  
—*Prom. III. iv.* 61.
- 72 With mighty whirl the multitudinous orb  
Grinds the bright ~~light~~ k into an azure mist  
Of elemental subtlety, like light ;  
—*Prom. IV.* 253.
- 73 The plumèd insects swift and free,  
Like golden boats on a sunny sea.  
—*Sens. P. I.* 82.
- 74 And wherever her airy footsteps trod,  
Her trailing hair from the grassy sod  
Eras'd its light vestige, with shadowy sweep,  
Like a sunny storm o'er the dark green deep. —*Sens. P. II.* 25.
- 75 Three days the flowers of the garden fair,  
Like stars when the moon is awakened, were,  
Or the waves of Baiae, ere luminous  
She floated up through the smoke of Vesuvius. —*Sens. P. III.* 1.

- 76 While the surf like a chaos of stars, like a rout  
 77, 78 Of death-flames, like whirlpools of fire-flowing iron  
     With splendour and terror the black ship environ,  
 79 Or like sulphur-flakes hurled from a mine of pale fire  
     In fountains spout o'er it.
- Vision of Sea*, 18.
- 80 And I was laid asleep, spirit and limb,  
     And all my being became bright or dim  
     As the moon's image in a summer sea,  
     According as she smiled or frowned on me ;         —*Epips.* 295.
- 81 And many a fountain, rivulet, and pond,  
     As clear as elemental diamond,  
 82 Or serene morning air ;                             —*Epips.* 436.
- 83 Let there be Light ! said Liberty,  
     And like sunrise from the sea  
     Athens arose !                                     —*Hell.* 682.
- 84 I see the waves upon the shore,  
     Like light dissolved in star-showers, thrown :     —*Spiritus near Nap.* II.
- 85 This quicksilver no gnome has drunk — within  
     The walnut bowl it lies, veinéd and thin,  
     In colour like the wake of light that stains  
     The Tuscan deep, when from the moist moon rains  
     The inmost shower of its white fire — the breeze  
     Is still, blue heaven smiles o'er the pale seas.
- Letter to M. G.* 66.
- 86 The ripe corn under the undulating air  
     Undulates like an ocean ;                             —*Letter to M. G.* 119.
- 87 And down the earthquaking cataracts which shiver  
     Their snow-like waters into golden air,             —*Witch,* XLII.
- 88 The water flashed like sunlight by the prow  
     Of a noon-wandering meteor flung to Heaven ;     —*Witch,* XLVI.
- 89 To glide adown old Nilus, where he threads  
     Egypt and Æthiopia, from the steep  
     Of utmost Axumé, until he spreads,  
     Like a calm flock of silver-fleeced sheep,             —*Witch,* I VII.
- 90 And the sun's image radiantly intense  
     Burned on the waters of the well that glowed  
     Like gold, and threaded all the forest's maze  
     With winding paths of emerald fire ;                 —*Tr. of L.* 345.
- 91 Like a gloomy stain  
     On the emerald main  
     Alpheus rushed behind,
- Aret.* III.
- 92 And under the caves,  
     Where the shadowy waves  
     Are as green as the forest's night :
- Aret.* IV.

## 93 Great spirit, deepest Love

Or, with thy harmonizing ardours fill  
 And raise thy sons, as o'er the prone horizon  
 Thy lamp feeds every twilight wave with fire. —*Ode to N.* 165.

94 Now all the tree-tops lay asleep  
 Like green waves on the sea,—*To Jane*, 29.95 O'er the thin texture of its frame  
 The varying periods painted changing glows,  
 As on a summer evening,  
 When soul-enfolding music floats around,  
 The stainless mirror of the lake  
 Re-images the eastern gloom  
 Mingling convulsively its purple lines  
 With sunset's burnished gold.—*Q. M.* 3.

## (c) THE SUN.

96 The moon arose : and lo, the aetherial cliffs  
 Of Caucasus, whose icy summits shone  
 Among the stars like sunlight,—*Alast.* 352.97 A speck, a cloud, a shape, approaching grew,  
 Like a great ship in the sun's sinking sphere  
 Beheld afar at sea, and swift it came anear—*L. & C. I.* 6.98 And oft in cycles since, when darkness gave  
 New weapons to thy foe, their sun-like fame  
 Upon the combat shone——*L. & C. I.* 32.99 Day after day the burning sun rolled on  
 Over the death-polluted land—it came  
 Out of the east like fire,—*L. & C. X.* 13.100 the day was dying :—  
 Sudden the sun shone forth, its beams were lying  
 Like boiling gold on Ocean, strange to see,  
 And on the shattered vapours, which defying  
 The power of light in vain, tossed restlessly  
 In the red Heaven, like wrecks in a tempestuous sea.—*L. & C. XI.* 2.101 And as the meteor's midnight flame  
 Startles the dreamer, sun-like truth  
 Flashed on his visionary youth.—*R. & H.* 617.102 And the light which flushed through his waxen cheek  
 Grew faint, as the rose-like hues which flow  
 From sunset o'er the Alpine snow :—*R. & H.* 1009.103 And that eternal honour which should live  
 Sun-like, above the reek of mortal fame.—*Cenci*, V. iii. 31.104 Pity the self-despising slaves of Heaven,  
 Not me, within whose mind sits peace serene  
 As light in the sun, throned :—*Prom.* I. 429.

- 105 And far on high the keen sky-cleaving mountains  
 From icy spires of sun-like radiance fling  
 The dawn, —*Prom.* II. iii. 28.
- 106 Vast beams like spokes of some invisible wheel  
 Which whirl as the orb whirls, swifter than thought,  
 Filling the abyss with sun-like lightnings. —*Prom.* IV. 274.
- 107 thou bearer of the quiver,  
 Whose sun-like shafts pierce tempest-winged Error.  
 —*Ode to Lib.* X.
- 108 When like heaven's sun girt by the exhalation  
 Of its own glorious light, thou didst arise,  
 Chasing thy foes from nation unto nation  
 Like shadows. —*Ode to Lib.* XI.
- 109 Thou Mirror  
 In whom, as in the splendour of the sun,  
 All shapes look glorious which thou gazest on ! —*Epips.* 30.
- 110 Imagination ! which from earth and sky,  
 And from the depths of human phantasy,  
 As from a thousand prisms and mirrors, fills  
 The Universe with glorious beams, and kills  
 Error, the worm, with many a sun-like arrow  
 Of its reverberated lightning. —*Epips.* 164.
- 111 Soft as an Incarnation of the Sun,  
 When light is changed to love, this glorious One  
 Fleated into the cavern where I lay, —*Epips.* 335.
- 112 Another Athens shall arise  
 And to remoter time  
 Bequeath, like sunset to the skies,  
 The splendour of its prime ; —*Hell.* 1084.
- 113 Like wingèd stars the fire-flies flash and glance  
 Pale in the open moonshine, but each one  
 Under the dark trees seems a little sun. —*Letter to M. G.* 281.
- 114 And she saw princes couched under the glow  
 Of sun-like gems ; —*Witch,* LXIV.
- 115 And on the right hand of the sun-like throne.  
 —*Witch,* LXXIV.
- 116 For he seemed stormy, and would often seem  
 A quenchless sun masked in portentous clouds.  
 —*Fragm. of Dram.* 107.
- 117 This Charles the First  
 Rose like the equinoctial sun (engirt)  
 By vapours —*Chas.* I. 46.
- 118 And a cold glare, intenser than the noon,  
 But icy cold, obscured with blinding light  
 The sun, as he the stars. —*Tr. of L.* 77.
- 119 I arose, and for a space  
 The scene of woods and waters seemed to keep  
 Though it was now broad day, a gentle trace  
 Of light diviner than the common sun  
 Sheds on the common earth, —*Tr. of L.* 335.

(d) THE MOON.

- 127 How wonderful is Death,  
Death and his brother Sleep !  
One pale as yonder wan and hornèd moon,  
With lips of lurid blue, —D. W. 1

128 And countless spheres diffused  
An ever-varying glory.  
It was a sight of wonder, some were horned,  
And, like the moon's argentine crescent hung  
In the dark dome of heaven, —D. W. 162

129 And that strange boat, like the moon's shade did sway  
Amid reflected stars that in the waters lay. —L. & C. I. 22.

130 from that night  
She fled ; like those illusions clear and bright,  
Which dwell in lakes, when the red moon on high  
Pause ere it wakens tempest ; —L. & C. VII. 22



(e) THE STARS.

- 149 And countless spheres diffused  
An ever-varying glory  
some did shed  
A clear mild beam like Hesperus, while the sea  
Yet glows with fading sunlight. —D. W. 164.

150 others dashed  
Athwart the night with trains of bickering fire,  
Like spher'd worlds to death and ruin driven.  
—D. W. 170.

- 151 Some shone like stars, and as the chariot passed  
Bedimmed all other light —*D. W.* 173.
- 152 And yet there is a moment  
When the sun's highest point  
Peers like a star o'er ocean's western edge, —*D. W.* 201.
- 153 The city's moonlight spires and myriad lamps  
Like stars in a sublunar sky did glow —*L. & C. V.* 1.
- 154 The shadow of the lingering waves did wear  
Light, as from starry beams: —*L. & C. XII.* 20.
- 155 And where melodious falls did burst and shiver  
Among rocks clad with flowers, the foam and spray  
Sparkled like stars upon the sunny river, —*L. & C. XII.* 34.
- 156 That ivory dome, whose azure night  
With golden stars, like heaven, was bright —*R. & H.* 1094.
- 157 More yet come, one by one; the air around them  
Looks radiant as the air around a star. —*Prom. I.* 692.
- 158 Their beauty gives me voice. See how they float  
On their sustaining wings of skiey grain  
Orange and azure deepening into gold:  
Their soft smiles light the air like a star's fire.  
—*Prom. I.* 750.
- 159 Or when some star of many a one  
That climbs and wanders thro' steep night,  
Has found the cleft thro' which alone  
Beams fall from high those depths upon,  
Ere it is borne away, away,  
By the swift heavens that cannot stay,  
It scatters drops of golden light,  
Like lines of rain that ne'er unite. —*Prom. II. ii.* 14.
- 160 Sister, it is not earthly: how it glides  
Under the leaves! how on its head there burns  
A light like a green star, whose emerald beams  
Are twined with its fair hair! how, as it moves,  
The splendour drops in flakes upon the grass!  
—*Prom. III. iv.* 1.
- 161 And from a star upon its forehead, shoot,  
162 Like swords of azure fire, or golden spears  
With tyrant-quelling myrtle overtwined,  
Embleming heaven and earth united now,  
163 Vast beams like spokes of some invisible wheel  
Which whirl as the orb whirls, swifter than thought,  
Filling the abyss with sun-like lightnings,  
—*Prom. IV.* 270.
- 164 Three days the flowers of the garden fair,  
Like stars when the moon is awakened, were,  
—*Sens. Pl. III.* 1.

- 165 The leprous corpse touched by this spirit tender  
 Exhales itself in flowers of gentle breath ;  
 Like incarnations of the stars, when splendour  
 Is changed to fragrance, they illumine death,  
 And mock the merry worm that wakes beneath ; — *Adon.* XX.
- 166 Whilst burning through the inmost veil of Heaven,  
 The soul of Adonais like a star,  
 Beacons from the abode where the eternal are. — *Adon.* LV.
- 167 Though in his eyes a cloud and burthen lay,  
 Through which his soul, like Vesper's serene beam  
 Piercing the chasms of ever-rising clouds,  
 Shone softly burning ; — *Prince Ath.* I. 60.
- 168 The Balearic fisher, driven from shore,  
 Hanging upon the peaked wave afar,  
 Then saw their lamp from Laian's turret gleam,  
 Piercing the stormy darkness like a star,  
 Which pours beyond the sea one steadfast beam,  
 Whilst all the constellations of the sky  
 Seemed reeling through the storm. — *Prince Ath.* II. 24.
- 169 The hoary grove  
 Waxed green and flowers burst forth like starry beams  
 — *Prince Ath.* III. 8.
- 170 Let the horsemen's scymitars  
 Wheel and flash like sphereless stars  
 Thirsting to eclipse their burning  
 In a sea of death and mourning. — *Mask of A.* LXXVIII.
- 171 Beyond, the surface of the unsickled corn  
 Trembles not in the slumbering air, and borne  
 In circles quaint, and ever-changing dance,  
 Like winged stars the fire-flies flash and glance,  
 Pale in the open moonshine, but each one  
 Under the dark trees seems a little sun,
- 172 A meteor tamed ; a fixed star gone astray  
 From the silver regions of the Milky Way ; — *Letter to M. G.* 278.
- 173 Through the green splendour of the water deep  
 She saw the constellations reel and dance  
 Like fire-flies — *Witch,* XXVIII.
- 174 Until the golden eye of the bright flower,  
 Through the dark lashes of those veinèd lids,  
 Disenumbered of their silent sleep,  
 Gazed like a star into the morning light — *Fragm. of Dram.* 168.
- 175 And thou  
 Fair star, whose beam lies on the wide Atlantic,  
 Athwart its zones of tempest and of calm,  
 Bright as the path to a beloved home,  
 Oh, light us to the isles of the evening land ! — *Chas. I.* IV. 18.

176

Burst a new vision, never seen before,  
so on my sight  
And the fair shape waned in the coming light,  
As veil by veil the silent splendour drops  
From Lucifer, amid the chrysolite

Of sunrise, ere it tinge the mountain tops ;  
177 And as the presence of that fairest planet,

Although unseen, is felt by one who hopes  
That his day's path may end as he began it

178 In that star's smile, whose light is like the scent  
Of a jonquil when evening breezes fan it,

179 Or the soft note in which his dear lament

180 The Brescian Shepherd breathes, or the caress  
That turned his weary slumber to content ; — *Tr. of L.* 410.

181 The golden gates of Sleep unbar

Where Strength and Beauty met together,  
Kindle their image like a star  
In a sea of glassy weather

— *Bridal S.* l*f.* 12*f.* 23*f.*

182 And the smile thou wearest

Wraps thee like a star  
Is wrapt in light

— *Fragm. of Hell.* 184.

183 Thou, whom seen nowhere, I feel everywhere,

From Heaven and Earth and all that in them are,  
Veiled art thou, like a star

— *Zucc.* III.

184

but the fair star  
That gems the glittering coronet of morn,  
Sheds not a light so mild, so powerful,  
As that which bursting form the Fairy's form,  
Spread a purpureal halo round the scene,

— *Q. M.* 98,

185 The vast and fiery globes that rolled

Around the Fairy's palace-gate  
Lessened by slow degrees and soon appeared  
Such tiny twinklers as the planet orbs  
That there attendant on the solar power  
With borrowed light pursued their narrower way — *Q. M.* 220.

### (f) LIGHTNING.

186

Not the strong impulse hid  
In those flushed cheeks, bent eyes, and shadowy frame  
Had yet performed its ministry : it hung  
Upon his life, as lightning in a cloud  
Gleams, hovering ere it vanish, ere the floods  
Of night close over it

— *Alast.* 415.

187

awful scene  
Where power in likeness of the Arve comes down  
From the ice gulphs that gird his secret throne,  
Bursting through these dark mountains like the flame  
Of lightning through the tempest ; — *Mont. B.* 15.

188 Or when free thoughts like lightnings are alive ;

— *L. & C. I.* 33.

- 180 When mid soft looks of pity, there would dart  
A glance as keen as is the lightning's stroke  
When it doth rive the knots of some ancestral oak.  
—*L. & C.* IV. 6.

190 And smiles—as when the lightning's blast  
Has parched some heaven-delighting oak,  
The next spring shows leaves pale and rare,  
But like flowers delicate and fair,  
On its rent boughs,—again arrayed  
His countenance in tender light :  
—*R. & H.* 787.

191 Like veiled lightning asleep  
A spell is treasured but for thee alone  
—*Prom.* II. iii. 83.

192 Luther caught thy wakening glance,  
Like lightning from his leaden lance  
Reflected, it dissolved the visions of the trance  
In which as in a tomb the nations lay ;  
—*Ode to Lib.* X.

193 Aye, even the dim words which obscure thee now  
Flash, lightning-like, with unaccustomed glow  
—*Epips.* 33.

194 If Bacon's eagle spirit had not leapt  
Like lightning out of darkness  
—*Tr. of L.* 269

195 But keener thy gaze than the lightning's glare,  
—*Liberty*, III.

196 Fairest of the Destinies,  
Disarray thy dazzling eyes :  
Keener far thy lightnings are  
Than the winged (bolts) thou bearest  
—*Fragm. Hell.* 180.

(g) METEORS, COMETS.

- 197 A lurid earth-star, which dropped many a spark  
From its blue train, and spreading widely, clung  
To their wild hair, like mist the topmost pines among  
—*L. & C. XI. 12.*

198 And as the meteor's midnight flame  
Startles the dreamer, sun-like truth  
Flashed on his visionary youth,  
—*R. & H. 615.*

199 In thine halls the lamp of learning,  
Padua, now no more is burning,  
Like a meteor, whose wild way  
Is lost over the grave of day,  
It gleams betrayed and to betray ; —*Eug. Hills, 256.*

200 I have heard those more skilled in spirits say,  
The bubbles, which the enchantment of the sun  
Sucks from the pale faint water-flowers that pave  
The oozy bottom of clear lakes and pools,  
Are the pavilions where such dwell and float  
Under the green and golden atmosphere  
Which noon-tide kindles thro' the woven leaves ;  
And when these burst, and the thin fiery air,  
The which they breathed within those lucent domes,

Ascends to flow like meteors thro' the night,  
They ride on them, and rein their headlong speed,  
And bow their burning crests, and glide in fire  
Under the waters of the earth again. —*Prom.* II. ii. 70



### (h) THE SKY.

- 211 The other glowing like the vital morn,  
When thronged on ocean's wave  
It breathes over the world : —D. W. 5



- 223 At the helm sits a woman more fair  
Than heaven, when unbinding its star-braided hair,  
It sinks with the sun on the earth and the sea.  
—*Vis. of Sea*, 66.
- 224 The cares we waste upon our heavy crown  
Would make it light and glorious as a wreath  
Of heaven's beams for his dear innocent brow.  
—*Chas. I.* 491.
- 225 When the north wind congregates in crowds  
The floating mountains of the silver clouds  
From the horizon—and the stainless sky  
Opens beyond them like eternity,  
—*Summer and W.* 3.
- 226 From every point of the Infinite  
Like a thousand dawns on a single night  
The splendours rise and spread  
—*Prot. Hell.* 62.
- 227 We paused beside the pools that lie  
Under the forest bough,  
Each seemed as 'twere a little sky  
Gulphed in a world below;  
—*To Jane Recoll.* V.
- 228 A firmament of purple light  
Which in the dark earth lay  
More boundless than the depth of night  
And purer than the day.  
—*To Jane Recoll.* V.
- 229 Heaven's ebon vault  
Studded with stars unutterably bright,  
Through which the moon's unclouded grandeur rolls,  
Seems like a canopy which love had spread  
To curtain her sleeping world.  
—*Q. M.* 4.
- (i) FIRE.
- 230 Thou too, aerial Pile! whose pinnacles  
Point from one shrine like pyramids of fire  
—*Summer Eve*, 13.
- 231 One seat was vacant in the midst, a throne,  
Reared on a pyramid like sculptured flame,  
Distinct with circling steps which rested on  
Their own deep fire—  
—*L. & C.* I. 55.
- 232 And fires blazed far amid the scattered camps,  
Like springs of flame, which burst where'er swift Earthquake stamps  
—*L. & C.* V. 1.
- 233 The misery of a madness slow and creeping,  
Which made the earth seem fire,  
—*L. & C.* VII. 15.
- 234 Yet soon bright day will burst—even like a chasm  
Of fire, to burn the shrouds outworn and dead,  
Which wrap the world:  
—*L. & C.* IX. 5.
- 235 Aloft, her flowing hair like strings of flame did quiver.  
—*L. & C.* XI. 3.

- 236 towers far and near  
Pierce like reposing flames the tremulous atmosphere  
—*L. & C.* XII. 5.

237 Yet, yet, one brief relapse, like the last beam  
Of dying flames, the stainless air around  
Hung silent and serene—a blood-red gleam  
Burst upwards, hurling fiercely from the ground  
The globed smoke,—  
—*L. & C.* XII. 16.

238 And before that chasm of light,  
As within a furnace bright,  
Column, tower, and dome, and spire,  
239 Shine like obelisks of fire,  
Pointing with inconstant motion  
From the altar of dark ocean  
To the sapphire-tinted skies :  
240 As the flames of sacrifice  
From the marble shrines did rise,  
As to pierce the dome of gold  
Where Apollo spoke of old.  
—*Eug. Hills*, 104.

241 Hither the sound has borne us—to the realm  
Of Demogorgon, and the mighty portal,  
Like a volcano's meteor-breathing chasm,  
—*Prom.* II. iii. 1.

242 Pour forth heaven's wine, Idalian Ganymede,  
And let it fill the Daedal cups like fire.  
—*Prom.* III. i. 25.

243 The unseen clouds of the dew, which lie  
Like fire in the flowers till the sun rides high,  
—*Sens.* P. I. 86

244 And the green lizard, and the golden snake,  
Like unimprisoned flames, out of their trance awake.  
—*Adon.* XVIII.

245 And grey walls moulder round on which dull Time  
Feeds, like slow fire upon a hoary brand ;  
And one keen pyramid with edge sublime,  
Pavilions the dust of him who planned  
This refuge for his memory, doth stand  
246 Like flame transformed to marble ;  
—*Adon.* L.

247 And then—as if the earth and sea had been  
Dissolved into one lake of fire, were seen  
248 Those mountains towering as from waves of flame,  
Around the vaporous sun, from which there came  
The inmost purple spirit of light, and made  
Their very peaks transparent  
—*Jul. & M.* 80.

249 Men scarcely know how beautiful fire is—  
Each flame of it is as a precious stone  
Dissolved in ever-moving light,  
—*Witch*, XXVII.

250 In thy dark eyes a power like light doth lie  
Within thy breath, and on thy hair, like odour it is yet  
And from thy touch like fire doth leap  
—*Const.* I.

- 251 There must have lived within Marenghi's heart  
That fire, more warm and bright than life or hope,  
—*Mar. XVIII.*

- 252 When memory came  
(For years gone by leave each a deepening shade),  
His spirit basked in its internal flame,  
As when the black storm hurries round at night  
The fisher basks beside his red firelight  
—*Mar. XXV.*

## (j) EYES.

- 253 Life, and the lustre that consumed it, shone  
As in a furnace burning secretly  
From his dark eyes alone.  
—*A last. 252.*

- 254 O ! there are spirits of the air,  
And genii of the evening breeze,  
And gentle ghosts, with eyes as fair  
As star-beams among twilight trees :  
—*To Coler. 1.*

- 255 Then she arose, and smiled on me with eyes  
Serene yet sorrowing, like that planet fair,  
While yet the daylight lingereth in the skies  
Which cleaves with arrowy beams the dark red air,  
—*L. & C. I. 21.*

- 256 Small serpent eyes trailing from side to side,  
Like meteors on a river's grassy shore,  
—*L. & C. I. 56.*

- 257 an eye of blue  
Looked into mine, like moonlight, soothingly :  
—*L. & C. I. 58.*

- 258 her dark and deepening eyes,  
Which, as twin phantoms of one star that lies  
O'er a dim well, move, though the star reposes,  
Swam in our mute and liquid ecstasies,  
—*L. & C. VI. 33.*

- 259 A voiceless thought of evil, which did spread  
With the quick glance of eyes, like withered lightnings shed.  
—*L. & C. X. 16.*

- 260 her dark and intricate eyes  
261 Orb within orb deeper than sleep or death,  
Absorbed the glories of the burning skies,  
Which, mingling with her heart's deep ecstasies,  
Burst from her looks and gestures :  
—*L. & C. XI. 5.*

- 262 his eyes are mild  
And calm, and like the morn about to break,  
Smile on mankind—  
—*L. & C. XII. 3.*

- 263 And his keen eyes glittering through mine,  
Filled me with the flame divine,  
Which in their orbs was burning far,  
Like the light of an unmeasured star,  
In the sky of midnight dark and deep :  
—*R. & H. 1134.*

- 264                   I feel, I see  
 Those eyes which burn thro' smiles that fade in tears,  
 Like stars half quenched in mists of silver dew.  
 —*Prom.* II. i. 27.
- 265 Thine eyes are like the deep, blue, boundless heaven  
 Contracted to two circles underneath  
 Their long, fine lashes ; dark, far, measureless,  
 Orb within orb, and line thro' line inwoven.  
 —*Prom.* II. i. 114.
- 266                   the young spirit  
 That guides it has the dovelike eyes of hope ;  
 —*Prom.* II. iv. 159.
- 267 The terrors of his eye illumined heaven  
 With sanguine light, through the thick ragged skirts  
 Of the victorious darkness as he fell ;  
 Like the last glare of day's red agony,  
 Which, from a rent among the fiery clouds,  
 Burns far along the tempest-wrinkled deep —*Prom.* III. ii. 4.
- 268 And your eyes are as love which is veiled not ?  
 —*Prom.* IV. 92.
- 269                   Be your wounds like eyes  
 To weep for the dead.  
 —*Ode* 3.
- 270 With those clear drops, which start like sacred dew  
 From the twin lights thy sweet soul darkens through,  
 —*Epiops.* 142.
- 271 And then came one of sweet and earnest looks,  
 Whose soft smiles to his dark and night-like eyes  
 272 Were as the clear and ever-living brooks  
 Are to the obscure fountains whence they rise  
 Showing how pure they are ; —*Canc. Adon.* 1.
- 273                   Oh, speak not of her eyes ! which seem  
 Twin mirrors of Italian heaven, yet gleam  
 With such deep meaning, as we never see  
 But in the human countenance ; —*Jul. & M.* 147.
- 274                   and eyes whose arrowy light  
 Shone like the reflex of a thousand minds.  
 —*Prince Ath.* II. i. 4.
- 275 Her hair was brown, her spherèd eyes were brown,  
 And in their dark and liquid moisture swam,  
 Like the dim orb of the eclipsèd moon,  
 —*Fragm. Prince Ath.* 1.
- 276 Yet when the spirit flashed beneath, there came  
 The light from them, as when tears of delight  
 Double the western planet's serene flame.  
 —*Fragm. Prince Ath.* 4.
- 277 When Peter heard of his promotion,  
 His eyes grew like two stars for bliss ; —*Peter B.* VII. vii.

- 278                  deep her eyes, as are  
           Two openings of unfathomable night  
           Seen through a temple's cloven roof—                  —*Witch*, V.
- 279 In thy dark eyes a power like light doth lie,  
     Even though the sounds which were thy voice, which burn  
     Between thy lips, are laid to sleep ;
- 280 Within thy breath, and on thy hair, like odour it is yet,  
 281 And from thy touch like fire doth leap.                  —*Const.* I.
- 282                  Thrills with her lovely eyes,  
           Which like two stars amid the heaving main  
           Sparkle through liquid bliss.                  —*Q. M.* 38.
- (k) DARKNESS, SHADOW.
- 283 Below, the smoke of roofs involved in flame  
           Rested like night,                  —*L. & C.* III. 16.
- 284 I watched, until the shades of evening wrapt  
           Earth like an exhalation                  —*L. & C.* III. 18.
- 285                  confusion, then despair  
           Descends like night                  —*L. & C.* V. 7.
- 286 O Spirit vast and deep as Night and Heaven !                  —*L. & C.* V. 51, 2.
- 287                  her dark hair was disspread  
           Like the pine's locks upon the lingering blast,  
           Over mine eyes its shadowy strings it spread  
           Fitfully,                  —*L. & C.* VI. 21.
- 288 The pitchy smoke of the departed fire  
           Still hung in many a hollow dome and spire  
           Above the towers like night ;                  —*L. & C.* XII. 26.
- 289 Sometimes through forests, deep like night, we glode,  
           —*L. & C.* XII. 35.
- 290                  I bear a darker, deadlier gloom  
 291 Than the earth's shade, or interlunar air,  
 292 Or constellations quenched in murkiest cloud,                  —*Cenci*, II. i. 189.
- 293 When its wound was closed, there stood  
           Darkness o'er the day like blood.                  —*Prom.* I. 101.
- 294 Sister, I hear the thunder of new wings  
           their shadows make  
           The space within my plumes more black than night.                  —*Prom.* I. 521.
- 295                  I see a mighty darkness  
           Filling the seat of power, and rays of gloom  
           Dart round, as light from the meridian sun,  
           Ungazed upon and shapeless.                  —*Prom.* II. iv. 2.

- 296                   That terrible shadow floats  
Up from its throne, as may the lurid smoke  
Of earthquake-ruined cities o'er the sea. —*Prom.* II. iv. 150.
- 297 Peace ! peace ! A mighty Power which is as darkness,  
Is rising out of Earth, and from the sky  
298 Is showered like night, and from within the air  
299 Bursts, like eclipse which had been gathered up  
    Into the pores of sunlight ; —*Prom.* IV. 510.
- 300 To forgive wrongs darker than death or night ; —*Prom.* IV. 571.
- 301                   Six the thunder has smitten,  
And they lie back as mummies on which Time has written  
    His scorn of the embalmer ; —*Vision of S.* 61.
- 302 Black as a cormorant the screaming blast —*Vision of S.* 105.
- 303                   armies mingled in obscure array,  
Like clouds with clouds, darkening the sacred bowers  
    Of serene heaven —*Ode to Lib.* XII.
- 304 The future looks as black as death, a cloud,  
305 Dark as the frown of Hell hangs over it— —*Ed. Tyr.* 96.
- 306 And others said that such mysterious grief  
From God's displeasures like a darkness, fell  
On souls like his which owned no higher law  
    Than love ; —*Prince Ath.* I. 93.
- 307                   but o'er the visage wan  
Of Athanase, a ruffling atmosphere  
Of dark emotion, a swift shadow ran,  
Like wind upon some forest-bosomed lake,  
Glassy and dark,— —*Prince Ath.* II. ii. 47.
- 308                   the flagging wing  
Of the roused cormorant in the lightning flash  
Looked like the wreck of some wind-wandering  
Fragment of inky thunder-smoke —*Witch, L.*
- 309 And o'er what seemed the head a cloud-like crane  
Was bent, a dim and faint aëthereal gloom  
Tempering the light. —*Tr. of L.* 91.
- 310 And Gregory and John and men divine  
    Who rose like shadows between man and God —*Tr. of L.* 288.
- 311 And tyrants and slaves are like shadows of night  
    In the van of the morning light —*Lib.* IV.
- 312 A portal as of shadowy adamant  
    Stands yawning on the highway of the life  
Which we all tread, a cavern huge and gaunt ;  
    Around it rages an unceasing strife
- 313 Of shadows, like the restless clouds that haunt  
    The gap of some cleft mountain, lifted high  
    Into the whirlwinds of the upper sky. —*Alleg.* I.

- 314 A firmament of purple light  
 Which in the dark earth lay  
 More boundless than the depth of night,  
 And purer than the day.

—*To Jane Rec.* 57.

(I) WHITE LIGHT, PALLOR.

- 315 Like mountain snow some, whose white hair shone  
 —*L. & C. I.* 54.

- 316 Let tortures strain the truth till it be white  
 As snow thrice sifted by the frozen wind —*Cenci*, V. ii. 170.

- 317 Were built, and through their snow-like columns flowed  
 Cities then  
 The warm winds —*Prom. II.* iv. 94.

- 318 From its curved roof the mountain's frozen tears

- 319 Like snow, or silver, or long diamond spires,

- 320 Hung downwards, raising forth a doubtful light.

—*Prom. III.* iii. 15.

- 321 Within it sits a wingèd infant, white  
 Its countenance, like the whiteness of bright snow ;

- 322 Its plumes are as the feathers of sunny frost,  
 Its limbs gleam white, through the wind-flowing folds  
 Of its white robe, woof of æthereal pearl.  
 Its hair is white, the brightness of white light  
 Scattered in strings, yet its two eyes are heavens  
 Of liquid darkness, —*Prom. IV.* 219.

- 323 The lilies were drooping, and white, and wan  
 Like the head and the skin of a dying man —*Sens. Pl.* III. 28.

- 324 Are whiter than the tempest-sifted snow. his hair and beard  
 —*Hell.* 140.

- 325 O pallid as Death's dedicated bride,  
 Thou mockery which art sitting by my side,  
 Am I not wan like thee ? —*Jul. and Madd.* 384.

- 326 Last came Anarchy : he rode  
 On a white horse splashed with blood ;  
 He was pale even to the lips  
 Like Death in the Apocalypse —*Mask*, VIII.

- 327 From the workhouse and the prison,  
 Where pale as corpses newly risen,  
 Women, children, young and old,  
 Groan for pain and weep for cold. —*Mask*, LXVIII.

- 328 Her lips and cheeks were like things dead, so pale —*Sunset*.

- 329 His hands were clasped, veinèd and pale as snow. —*Tass.* 22.

- 330 And their mothers look pale, like the white shore  
 Of Albion free no more —*Lines*, Vol. IV. i. 16.

- 331 The wreaths of stony myrtle, ivy and pine,  
 Like winter leaves o'ergrown by moulded snow —*Ode to Nap.* 17.

when the prow  
**332** Made the invisible water white as snow. —*Ode to Nap.* 42.

*(m)* GENERAL.

- 333** Like restless serpents, clothed  
 In rainbows and in fire, the parasites,  
 Starred with ten thousand blossoms, flow around  
 The grey trunks. —*Alast.* 438.
- 334** Hither the poet came, his eyes beheld  
 Their own wan light through the reflected lines  
 Of his thin hair, distinct in the dark depth  
 Of that still fountain; as the human heart  
 Gazing in dreams over the gloomy grave,  
 Sees its own treacherous likeness there. —*Alast.* 469.
- 335** Must that divinest form  
 whose azure veins  
 Steal like dark streams along a field of snow,  
**336** Whose outline is as fair as marble clothed  
 In light of some divinest mind, decay? —*D. W.* 12.
- 337** Ardent and pure as day thou burnest —*D. W.* 92.
- 338** bright scales did leap  
 Where'er the Eagle's talons made their way,  
 Like sparks into the darkness —*L. & C. I.* 11.
- 339** Their sun-like form  
 Upon the combat shone—a light to save  
 Like Paradise spread forth beyond the shadowy grave —*L. & C. I.* 32.
- 340** Mountains of ice, like sapphire, piled on high  
 Hemming the horizon round, in silence lay  
 On the still waters —*L. & C. I.* 47.
- 341** The radiance of whose limbs rose-like and warm  
 Flowed forth —*L. & C. I.* 57.
- 342** did my spirit wake  
 From sleep, as many-coloured as the snake  
 That girds eternity? —*L. & C. IV.* 4.
- 343** As thus the old man spoke, his countenance  
 Gleamed on me like a spirit's —*L. & C. IV.* 16.
- 344** A glorious pageant, more magnificent  
 Than kingly slaves arrayed in gold and blood,  
 When they return from carnage, —*L. & C. V.* 14.
- 345** the King with gathered brow, and lips  
 Wreathed by long scorn, did only sneer and frown  
 With hue like that when some great painter dips  
 His pencil in the gloom of earthquake and eclipse. —*L. & C. V.* 23.

- 346 As I approached, the morning's golden mist,  
Which now the wonder-stricken breezes kist  
With their cold lips, fled, and the summit shone  
Like Athos seen from Samothracia, drest  
In earliest light by vintagers, —*L. & C. V.* 43.

347 She, like a spirit through the darkness shining, —*L. & C. V.* 52.

348 Thro' which, his way the diver having cloven,  
Past like a spark sent up out of a burning oven,  
—*L. & C. VII.* 11.

349 as a friend whose smile  
Like light and rest at morn and even is sought,  
That wild bird was to me, —*L. & C. VII.* 14.

350, 351 And brows as bright as spring or morning, ere  
Dark time had there its evil legend wrought  
In characters of cloud which wither not —*L. & C. VIII.* 29.

352 But one was mute, her cheeks and lips most fair  
Changing their hues like lilies newly blown,  
Beneath a bright acacia's shadowy hair,  
Waved by the wind amid the sunny noon,  
Showed that her soul was quivering ; —*L. & C. VIII.* 30.

353 Thy mother Autumn, for whose grave thou bearest  
Fresh flowers, and beams like flowers, with gentle feet,  
Disturbing not the leaves which are her winding-sheet.  
—*L. & C. IX.* 22.

354 The light of such a joy as makes the stare  
Of hungry snakes like living emeralds glow,  
Shone in a hundred human eyes —  
—*L. & C. XI.* 25.

355 A woman sits thereon,  
Fairer it seems than aught that earth can breed,  
Calm, radiant, like the phantom of the dawn,  
A spirit from the caves of daylight wandering gone  
—*L. & C. XII.* 8.

356 Now with a bitter smile, whose light did shine  
Like a fiend's hope upon his lips and eyne,  
—*L. & C. XII.* 11.

357 And in quick smiles whose light would come and go,  
Like music o'er wide waves, —*L. & C. XII.* 37.

358 And down my cheeks the quick tears ran  
Like twinkling rain-drops from the eaves.  
When warm Spring showers are passing o'er ; —*R. & H.* 366.

359 For his cheek became, not pale, but fair,  
As rose-o'ershadowed lilies are ; —*R. & H.* 819.

360 Thy light alone like mist o'er mountains driven,  
Or music by the night wind sent  
Thro' strings of some strange instrument,  
Gives grace and truth to life's unquiet dream —*H. I. B.* III.



- 376 She rose like an autumnal Night, that springs  
Out of the East and follows wild and drear  
The golden Day, —*Adon. XXIII.*
- 377 the dead live there  
And move like winds of light on dark and stormy air,  
—*Adon. XLIV.*
- 378 Pass till the Spirit of the spot shall lead  
Thy footsteps to a slope of green access,  
Where, like an infant's smile over the dead,  
A light of laughing flowers along the grass is spread.  
—*Adon. XLIX.*
- 379 Thermopylae and Marathon  
Caught, like mountains beacon-lighted,  
The springing fire, —*Hell. 54.*
- 380 her hoary ruins glow  
Like Orient mountains lost in day : —*Hell. 84.*
- 381 To-morrow and to-morrow are as lamps  
Set in our path to light us to the edge —*Hell. 644.*
- 382 Athens arose !—around her born,  
Shone like mountains in the morn  
Glorious states ; —*Hell. 684.*
- 383 and when the earth is fair  
The shadow of thy moving wings imbue  
Its deserts and its mountains, till they wear  
Beauty like some bright robe ; —*Prince Ath. II. iv. 8.*
- 384 Clothed with the Bible, as with light, —*Mask. VI.*
- 385 For with pomp to meet him came  
Clothed in arms like blood and flame,  
The hired murderers, —*Mask. XV.*
- 386 a Shape arrayed in mail  
Brighter than the viper's scale,  
And upborne on wings whose grain
- 387 Was as the light of sunny rain. —*Mask. XXVIII.*
- 388 And those plumes the light rained thro'  
Like a shower of crimson dew, —*Mask. XXIX.*
- 389 But Peter's verse was clear . . .  
Like gentle rains, on the dark plains,  
Making that green which late was grey, —*Peter B. V. xiv.*
- 390 When lamp-like Spain, who now relumes her fire  
On Freedom's hearth, grew dim with Empire ; —*Letter to M. G. 33.*
- 391 Carved lamps and chalices, and vials which shone  
In their own golden beams each like a flower,  
Out of whose depth a fire fly shakes his light  
Under a cypress in a starlight night. —*Witch, XX.*

- 392 The silver moon into that winding dell,  
With slanted beam athwart the forest tops,  
Tempered like golden evening, feebly fell ;

393 A green and glowing light like that which drops  
From folded lilies in which glow-worms dwell  
When earth over her face night's mantle wraps ;  
—*Witch, XXXIX.*

394 And it unfurled its heaven-coloured pinions,  
With stars of fire spotting the stream below ;  
And from above into the Sun's dominions  
Flinging a glory, like the golden glow  
In which Spring clothes her emerald-wing'd minions,  
All interwoven with fine feathery snow  
And moonlight splendour of intensest rime,  
With which frost paints the pines in winter time.  
—*Witch, XLIV.*

395 And all the forms in which those spirits lay  
Were to her sight like the diaphanous  
Veils, in which those sweet ladies oft array  
Their delicate limbs,  
—*Witch, LXV.*

396 and the grave  
Of such, when death oppressed the weary soul,  
Was as a green and overarching bower  
Lit by the gems of many a starry flower.  
—*Witch, LXIX.*

397 While the musk-rose leaves, like flakes of crimson snow  
Showered on us,  
—*Fragm. of Drama, 67.*

398 And poured upon the earth within the vase  
The element with which it overflowed,

399 Brighter than morning light, and purer than  
The waters of the Springs of Himalah.  
—*Fragm. of Drama, 147.*

400 And day by day, green as a gourd in June,  
The plant grew fresh and thick,  
—*Fragm. of Drama, 161.*

401 its stem and tendrils seemed  
Like emerald snakes, mottled and diamonded.  
With azure mail and streaks of woven silver ;  
—*Fragm. of Drama, 163.*

402 And all the sheaves that folded the soft buds  
Rose like the crest of cobra-di-capel. —*Fragm. of Drama, 166.*

403 You almost saw  
The pulses  
With which the purple velvet flower was fed  
To overflow, and like a poet's heart  
Changing bright fancy to sweet sentiment,  
Changed half the light to fragrance. —*Fragm. of Drama, 172.*

404 and it seemed  
In hue and form that it had been a mirror  
Of all the hues and forms around it. —*Fragm. of Drama, 218.*

405 What thinkest thou of this quaint mask which turns,  
Like morning from the shadow of the night,  
The night to day,  
—*Chas. I, I, 2.*

- 406 Until Heaven's kingdom shall descend on Earth,  
Or Earth be like a shadow in the light  
Of Heaven absorbed. —*Chas. I. III. 28.*
- 407 for the shade it spread  
Was so transparent, that the scene came through  
As clear as when a veil of light is drawn  
O'er evening hills they glimmer; —*Tr. of L. 30.*
- 408 And a cold glare, intenser than the noon,  
But icy cold, obscured with blinding light  
The sun, —*Tr. of L. 77.*
- 409 like day she came  
Making the night a dream: —*Tr. of L. 389.*
- 410 the crew  
Seemed in that light, like atoms to dance  
Within a sunbeam —*Tr. of L. 445.*
- 411 And others, like discoloured flakes of snow  
On fairest bosoms and the sunniest hair,  
Fell, —*Tr. of L. 511.*
- 412 The eddy whirled her round and round  
Before a gorgeous gate which stood  
Piercing the clouds of smoke which bound  
Its very arch with light like blood; —*Mar. Dream, XVIII.*
- 413 And, when he saw beneath the sunset's planet  
A black ship walk over the crimson ocean,  
Its pennants streaming on the blasts that fan it,  
Its sails and ropes all tense and without motion,  
Like the dark ghost of the unburied even  
Striding across the orange-coloured heaven. —*Mar. XXVII.*
- 414 Upon its lips and eyelids seems to lie  
Loveliness like a shadow. —*Medus. I.*
- 415 A light such  
As sleepers wear, lulled by the voice they love, —*Fjord. 38.*
- 416 The Giant Powers move,  
Gloomy or bright as the thrones they fill. —*Prol. Hell. 69.*
- 417 Haste thou and fill the waning crescent  
With beams as keen as those which pierced the shadow  
Of Christian might rolled back upon the West —*I. d. Hell. 169.*
- 418 but the weary glo  
Lay like a chaos of unwelcome light  
Vexing the sense with gorgeous unlight, —*Inver. 18.*
- 419 Glow-worms went out on the river's brim,  
Like lamps which a student forgets to trim. —*Serch. 22.*
- 420 Where mighty shapes—pyramid, dome, and tower—  
Gleamed like a pile of crags. —*Frag. of Dream, v. 4.*
- 421 Tears pure as Heaven's rain, —*Zucc. X.*

- 422 Its light within the gloomy breast  
Spreads like a second youth again. —*Magn. Lady*, IV.
- 425 Best and brightest, come away !  
Fairer far than this fair Day, —*To Jane*, 1.
- 424 Now the last of many days,  
All beautiful and bright as thou, —*To Jane, Recoll.*, 1.
- 425 There was a little lawny islet  
By anemone and violet,  
Like mosaic, paved —*The Isle*, 1.

### SIMILES OF SOUND.

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#### MUSIC—WORDS—SILENCE.

- 426 Her voice was like the voice of his own soul  
Heard in the calm of thought ; its music long,
- 427 Like woven sounds of streams and breezes, held  
His innost sense suspended in its web  
Of many-coloured woof and shifting hues. —*Alast.* 53.
- 428 Yet, a little, ere it fled,  
Did he resign his high and holy soul  
To images of the majestic past,  
That paused within his passive being now,  
Like winds that bear sweet music, when they breathe  
Through some dim lattice chamber. —*Alast.* 627.
- 429 Hark ! whence that wondrous sound ?  
"Tis like a wondrous strain that sweeps  
Around a lonely ruin  
When west winds sigh and evening waves respond  
In whispers from the shore. —*D. W.* 48.
- 430 Hark ! whence that rushing sound ?  
"Tis wilder than the unmeasured notes  
Which from the unseen lyres of dells and groves  
The genii of the breezes sweep. —*D. W.* 53.
- 431 Such sounds as breathed around like odorous winds  
Of wakening spring arose, —*D. W.* 75.
- 432 whence from secret springs  
The source of human thought its tribute brings  
Of waters—with a sound but half its own,  
Such as a feeble brook will oft assume  
In the wild woods, among the mountains lone,  
Where waterfalls around it leap for ever,  
Where woods and winds contend, and a vast river  
Over its rocks ceaselessly bursts and raves. —*Mont. B.* 4.

- 433 Or where with sound like many voices sweet,  
Waterfalls leap among wild islands green, —*Ded. L. & C. II.*
- 434 One voice came forth from many a mighty spirit,  
Which was the echo of three thousand years;  
And the tumultuous world stood mute to hear it.  
As some lone man who in a desert hears  
The music of his home: —*Ded. L. & C. XIII.*
- 435 Her voice was like the wildest saddest tone  
Yet sweet, of some loved voice heard long ago. —*L. & C. I. 22.*
- 436 suddenly  
She would arise, and like the secret bird  
Whom sunset wakens, fill the shore and sky  
With her sweet accents—a wild melody! —*L. & C. II. 28.*
- 437 Triumphant strains which, like a spirit's tongue,  
To the enchanted waves that child of glory sung.  
—*L. & C. II. 28.*
- 438 When from that stony gloom a voice arose,  
Solemn and sweet as when low winds attune  
The midnight pines; —*L. & C. III. 28.*
- 439 the chain, with sound  
Like earthquake, through the chasm of that steep stair did bound,  
—*L. & C. III. 29.*
- 440 a trance which awes  
The thoughts of men with hope—as when the sound  
Of whirlwind, whose fierce blasts the waves and clouds confound,  
Dies suddenly, the mariner in fear  
Feels silence sink upon his heart—thus bound  
The conquerors pause, —*L. & C. IV. 27.*
- 441 Like a bright ghost from Heaven that shout did scare  
The slaves, —*L. & C. V. 7.*
- 442 As we approached a shout of joyance sprung  
At once from all the crowd, as if the vast  
And peopled Earth its boundless skies among  
The sudden clamour of delight had cast,  
When from before its face some general wreck had past.  
—*L. & C. V. 15.*
- 443 like a tomb  
Its sculptured walls vacantly to the strokes  
Of footfalls answered, —*L. & C. V. 22.*
- 444 It was a tone  
Such as sick fancies in a new-made grave  
Might hear. —*L. & C. V. 27.*
- 445 like the rush of showers  
Of hail in spring, patterning along the ground,  
Their many footsteps fell, else came no sound  
From the wide multitude: —*L. & C. V. 29.*
- 446 Slowly the silence of the multitudes  
Past, as when far is heard in some lone dell  
The gathering of a wind among the woods— —*L. & C. V. 31.*

- 447 To hear the restless multitude forever  
 Around the base of that great Altar flow,  
 As on some islet burst and shiver  
 Atlantic waves ; —*L. & C.* V. 41.
- 448 To feel the dream-like music, which did swim  
 449 Like beams thro' floating clouds on waves below,  
 Falling in pauses from that Altar dim,  
 As silver-sounding tongues breathed an aerial hymn.  
 —*L. & C.* V. 41.
- 450 And silent, as a breathing corpse did fare  
 451 Leaning upon my friend, till like a wind  
 To fevered cheeks, a voice flowed o'er my troubled mind.  
 —*L. & C.* V. 45.
- 452 Like music of some minstrel heavenly gifted  
 To one whom friends enthrall, this voice to me ; —*L. & C.* V. 46.
- She like a spirit through the darkness shining  
 In tones whose sweetness silence did prolong,  
 453 As if to lingering winds they did belong,  
 Poured forth her inmost soul : —*L. & C.* V. 52.
- 454 Her voice was as a mountain stream which sweeps  
 The withered leaves of autumn to the lake,  
 And in some deep and narrow bay then sleeps  
 In the shadow of the stones ; —*L. & C.* V. 53.
- 455 And heard her musical pants, like the sweet source  
 Of waters in the desert, —*L. & C.* VI. 20.
- 456 the sound as of a Spirit's tongue, —*L. & C.* VI. 32.
- 457 The tones of Cythna's voice like echoes were  
 Of those far-murmuring streams. —*L. & C.* VI. 42.
- 458 The Tyrant heard her singing to her lute  
 A wild, and sad, and spirit-thrilling lay,  
 Like winds that die in wastes —*L. & C.* VII. 4.
- 459 and they began to breathe  
 Deep curses, like the voice of flames far underneath  
 —*L. & C.* VII. 7.
- 460 a sound arose like thunder, —*L. & C.* VII. 10.
- 461 from your hearts  
 I feel an echo ; thro' my inmost frame  
 Like sweetest sound, seeking its mate, it darts  
 —*L. & C.* VIII. 17.
- 462 The very darkness shook, as with a blast  
 Of subterranean thunder at the cry ; —*L. & C.* VIII. 28.
- 463 they heard the startling cry,  
 Like earth's own voice lifted unconquerably  
 To all her children, —*L. & C.* IX. 3.

- 464 So from that cry over the boundless hills  
 Sudden was caught one universal sound,  
 Like a volcano's voice, whose thunder fills  
 Remotest skies—  
 —*L. & C.* IX. 4.
- 465 And like a subterranean wind that stirs  
 Some forest among caves, the hopes and fears  
 From every human soul, a murmur strange  
 Made as I past ;  
 —*L. & C.* IX. 6.
- 466 A pause of hope and awe the city bound  
 Which, like the silence of a tempest's birth  
 When in its awful shadow it has wound  
 The sun, the wind, the ocean, and the earth,  
 Hung terrible, ere yet the lightnings have leapt forth  
 —*L. & C.* IX. 11.
- 467 thine own wild songs which in the air  
 Like homeless odours floated,  
 —*L. & C.* IX. 12.
- 468 from many a dale  
 The antelopes who flocked for food have spoken  
 With happy sounds, and motions, that avail  
 Like man's own speech ;  
 —*L. & C.* X. 2.
- 469 For, from the utmost realms of earth, came pouring  
 The banded slaves whom every despot sent  
 At that throned traitor's summons, like the roaring  
 Of fire, whose floods the wild deer circumvent  
 In the scorched pastures of the South, so bent  
 The armies of the leagued kings around  
 Their files of steel and flames ;—  
 —*L. & C.* X. 4.
- 470 when from beneath a cowl  
 A voice came forth, which pierced like ice thro' every soul,  
 —*L. & C.* X. 31.
- 471 His voice was like a blast that burst the portal  
 Of fabled hell ;  
 —*L. & C.* X. 40.
- 472 some kissed their marble feet, with moan  
 Like love, and died,  
 —*L. & C.* X. 48.
- 473 When the last echo of those terrible cries  
 Came from a distant street like agonies  
 Stifled afar.—  
 —*L. & C.* XI. 13.
- 474 There was such silence through the host, as when  
 An earthquake trampling on some populous town  
 Has crushed ten thousand with one tread, and men  
 Expect the second ;  
 —*L. & C.* XII. 6.
- 475 in that dread pause, he lay  
 As in a quiet dream—  
 —*L. & C.* XII. 7.
- 476 they hear  
 The tramp of hoofs like earthquake,  
 —*L. & C.* XII. 8.
- 477 a gathering shout  
 Bursts like one sound from the ten thousand streams  
 Of a tempestuous sea :—  
 —*L. & C.* XII. 10.

- 478 a blood-red gleam  
 Burst upwards, hurling fiercely from the ground  
 The glob'd smoke, I heard the mighty sound  
 Of its uprise, like a tempestuous ocean ; — *L. & C.* XII. 16.
- 479 slowly there is heard  
 The music of a breath-suspending song,  
 Which, like the kiss of love when life is young,  
 Steeps the faint eyes in darkness sweet and deep ;  
 With ever-changing notes it floats along,  
 Till on my passive soul there seemed to creep  
 480 A melody, like waves on wrinkled sands that leap. — *L. & C.* XII. 17.
- 481 Like the autumn wind, when it unbinds  
 The tangled locks of the nightshade's hair,  
 Which is twined in the sultry summer air  
 Round the walls of an outworn sepulchre,  
 Did the voice of Helen, sad and sweet,  
 And the sound of her heart that ever beat,  
 As with sighs and words she breathed on her.  
 Unbind the knots of her friend's despair  
 Till her thoughts were free to float and flow ;  
 And from her labouring bosom now,  
 482 Like the bursting of a prisoned flame,  
 The voice of a long-pent sorrow came. — *R. & H.* 207.
- 483 his words could bind  
 Like music the lulled crowd, — *R. & H.* 636.
- 484 And said, with voice that made them shiver,  
 And clung like music in my brain, — *R. & H.* 890.
- 485 And light and sound ebbed from the earth,  
 Like the tide of the full and weary sea  
 To the depths of its own tranquillity — *R. & H.* 970.
- 486 till new emotions came,  
 Which seemed to make each mortal frame  
 One soul of interwoven flame,  
 A life in life, a second birth  
 In worlds diviner far than earth,  
 Which, like two strains of harmony  
 That mingle in the silent sky,  
 Then slowly disunite, passed by  
 And left the tenderness of tears,  
 The soft oblivion of all fears,  
 A sweet sleep : — *R. & H.* 977.
- 487 The melody of an old air  
 Softer than sleep. — *R. & H.* 1098.
- 488 Daylight on its last purple cloud  
 Was lingering grey : and soon her strain  
 The nightingale began, now loud,  
 Climbing in circles the windless sky,  
 Now dying music ; suddenly  
 'Tis scattered in a thousand notes,  
 And now to the hushed ear it floats  
 Like field smells known in infancy,  
 Then failing, soothes the air again. — *R. & H.* 1103.

- 489 like spirit his words went  
Through all my limbs with the speed of fire ; —*R. d. H.* 1132.
- 490 Or the whirlwind up and down  
Howling, like a slaughtered town, —*Eug. Hills*, 56.
- 491 and Ocean  
Welcomed him with such emotion  
That its joy grew his, and sprung  
From his lips like music flung  
O'er a mighty thunder-fit  
Chastening terror : —*Eug. Hills*, 178.
- 492 The awful shadow of some unseen Power  
Floats, though unseen, among us  
Like memory of music fled —*H. I. B.* 1.
- 493 There shall be lamentation heard in Heaven  
As o'er an angel fallen —*Cenci*, IV. i. 185.
- 494 Hark, 'tis the castle horn ; my God, it sounds  
Like the last trump —*Cenci*, IV. iii. 57.
- 495 Brother, lie down with me upon the rack,  
And let us each be silent as a corpse ; —*Cenci*, V. iii. 48.
- 496 Ha, what an awful whisper rises up !  
'Tis scarce like sound ; it tingles thro' the frame  
As lightning tingles, hovering ere it strike. —*Prom.* I. 132.
- 497 These solid mountains quiver with the sound  
Even as the tremulous air —*Prom.* I. 522.
- 498 Your call was as a wing'd car  
Driven on whirlwinds fast and far ; —*Prom.* I. 525.
- 499 His words outlived him, like swift poison  
Withering up truth, peace and pity —*Prom.* I. 548.
- 500 Hark, sister ! what a low yet dreadful groan  
Quite unexpressed is tearing up the heart  
Of the good Titan, as storms tear the deep,  
501 And beasts hear the sea moan in inland caves —*Prom.* I. 578.
- 502 Thy words are like a cloud of wing'd snakes : —*Prom.* I. 632.
- 503 Only a sense  
Remains of them, like the Omnipotence  
Of music, when the inspired voice and lute  
Languish, ere yet the responses are mute,  
Which thro' the deep and labyrinthine soul,  
504 Like echoes thro' long caverns, wind and roll. —*Prom.* I. 801
- 505 and his voice fell  
Like music which makes giddy the dim brain,  
Faint with intoxication of keen joy. —*Prom.* II. i. 65.
- 506 I could hear  
His voice, whose accents lingered ere they died  
Like footsteps of weak melody : —*Prom.* II. i. 87.

- 507 Thou speakest, but thy words  
Are as the air ; I feel them not. —*Prom.* II. i. 108.

508 A wind arose among the pines ; it shook  
The clinging music from their boughs, and then  
Low, sweet, faint sounds, like the farewell of ghosts  
Were heard : —*Prom.* II. i. 156.

509 When there is heard thro' the dim air  
The rush of wings, and rising there  
Like many a lake-surrounded flute  
Sounds overflow the listener's brain  
So sweet that joy is almost pain. —*Prom.* II. ii. 36.

510 There those enchanted eddies play  
Of echoes, music-tongued, which draw,  
By Demogorgon's mighty law,  
With melting rapture or sweet awe,  
All spirits on that secret way ;  
As inland boats are driven to Ocean  
Down streams made strong with mountain thaw. —*Prom.* II. ii. 41.

511 The storm of sound is driven along,  
Sucked up and hurrying ; as they fleet  
Behind, its gathering billows meet  
And to the fatal mountain bear  
Like clouds amid the yielding air. —*Prom.* II. ii. 59.

512 The vale is girdled with their walls. A howl  
Of cataracts from their thaw-cloven ravines,  
Satiates the listening wind, continuous, vast,  
Awful as silence. —*Prom.* II. iii. 33.

While the sound whirls around,  
Down, down !

513 As the fawn draws the hound,  
514 As the lightning the vapour,  
515 As a weak moth the taper :  
6,517 Death, despair ; love, sorrow :  
8,519 Time both : to-day, to-morrow :  
520 As steel obeys the spirit of the stone,  
Down, down ! —*Prom.* II. iii. 63.

521 But thy voice sounds low and tender  
Like the fairest, for it folds thee  
From the sight, that liquid splendour —*Prom.* II. V. 61.

522 And from the flower-inwoven soil divine  
Ye all-triumphant harmonies arise,  
As dew from earth under the twilight stars ;  
Drink ! be the nectar circling thro' your veins  
The soul of joy, ye ever-living Gods,  
Till exultation burst in one wide voice

523 Like music from Elysian winds. —*Prom.* III. i. 27.

524 And we will search, with looks and words of love,  
For hidden thoughts, each lovelier than the last,  
Our unexhausted spirits ; and like lutes  
Touched by the skill of the enamoured wind :

- Weave harmonies divine, yet ever new,  
 From difference sweet where discord cannot be.  
 And hither come, sped on the charmed winds :  
**525** Which meet from all the points of heaven, as bees  
 From every flower aerial Enna feeds,  
 At their known island-homes in Himera,  
 The echoes of the human world, — *Prom.* III. iii. 34.
- 526** this is the mystic shell ;  
 See the pale azure fading into silver  
 Lining it with a soft yet glowing light ;  
 Looks it not like lulled music sleeping there ? — *Prom.* III. iii. 70.
- 527** Thou breathe into the many-folded shell,  
 Loosening its mighty music ; it shall be  
 As thunder mingled with clear echoes ; — *Prom.* III. iii. 80.
- 528** The pine boughs are singing  
 Old songs with new gladness,  
 The billows and fountains  
 Fresh music are flinging  
 Like the notes of a spirit from land and from sea : — *Prom.* IV. 48.
- 529** See, where the Spirits of the human mind  
 Wrapt in sweet sounds, as in bright veils, approach. — *Prom.* IV. 81.
- 530** Listen too,  
 How every pause is filled with under-notes,  
 Clear, silver, icy, keen awakening tones,  
 Which pierce the sense, and live within the soul,  
 As the sharp stars pierce winter's crystal air  
 And gaze upon themselves within the sea. — *Prom.* IV. 188.
- 531** Two visions of strange radiance float upon  
 The ocean-like enchantment of strong sound,  
 Which flows intenser, keener, deeper yet  
 Under the ground and through the windless air. — *Prom.* IV. 202.
- 532** which as they roll  
 Over the grass, and flowers, and waves, wake sounds  
 Sweet as a singing rain of silver dew. — *Prom.* IV. 233.
- 533** Oh, gentle Moon, the voice of thy delight  
 Falls on me like thy clear and tender light  
 Soothing the seaman borne the summer night  
 Through isles forever calm ; — *Prom.* IV. 495.
- 534** I rise as from a bath of sparkling water,  
 A bath of azure light, among dark rocks,  
 Out of the stream of sound. — *Prom.* IV. 503.
- 535** Ah, me ! sweet sister,  
 The stream of sound has ebbed away from us,  
 And you pretend to rise out of its wave,  
 Because your words fall like the clear, soft dew  
 Shaken from a bathing wood-nymph's limbs and hair. — *Prom.* IV. 505.

- 536 And the hyacinth purple, and white, and blue,  
 Which flung from its bells a sweet peal anew  
 Of music so delicate, soft, and intense,  
 It was felt like an odour within the sense. —*Sens. P. I.* 25.
- The quivering vapours of dim noon-tide,  
 Which like a sea o'er the warm earth glide,  
 In which every sound, and odour, and beam,
- 537 Move, as reeds in a single stream ; —*Sens. P. I.* 90.
- 538 He had torn the cataracts from the hills,  
 And they clanked at his girdle like manacles : —*Sens. P. III.* 92.
- 539 a loud, long, hoarse cry  
 Bursts at once from their vitals tremendously,  
 And 'tis borne down the mountainous vale of the wave,  
 Rebounding like thunder, from crag to cave, —*Vis. of Sea*, 94.
- 540 the whirl and the splash  
 As of some hideous engine whose brazen teeth smash  
 The thin winds and soft waves into thunder ; the screams  
 And hissings crawl fast o'er the smooth ocean streams,
- 541 Each sound like a centipede. —*Vis. of Sen.* 144.
- 542 Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight,  
 Keen as are the arrows  
 Of that silver sphere,  
 Whose intense lamp narrows  
 In the white dawn clear,  
 Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.
- 543 All the earth and air  
 With thy voice is loud,  
 As, when night is bare,  
 From one lonely cloud  
 The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflowed.
- 544 From rainbow clouds there flow not  
 Drops so bright to see,  
 As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.
- 545 Like a poet hidden  
 In the light of thought,  
 Singing hymns unbidden,  
 Till the world is wrought  
 To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not :
- 546 Like a high-born maiden  
 In a palace-tower,  
 Soothing her love-laden  
 Soul in secret hour
- 547 With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower :
- 548 Like a glow-worm golden  
 In a dell of dew,  
 Scattering unhehelden  
 Its aerial hue  
 Among the flowers and grass, which screen it from the view :

- 549 Like a rose embowered  
In its own green leaves,  
By warm winds deflowered,  
Till the scent it gives  
Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-wing'd thieves.  
—*Skyark*, 33

550 My song, its pinions disarrayed of night,  
Drooped ; o'er it closed the echoes far away  
Of the great voice which did its flight sustain  
As waves which lately paved his watery way  
Hiss round a drown'r's head in their tempestuous play.  
—*Ode to Lib.* XIX

551 The beast  
Has a loud trumpet like the Scarabee,  
—*OEd. Tyr.* 156

552 Dinging and singing,  
From slumber I rung her,  
Loud as the clank of an iron-monger ;  
—*OEd. Tyr.* 236.

553 and your cries  
More dulcet and symphonious than the bells  
Of village towers on sunshine holiday,  
—*OEd. Tyr.* 122.

554 And from her lips, as from a hyacinth full  
555 Of honey-dew, a liquid murmur drops,  
Killing the sense with passion ; sweet as stops  
Of planetary music heard in trance.  
—*Epipls.* 83.

556 Such difference without discord, as can make  
Those sweetest sounds, in which all spirits shake  
As trembling leaves in a continuous air ?  
—*Epipls.* 144.

557 And music from her respiration spread  
Like light,—  
—*Epipls.* 329.

558 And every motion, odour, beam, and tone  
With that deep music is in unison :  
Which is a soul within the soul—they seem  
Like echoes of an ante-natal dream.  
—*Epipls.* 453.

559 Rekindled all the fading melodies,  
With which, like flowers that mock the corse beneath,  
He had adorned and hid the coming bulk of death.  
—*Adon.* II.

560 And love taught grief to fall like music from his tongue  
—*Adon.* XXX.  
And ever as he went he swept a lyre

561 Now like the . . . . of impetuous fire  
Which shakes the forest with its murmurings,  
562 Now like the rush of the aerial wings  
Of the enamoured wind among the treen  
Whispering unimaginable things,  
—*Canc. Adon.* 1.

563 Breathe low, low  
The words which, like secret fire, shall glow  
Through the veins of the frozen earth—  
—*Hell.* 31.

- 564 When the fierce shout of Allah-illa-Allah !  
 Rose like the war-cry of the northern wind  
 Which kills the sluggish clouds, and leaves a flock  
 Of wild swans struggling with the naked storm —*Hell.* 290.
- 565                          Through the city  
 Like birds before a storm, the Santons shriek, —*Hell.* 590.
- 566                          Thy words stream like a tempest  
 Of dazzling mist within my brain—they shake
- 567 The earth on which I stand, and hang like night  
 On Heaven above me— —*Hell.* 786.
- 568 And crash of brazen mail as of the wreck  
 Of adamantine mountains— —*Hell.* 821.
- 569 The sound of their oceans, the light of their sky,  
 The music and fragrance their solitudes breathe,  
 Burst, like morning on dream, or like heaven on death  
 Through the walls of our prison ; —*Hell.* 1055.
- 570 And, from the waves, sound like delight broke forth  
 Harmonizing with solitude, —*Jul. & M.* 25.
- 571 And those are his sweet strains which charm the weight  
 From madmen's chains, and make this Hell appear  
 A Heaven of sacred silence hushed to hear. —*Jul. & M.* 259.
- 572                          I do but hide  
 Under these words like embers, every spark  
 Of that which has consumed me. —*Jul. & M.* 503.
- 573                          their thousand voices rose,  
 They passed like aimless arrows from his ear. —*Prince A.* I. 52.
- 574                          the sweet enthusiasm  
 Which overflows in notes of liquid gladness,  
 Filling the sky like light ! —*Prince A.* II. ii. 37.
- 575 Then Plato's words of light in thee and me  
 Lingered like moonlight in the moonless east, —*Prince A.* II. ii. 61.
- 576 The waterfalls were voiceless—for their fountains  
 Were changed to mines of sunless fountains now,  
 Or by the curdling winds, like brazen wings  
 Which clang'd along the mountain's marble brow,  
 Warped into adamantine fretwork, hung  
 And filled with frozen light the chasm below. —*Prince A.* II. iii. 25.
- 577                          Like many a voice of one delight  
 The winds, the birds, the ocean floods,
- 578 The City's voice itself is soft like Solitudes.—*Stanzas in Dej.* I.
- 579 With step as soft as wind it past —*Mask.* XXX.

- 580 Lastly from the palaces  
 Where the murmur of distress  
 Echoes, like the distant sound  
 Of a wind alive around  
 Those prison halls, —*Mask. LXX.*
- 581 Be your strong and simple words  
 Keen to wound as sharpened swords,  
 582 And wide as targes let them be  
 With their shade to cover ye. —*Mask. LXXIV.*
- 583 Let the tyrants pour around  
 With a quick and startling sound,  
 Like the loosening of the sea  
 Troops of armed emblazonry. —*Mask. LXXV.*
- 584 And these words shall then become  
 Like oppression's thundered doom  
 Ringing through each heart and brain, —*Mask. XC.*
- 585 And her low voice was heard like love, —*Witch. V.*
- 585a All familiar things he touched,  
 All common words he spoke, became to me  
 Like forms or signs of a diviner world. —*Fragm. of Dram. 55.*
- 586 Your breath is like soft music, your words are  
 The echoes of a voice which on my heart
- 587 Sleeps like a melody of early days. —*Fragm. of Dram. 100.*
- 588 Soft melodies, as sweet as April rain  
 On silent leaves —*Fragm. of Dram. 182.*
- 589 his words, like arrows  
 Which know no aim beyond the archer's wit,  
 Strike sometimes what eludes philosophy. —*Chas. I. II. 105.*
- 590 My word is as a wall  
 Between thee and this world thine enemy —*Chas. I. II. 204.*
- 591 and that his words  
 Sound like the echoes of our saddest fears? —*Chas. I. II. 461.*
- 592 So did that shape its obscure tenour keep  
 Beside my path, as silent as a ghost; —*Tr. of L. 432.*
- 593 Upon my heart thy accents sweet  
 Of peace and pity fell like dew  
 On flowers half dead; —*Lines to M. W. G. IV.*
- 594 thy voice is as the tone  
 Of my heart's echo, —*To ——. 5.*
- 595 And hark! a rush as if the deep  
 Had burst its bonds; —*M.'s Dream, XIII.*
- 596 A breathless awe, like the swift change  
 Unseen, but felt in youthful slumbers,  
 Wild, sweet, but incomunicably strange,  
 Thou breathest now in fast ascending numbers.  
 —*To Const. II.*

- 597 Whilst, like the world-surrounding air, thy song  
 Flows on, and fills all things with melody.  
 Now is thy voice a tempest swift and strong,  
 On which, like one in trance upborne,  
 Secure o'er rocks and waves I sweep,  
 Rejoicing like a cloud of morn. —*To Const. IV.*
- 598 And heaps of fraud-accumulated gold  
 Plead, loud as thunder, at Destruction's throne. —*To Lord Chast. II.*
- 599 A sweet and creeping sound  
 Like the rushing of wings was heard around ; —*Fragm. II.*
- 600 Listen, listen, Mary mine,  
 To the whisper of the Apennine,  
 It bursts on the roof like the thunder's roar,
- 601 Or like the sea on a northern shore,  
 Heard in its raging ebb and flow  
 By the captives pent in the cave below. —*Pass. of Apenn. I.*
- 602 And your sweet voice, like a bird  
 Singing love to its lone mate  
 In the ivy-bower disconsolate —*To Mary, 3.*
- 603 And as a vale is watered by a flood,  
 604 Or as the moonlight fill the open sky  
 605 Struggling with darkness—as a tuberose  
 Peoples some Indian dell with scents which lie  
 Like clouds above the flower from which they rose,  
 The singing of that happy nightingale  
 In this sweet forest, from the golden close  
 Of evening, till the star of dawn may fail,  
 Was interfused upon the silentness : —*Woodm. & Night, 6.*
- 606 A silver spirit's form  
 It fades, with such a sigh, as sedge  
 Breathes o'er the breezy streamlet's edge. —*Tasso. III.*
- Lips touched by seraphim  
 Breathe out the choral hymn
- 607 Sweet as if angels sang,  
 608 Loud as that trumpet's clang  
 Wakening the world's dead gang —*Nat. Anth. VI.*
- 609 Wrapt in sweet wild melodies  
 Like an exhalation wreathing  
 To the sound of air low breathing  
 Thro' Æolian pines, which make  
 A shade and shelter to the lake  
 Where it rises soft and slow : —*Birth of Pleas. 4.*
- 610 She went, ever singing  
 In murmurs as soft as sleep : —*Areth. I.*
- 611 And heard the autumnal leaves like light footfalls  
 Of spirits passing through the street : —*Ode to Nap. 2.*

- 612 What wondrous sound is that, mournful and faint,  
But more melodious than the murmuring wind  
Which through the columns of a temple glides? —*Orph.* 35.
- 613 But in their speed they bear along with them  
The warning sound, scattering it like dew  
Upon the startled sense. —*Orph.* 41.
- 614 As in a brook, fretted with little waves  
By the light airs of spring—each riplet makes  
A many-sided mirror for the sun,  
While it flows musically thro' green banks,  
Ceaseless and pauseless, ever clear and fresh,  
So flowed his song, reflecting the deep joy  
And tender love that fed those sweetest notes,  
The heavenly offspring of ambrosial food —*Orph.* 59.
- 615 There rose to Heaven a sound of angry song,  
'Tis as a mighty cataract that parts  
Two sister rocks with waters swift and strong,  
And casts itself with horrid roar and din  
Adown a steep: from a perennial source  
It ever flows and falls, and breaks the air  
With loud and fierce, but most harmonious roar,  
And as it falls casts up a vaporous spray  
Which the sun clothes in hues of Iris light,  
Thus the tempestuous torrent of his grief  
Is clothed in sweetest sounds and varying words  
Of poesy. —*Orph.* 72.
- As I have seen
- 616 A fierce south blast tear through the darkened sky,  
Driving along a rack of winged clouds,  
Which may not pause, but ever hurry on,  
As their wild shepherd wills them, while the stars,  
Twinkling and dim, peep from between the plumes.  
Anon the sky is cleared, and the high dome  
Of serene Heaven, starred with fiery flowers,  
Shuts in the shaken earth; or the still moon  
Swiftly, yet gracefully, begins her walk,  
Rising all bright behind the eastern hills.  
I talk of moon, and wind, and stars, and not  
Of song; but would I echo his high song  
Nature must lend me words ne'er used before,  
Or I must borrow from her perfect works,  
To picture forth his perfect attributes. —*Orph.* 87.
- 617 Thy sweet child Sleep, the filmy-eyed,  
Murmured like a noon-tide bee,  
Shall I nestle by thy side? —*To Night,* IV.
- 618 Sad Aziola! many an eventide  
Thy music I had heard  
By wood and stream, meadow and mountain-side,  
And fields and marshes wide,  
Such as nor voice, nor lute, nor wind, nor bird,  
The soul ever stirred: —*Aziola II.*

- and then as one
- 619 Whose sleeping face is stricken by the sun  
 With light like a harsh voice, which bids him rise  
 And look upon his day of life with eyes  
 Which weep in vain that they can dream no more. —*Ginev.* 50.
- 620 Will mix its music with that merry bell,  
 Does it not sound as if they sweetly said,  
 "We toll a corpse out of its marriage bed"? —*Ginev.* 78.
- 621 A silence fell upon the guests,—a pause  
 Of expectation, as when beauty awes  
 All hearts with its approach, though unheheld: —*Ginev.* 135.
- 622 And silence, and a sense that lifts the hair  
 From the scalp to the ankles, as it were  
 Corruption from the spirit passing forth,  
 And giving all it shrouded to the earth. —*Ginev.* 152.
- 623 Pour forth the sound like enchanted wine —*Music,* I.
- 624 The dissolving strain, through every vein  
 Passes into my heart and brain,  
 As the scent of a violet withered up,  
 Which grew by the brink of a silver lake:  
 When the hot noon has drained its dewy cup,  
 And mist there was none its thirst to slake—  
 And the violet lay dead while the odour flew  
 On the wings of the wind o'er the waters blue.
- 625 As one who drinks from a charmed cup  
 Of foaming and sparkling and murmuring wine  
 Whom a mighty enchantress filling up  
 Invites to love with her kiss divine —*Music,* III. & IV.
- 626 No song but sad dirges  
 Like the wind through a ruined cell,  
 Or the mournful surges  
 That ring the dead seaman's knell. —*Lines,* II.
- 628 Now all the tree-tops lay asleep  
 As still as in the silent deep  
 The ocean woods may be— —*To Jane Recoll.* 29.
- 629 As the moon's soft splendour  
 O'er the faint cold starlight of heaven  
 Is thrown,  
 So your voice most tender  
 To the strings without soul had then given  
 Its own. —*To Jane,* II.
- 630 Thinking over every tone  
 Which, though silent to the ear,  
 The enchanted heart could hear,  
 Like notes which die when born, but still  
 Haunt the echoes of the hill; —*In Bay of Lerici,* 10.
- 631 Hark! whence that rushing sound?  
 'Tis softer than the west wind's sigh; —*Q. M.* 45.

- 632 The long and lonely colonnades,  
   Through which the ghost of Freedom stalks,  
     Seem like a well-known tune,  
       Which in some dear scene we have loved to hear,  
         Remembered now in sadness. —*Q. M.* II. 168.

633 How beautiful this night ! the balmiest sigh  
   Which vernal zephyrs breathe in evening's ear,  
     Were discord to the speaking quietude  
       That wraps this moveless scene. —*Q. M.* IV. 1.

634 All is deep silence, like the fearful calm  
   That slumbers in the storm's portentous pause. —*Q. M.* IV. 53.

635                   Then dulcet music swelled  
   Concordant with the life-strings of the soul ;  
     It throbbed in sweet and languid beatings there,  
       Catching new life from transitory death,—  
         Like the vague sightings of a wind at even,  
           That wakes the wavelets of the slumbering sea  
             And dies on the creation of its breath,  
               And sinks and rises, fails and swells by fits : —*Q. M.* VIII. 19

## SIMILES OF ODOUR

- 636 but my wings were faint  
     With the delights of a remembered dream  
     As are the noontide plumes of summer winds  
     Satiate with sweet flowers.                          —*Prom.* II. i. 35

637 Which breath now rises, as amongst tall weeds  
     A violet's exhalation.                                  —*Prom.* III. iii. 131

638 The snow-drop and then the violet,  
     Arose from the ground with the warm rain wet,  
     And their breath was mixed with fresh odour, sent  
     From the turf, like the voice and the instrument                          —*Sens. Pl.* I. 13.

639 The sweetness seems to satiate the faint wind ;  
     And in the soul a wild odour is felt,  
     Beyond the sense, like fiery dews that melt  
     Into the bosom of a frozen bud.                          —*Epips.* 108.

640 The breath of her false mouth was like faint flowers,                          —*Epips.* 258.

641 The light clear element which the isle wears  
     Is heavy with the scent of lemon-flowers,  
     Which float like mist laden with unseen showers,

642 And falls upon the eye-lids like faint sleep ;                          —*Epips.* 446.

643 The odour from the flower has gone  
     Which like thy kisses breathed on me ;                          —*Song.* I.

- 644 and without whom  
This world would smell like what it is—a tomb ;  
—*Letter to M. G.* 210.

- 645 And odours in a kind of aviary  
Of ever-blooming Eden-trees she kept  
Clipt in a floating net, a love-sick Fairy  
Had woven from dew-beams while the moon yet slept,  
As bats at the wired window of a dairy,  
They beat their vans ; —*Witch*, XVI.

- 646 as a tuberose  
Peoples some Indian dell with scents which lie  
Like clouds above the flower from which they rose,  
—*Woodm. &c. Night*. 8.

- 647 And the Champak's odours fail  
Like sweet thoughts in a dream : —*Ind. Seren.* II.

### SIMILE AND METAPHOR..

- 648 Till morning on his vacant mind  
Flashed like strong inspiration. —*Alast.* 126.

- 649 sleep,  
Like a dark flood suspended in its course,  
Rolled back its impulse on his vacant brain. —*Alast.* 189.

- 650 and this lore did sway  
My spirit like a storm, contending there alway —*L. & C.* I. 37.

- 651 So that when Hope's deep source in fullest flow,  
Like earthquake did uplift the stagnant ocean  
Of human thoughts—mine shook beneath the wide emotion  
—*L. & C.* I. 38.

- 652 Till from that glorious intercourse, at last,  
As from a mine of magic store, I drew  
Words which were weapons ; —*L. & C.* II. 20.

- 653 And baffled hope like ice still clung to me —*L. & C.* II. 21.

- 654 Truth its radiant stamp  
Has fixed, as an invulnerable charm  
Upon her children's brow, dark Falsehood to disarm  
—*L. & C.* II. 44.

- 655 and his soul-subduing tongue  
Were as a lance to quell the mailed crest of wrong.  
—*L. & C.* IV. 17.

- 656 the murderer  
Who slaked his thirsting soul as from a well  
Of blood and tears with ruin ! —*L. & C.* V. 31.

- 657 A stormy night's serenest morrow,  
 Whose showers are pity's gentle tears,  
 Whose clouds are smiles of those that die  
 Like infants without hopes or fears,  
 And whose beams are joys which lie  
 In blended hearts, —*L. & C.* V. 50, 4.
- 658 while the stream  
 Of life our bark doth on its whirlpools bear,  
 Spreading swift wings as sails to the dim air ; —*L. & C.* VI. 29.
- 659 Where knowledge from its secret source enchanteth.  
 Young hearts with the fresh music of its springing,  
 Ere yet its gathered flood feeds human wants  
 As the great Nile feeds Egypt ; —*L. & C.* VI. 41.
- 660 thus all things were  
 Transformed into the agony which I wore  
 Even as a poisoned robe around my bosom's core —*L. & C.* VII. 15.
- 661 Yes, in the wilderness of years  
 Her memory, aye, like a green home appears, —*L. & C.* VII. 19.
- 662 My mind became the book through which I grew  
 Wise in all human wisdom, and its cave,  
 Which like a mine I rifled through and through,  
 To me the keeping of its secrets gave —*L. & C.* VII. 31.
- 663 Thy songs were winds whereon I fled at will,  
 As in a wingèd chariot, o'er the plain  
 Of crystal youth ; —*L. & C.* VII. 33.
- 664 And his red hell's undying snakes among  
 Will bind the wretch on whom he fixed a stain,  
 Which, like a plague, a burthen, and a bane,  
 Clung to him while he lived ; —*L. & C.* VIII. 8.
- 665 Falsehood, and fear, and toil, like waves have worn  
 Channels upon her cheek. —*L. & C.* VIII. 15.
- 666 The flood of tyranny, whose sanguine waves  
 Stagnate like ice at Faith, —*L. & C.* IX. 23.
- 667, 668 And grey Priests triumph, and like blight or blast  
 A shade of selfish care o'er human looks is cast. —*L. & C.* IX. 24.
- 669 Behold ! Spring comes, tho' we must pass, who made  
 The promise of its birth, even as the shade  
 Which from our death, as from a mountain, flings  
 The future, a broad sunrise ; —*L. & C.* IX. 25.
- 670 thus arrayed  
 As with the plumes of overshadowing wings,  
 671 From its dark gulph of chains, Earth like an eagle springs —*L. & C.* IX. 25.

- Want and Pest

Were horrible, but one more fell doth rear,  
As in a hydra's swarming lair, its crest  
Eminent among these victims—even the Fear  
Of Hell :

—*L. & C.* XI. 7.

**673** What were his thoughts linked in the morning sun,  
Among those reptiles, stingsless with delay,  
Even like a tyrant's wrath ?

—*L. & C.* XII. 7.

**674** Which that we have abandoned now,  
Weighs on the heart like that remorse  
Which altered friendship leaves.

—*R. & H.* 27.

**675** Walking beneath the night of life,  
Whose hours extinguished, like slow rain  
Falling forever, pain by pain,  
The very hope of death's dear rest ;

—*R. & H.* 332.

**676** Pale with the quenchless thirst of gold,  
Which, like fierce fever, left him weak :

—*R. & H.* 424.

**677** and hope and peace  
On all who heard him did abide,  
Raining like dew from his sweet talk,

—*R. & H.* 641.

**678** yet all men loved  
Young Lionel, . . . . .  
All but the priests, whose hatred fell  
Like the unseen blight of a smiling day.  
The withering honey-dew, which clings  
Under the bright green buds of May,  
Whilst they unfold their emerald wings :

—*R. & H.* 673.

**679** Whose hope was like the life of youth  
Within him, and when dead, became  
A spirit of unresting flame,

—*R. & H.* 732.

**680** And winged hope, on which upborne,  
His soul seemed hovering in his eyes,  
Like some bright spirit newly born  
Floating amid the sunny skies,  
Sprang forth from his rent heart anew.

—*R. & H.* 708.

**681** And their swords and their sceptres I floating see,  
Like wrecks in the surge of eternity.

—*R. & H.* 900.

**682** The truth flashed o'er me like quick madness

—*R. & H.* 998.

**683** Such flowers, as in the wintry memory bloom  
Of one friend left, adorned that frozen tomb.

—*R. & H.* 1310.

**684** while like flowers  
In the waste of years and hours,  
From your dust new nations spring  
With more kindly blossoming.

—*Eug. Hills*, 163.

**685** oh, rather say  
Though thy sins and slaveries foul.  
Overcloud a sun-like soul

—*Eug. Hills*, 191.

- 686** But a friend's bosom  
Is as the inmost cave of our own mind  
Where we sit shut from the wide gaze of day,  
And from the all-communicating air. —*Cenci*, II. ii. 88.

**687** If I must live day after day, and keep  
These limbs, the unworthy temple of thy spirit,  
As a foul den from which what thou abhorrest  
May mock thee, unavenged! —*Cenci*, III. i. 128.

**688** Self-murder! no, that might be no escape,  
For thy decree yawns like a Hell between  
Our will and it! —*Cenci*, III. i. 132.

**689** And, honoured lady, while I speak, I pray  
That you put off, as garments overworn,  
Forbearance and respect, remorse and fear, —*Cenci*, III. i. 207.

**690** And in its depth there is a mighty rock,  
Which has from unimaginable years,  
Sustained itself with terror and with toil  
Over a gulph, and with the agony  
With which it clings seems slowly coming down;  
Even as a wretched soul hour after hour,  
Clings to the mass of life; yet clinging, leans;  
And leaning makes more dark the dread abyss  
In which it fears to fall; beneath this crag

**691** Huge as despair, as if in weariness,  
The melancholy mountain yawns. —*Cenci*, III. i. 246.

**692** That word paricide,  
Although I am resolved, haunts me like fear. —*Cenci*, III. i. 340.

**693** No, 'tis her stubborn will  
Which by its own consent shall stoop as low  
As that which drags it down. —*Cenci*, IV. i. 10.

**694** and make his youth  
The sepulchre of hope, where evil thoughts  
Shall grow like weeds on a neglected tomb —*Cenci*, IV. i. 52.

**695** this devil  
Which sprung from me as from a hell —*Cenci*, IV. i. 119.

**696** aye, of the inmost soul,  
Which weeps within tears as of burning gall —*Cenci*, V. iii. 66.

**697** Plead with awakening earthquake, o'er whose couch  
Even now a city stands, strong, fair, and free;  
Now stench and blackness yawn, like death. —*Cenci*, V. iv. 103.

**698** How will thy soul, cloven to its depths with terror,  
Gape like a hell within! —*Prom.* I. 55.

**699** Till thine Infinity shall be  
A robe of envenomed agony;  
And thine Omnipotence a crown of pain,  
To cling like burning gold round thy dissolving brain. —*Prom.* I. 288.

- 700 The hope of torturing him smells like a heap  
Of corpses, to a death-bird after battle —*Prom.* I. 339.
- 701 bend thy soul in prayer,  
And like a suppliant in some gorgeous fane,  
Let the will kneel within thy haughty heart : —*Prom.* I. 376.
- 702 For what submission but that fatal word,  
The death-seal of mankind's captivity,  
Like the Sicilian's hair-suspended sword,  
Which trembles o'er his crown, should he accept,  
Or could I yield ? —*Prom.* I. 396.
- 703 That we will be dread thought beneath thy brain,  
And blood within thy labyrinthine veins  
Crawling like agony. —*Prom.* I. 488.
- 704 Leave the hatred as in ashes  
Fire is left for future burning :  
It will burst in bloodier flashes  
When ye stir it soon returning —*Prom.* I. 506.
- 705 Like a pillow of thorns for thy slumberless head.  
and the present is spread —*Prom.* I. 562.
- 706 I bid ascend those subtle and fair spirits,  
Whose homes are the dim caves of human thought,  
And who inhabit, as birds wing the wind,  
Its world-surrounding ether : —*Prom.* I. 658.
- 707, 708 From all the blasts of heaven thou hast descended :  
Yes, like a spirit, like a thought, which makes  
Unwonted tears throng to the horny eyes,  
And beatings haunt the desolated heart,  
Which should have learnt repose : thou hast descended  
Cradled in tempests ; thou dost wake, O Spring !  
O child of many winds ! As suddenly  
Thou comest as the memory of a dream,  
Which now is sad because it hath been sweet ;  
709, 710 Like genius, or like joy which riseth up  
As from the earth, clothing with golden clouds  
The desert of our life. —*Prom.* II. i. 1.
- 711 How like death-worms the wingless moments crawl ! —*Prom.* II. i. 16.
- 712 Hark ! the rushing snow !  
The sun-awakened avalanche ! whose mass  
Thrice sifted by the storm, had gathered there  
Flake after flake, in heaven-defying minds  
As thought by thought is piled, till some great truth  
Is loosened, and the nations echo round,  
Shaken to their roots, as do the mountains now —*Prom.* II. iii. 36.
- 713 The snake-like Doom coiled underneath his throne —*Prom.* II. iii. 97.
- 714 And self-contempt, bitterer to drink than blood ; —*Prom.* II. iv. 25.

- 715 My soul is an enchanted boat,  
Which, like a sleeping swan, doth float  
Upon the silver waves of thy sweet singing ; —*Prom.* II. v. 72.
- 716 The soul of man, like unextinguished fire  
Yet burns towards heaven with fierce reproach, —*Prom.* III. i. 5.
- 717 And tho' my curses thro' the pendulous air,  
Like snow on herbless peaks, fall flake by flake,  
And cling to it ; tho' under my wrath's might  
It climb the crags of life, step after step,
- 718 Which wound it as ice wounds unsandalled feet, —*Prom.* III. i. 11.
- 719 there the emulous youths  
Bore to thy honour thro' the divine gloom  
The lamp which was thine emblem ; even as those  
Who bear the untransmitted torch of hope  
Into the grave, across the night of life,  
As thou hast borne it most triumphantly  
To this far goal of time. —*Prom.* III. iii. 168.
- 720 Till her heart thaw like flakes of April snow —*Prom.* III. iv. 89.
- 721 The painted veil, by those who were, called life,  
Which mimicked, as with colours idly spread,  
All men believed and hoped, is torn aside ; —*Prom.* III. iv. 190.
- 722 Once the hungry Hours were hounds  
Which chased the day like a bleeding deer,  
And it limped and stumbled with many wounds  
Through the nightly dells of the desert year. —*Prom.* IV. 73.
- 723 Wherever we fly we lead along  
In leashes like star-beams, soft yet strong,  
The clouds that are heavy with love's sweet rain. —*Prom.* IV. 177.
- 724 Yet its two eyes are heavens  
Of liquid darkness, which the Deity  
Within seems pouring, as a storm is poured  
From jagged clouds, out of their arrowy lashes,  
Tempering the cold and radiant air around  
With fire that is not brightness ; —*Prom.* IV. 225.
- 725 till the blue globe  
Wrapt deluge round it like a cloak. —*Prom.* IV. 315.
- 726 Borne beside thee by a power  
Like the polar Paradise
- 727 Magnet-like of lover's eyes ; —*Prom.* IV. 464.
- 728 Love,  
from the slippery steep  
And narrow verge of crag-like agony, springs  
And folds over the world its healing wings. —*Prom.* IV. 557.
- 729 And the wand-like lily, which lifted up,  
As a Maenad its moonlight-colored cup, —*Sens.* P. I. 33.



- 742 A Vision like incarnate April, warning,  
With smiles and tears Frost the Anatomy  
Into his summer grave. —*Epips.* 121.
- 743 And in that best philosophy, whose taste  
Makes this cold common hell, our life, a doom  
As glorious as a fiery martyrdom ; —*Epips.* 213.
- 744 And from her living cheeks and bosom flew  
A killing air, which pierced like honey-dew  
Into the core of my green heart, and lay  
Upon its leaves : —*Epips.* 261.
- 745 What storms then shook the ocean of my sleep,  
Blotting that moon, whose pale and wanling lips  
Then shrank as in the sickness of eclipse ; —
- 746 And how my soul was as a lampless sea,  
And who was then its Tempest ; —*Epips.* 308.
- 747                                   Lady mine,  
Scorn not these flowers of thought, the fading birth  
Which from its heart of hearts that plant puts forth  
Whose fruit, made perfect by thy sunny eyes,  
Will be as of the trees of Paradise. —*Epips.* 383.
- 748 Till the isle's beauty, like a naked bride,  
Glowing at once with love and loveliness,  
Blushes and trembles at its own excess :
- 749 Yet, like a buried lamp, a Soul no less  
Burns in the heart of this delicious isle, —*Epips.* 474.
- 750 Where some old cavern hoar seems yet to keep  
The moonlight of the expired night asleep,  
A veil for our seclusion, close as Night's —*Epips.* 553
- 751                                   and when years heap  
Their withered hours, like leaves, on our decay, —*Epips.* 536
- 752 Or linger, where the pebble-paven shore,  
Under the quick faint kisses of the sea,  
Trembles and sparkles as with ecstasy, —*Epips.* 546.
- 753 It is a sweet thing, friendship,  
A flower which, fresh as Lapland roses are,  
Lifts its bold head into the world's frore air,  
And blooms most radiantly when others die. —*Canc. Epips.* 62.
- 754                                   And barbèd tongues . . . .  
Rent the soft Form they never could repel,  
Whose sacred blood, like the young tears of May  
Paved with eternal flowers that undeserving way. —*Adon.* XXIV.
- 755 The monsters of life's waste had fled from thee like deer.  
—*Adon.* XXVII.
- 756 And cold hopes swarm like worms within our living clay.  
—*Adon.* XXXIX.

- 757 and thou Air  
Which like a mourning veil thy scarf hadst thrown  
O'er the abandoned Earth, —*Adon.* XLII

758 The splendours of the firmament of time  
May be eclipsed, but are extinguished not ;  
Like stars to their appointed height they climb,  
And death is a low mist which cannot blot  
The brightness it may veil. —*Adon.* XLIV.

759 A Promethean conqueror came :  
Like a triumphal path he trod  
The thorns of death and shame • —*Hell.* 212

760 It has been sown  
And yet the harvest to the sickleman  
Is as a grain to each. —*Hell.* 249.

761 Look, Hassan, on yon crescent moon, emblazoned  
Upon that shattered flag of fiery cloud  
Which leads the rear of the departing day ;  
Wan emblem of an empire fading now !  
See how it trembles in the blood-red air,  
And, like a mighty lamp whose oil is spent,  
Shrinks on the horizon's edge, while, from above,  
One star with insolent and victorious light  
Hovers above its fall, and with keen beams,  
762 Like arrows through a fainting antelope,  
Strikes its weak form to death, —*Hell.* 337.

763 The spirit that lifts the slave before his lord  
Stalks through the capitals of armed kings.  
Exults in chains ; and when the rebel falls,  
Cries like the blood of Abel from the dust ; —*Hell.* 351.

764 The coming age is shadowed on the past  
As on a glass —*Hell.* 805.

765 The heavy fragments of the power which fell  
When I arose, like shapeless crags and clouds  
Hang round my throne on the abyss, —*Hell.* 865.

766 The autumn of a greener faith has come,  
And wolfish change, like winter, howls to strip  
The foliage in which Fame, the eagle, built  
Her aerie, while Dominion whelped below.  
The storm is in its branches, and the frost  
Is on its leaves, and the blank deep expects  
Oblivion on oblivion, spoil on spoil,  
Ruin on ruin. —*Hell.* 871.

767 Oh, bear me to those isles of jagged cloud  
Which float like mountains on the earthquake, mid  
The momentary oceans of the lightning, —*Hell.* 957.

768 And weave into his shame, which like the dead  
Shrouds me, the hopes that from his glory fled —*Napoleon.* 39.

769 And like that black and dreary bell, the soul,  
 Hung in a heaven-illumined tower, must toll  
 Our thoughts and our desires to meet below  
 Round the rent heart and pray—as madmen do

—*Jul. & Madd.* 123.

770 and those who try may find  
 How strong the chains are which our spirits bind ;  
 Brittle perchance as straw . . . . . —*Jul. & Madd.* 180.

771 Month after month, he cried, to bear this load  
 And as a jade urged by the whip and goad  
 To drag life on, which like a heavy chain  
 Lengthens behind with many a link of pain.

—*Jul. & Madd.* 300.

772 And as slow years pass, a funereal train  
 Each with the ghost of some lost hope or friend  
 Following it like its shadow,— —*Jul. & Madd.* 489.

773 but let the silent years  
 Be closed and sered over their memory  
 As you mute marble where their corpses lie. —*Jul. & Madd.* 613.

774 Nor any could the restless griefs unravel  
 Which burned within him, withering up his prime,  
 And goading him like fiends, from land to land.

—*Prince Ath.* I. 3.

775 And others said that such mysterious grief  
 From God's displeasure, like a darkness, fell  
 On souls like his, —*Prince Ath.* I. 93.

776 "Tis the shadow of a dream  
 Which the veiled eye of memory never saw,  
 But through the soul's abyss like some dark stream  
 Through shattered mines and caverns underground  
 Rolls, shaking its foundations —*Prince Ath.* I. 98.

777 For like an eyeless nightmare grief did sit  
 Upon his being, a snake which fold by fold  
 Pressed out the life of life, a clinging fiend  
 Which clenched him if he stirred with deadlier hold—

—*Prince Ath.* I. 120.

778 who with the news of death  
 Struck body and soul as with a mortal blight, —*Prince Ath.* II. 28.

779 The breath of night like death did flow  
 Beneath the sinking moon. —*Lines* I.

780 And that slaughter to the nation  
 Shall steam up like inspiration —*Mask.* LXXXIX.

781 Low-tide in soul, like a stagnant laguna —*Peter B.* IV. xiv.

782 And wit, like ocean, rose and fell ? —*Peter B.* IV. xxii.

783 He spoke of poetry  
 A spirit which like wind doth blow  
 As it listeth to and fro, —*Peter B.* V. iv.

784 As troubled skies stain waters clear,  
     The storm in Peter's heart and mind  
     Now made his verses dark and queer :     —*Peter B.* VI. xxxi.

785 The spider spreads her webs, whether she be  
     In poet's tower, cellar, or barn, or tree ;  
     The silk-worm in the dark green mulberry leaves  
     His winding-sheet and cradle ever weaves ;  
     So I, a thing whom moralists call worm,  
     Sit spinning still round this decaying form,  
     From the fine threads of rare and subtle thought  
     No net of words in garish colours wrought  
     To catch the idle buzzers of the day —  
     But a soft cell, where when that fades away,  
     Memory may clothe in wings my living name  
     And feed it with the asphodels of fame,     —*Letter to M. G.* 1.

786 If living winds the rapid clouds pursue,  
     787 If hawks chase doves through the aetherial way,  
     788, 789 Huntsmen the innocent deer, and beasts their prey,  
     Why should not we rouse with the spirit's blast  
     Out of the forest of the pathless past  
     These recollected pleasures ?     —*Letter to M. G.* 187.

790 And there is he with his eternal puns,  
     Which beat the dullest brains for similes, like duns  
     Thundering for money at a poet's door ;     —*Letter to M. G.* 219.

790a Their spirits shook within them, as a flame  
     Stirred by the air under a cavern gaunt :     —*Witch*, XI.

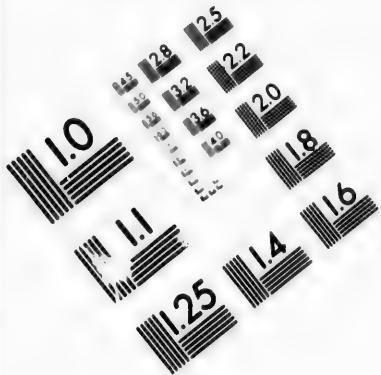
791 A haven beneath whose translucent floor  
     The tremulous stars sparkled unfathomably,  
     And around which the solid vapours hoar,  
     Based on the level waters, to the sky  
     Lifted their dreadful crags, and like a shore  
     Of wintry mountains inaccessible,  
     Hemmed in with rifts and precipices grey,  
     And hanging crags, many a cove and bay.     —*Witch*, XLIX.

792 And whilst the outer lake beneath the lash,  
     Of the wind's scourge, foamed like a wounded thing .     —*Witch*, L.

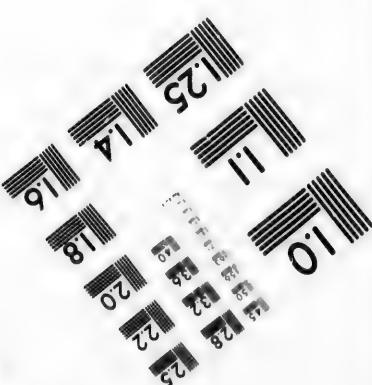
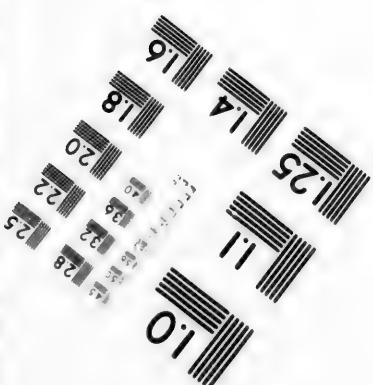
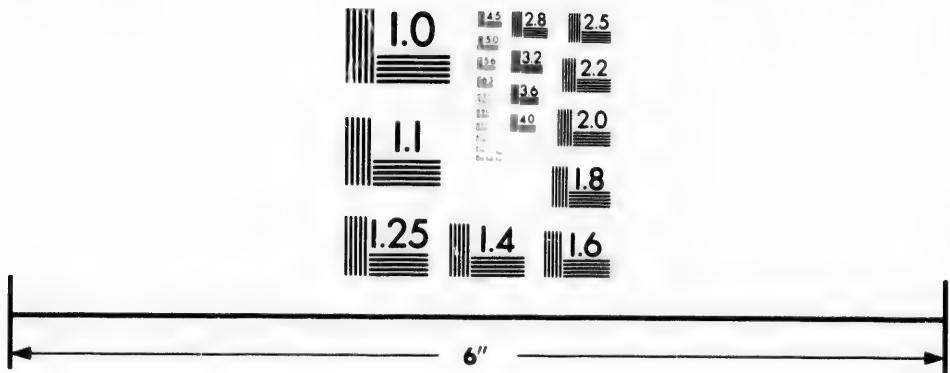
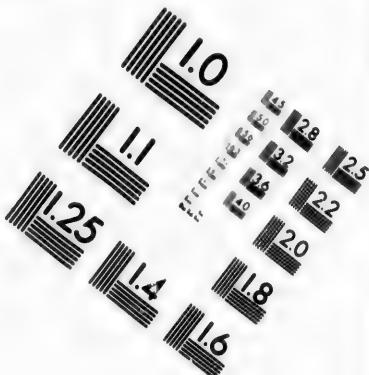
793 There the meteor lay,  
     Panting forth light among the leaves and flowers,  
     As if it lived, and was outworn with speed ;  
     794 Or that it loved, and passion made the pulse  
     795 Of its bright life throb like an anxious heart,     —*Fragm. of Dram.* 130.

796 . . . . . vigilant Fear,  
     And open-eyed Conspiracy lie sleeping  
     As on Hell's threshold ;     —*Chas.* I. I. 27.

797 Subdue thy actions  
     Even to the disposition of thy purpose,  
     And be that tempered as the Ebro's steel ;     —*Chas.* I. II. 126.



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- 798 for on him  
 As on a keystone hangs the arch of life,  
 Whose safety is its strength. —*Chas. I. II.* 155.
- 799 And whether life had been before that sleep  
 The heaven which I imagine, or a hell  
 Like this harsh world in which I wake to weep,  
 I know not. —*Triumph*, 332.
- 800 And all the gazer's mind was strewn beneath  
 Her feet like embers ; and she, thought by thought,  
 Trampled its sparks into the dust of death ;  
 As day. . . . . —*Triumph*, 386.
- 801 From every firmest limb and fairest face  
 The strength and freshness fell like dust, —*Triumph*, 520.
- 802 Now is thy voice a tempest swift and strong,  
 On which like one in trance upborne,  
 Secure o'er rocks and waves I sweep,  
 Rejoicing like a cloud of morn. —*Const. IV.*
- 803 My spirit like a charmèd bark doth swim  
 Upon the liquid waves of thy sweet singing,  
 Far away into the regions dim
- 804 Of rapture—as a boat with swift sails winging  
 Its way adown some many-winding river.  
 —*Fragm. Vol. III.*, p. 394.
- 805 and every form  
 Was awed into delight, and by the charm  
 Girt as with an interminable zone. —*Woodman*, 32.
- 806 O mighty mind, in whose deep stream the age  
 Shakes like a reed in the unheeding storm,  
 —*Fragm. to Byron*.
- 807 The nightingale's complaint,  
 It dies upon her heart :  
 As I must die on thine,  
 Belovèd as thou art. —*Ind. Ser. II.*
- 808 I have unlocked the golden melodies  
 Of his deep soul, as with a master-key,  
 And loosened them and bathed myself therein—
- 809 Even as an eagle in a thunder mist  
 Clothing his wings with lightning. —*Fragm. Vol. IV.*, p. 14.
- 810 When the chill wind, languid as with pain  
 Of its own heavy moisture, —*Fragm. Fitful*, 2
- 811 And the pure stars in their eternal bowers  
 Are cinctured with my power as with a robe, —*Apollo*, IV.
- 812 I went into the deserts of dim sleep—  
 That world which, like an unknown wilderness,  
 Bounds this with its recesses wide and deep.  
 —*Fragm. Vol. IV.* p. 64.

- 813 As an earthquake rocks a corse  
     In its coffin in the clay,  
     So White Winter, that rough nurse,  
         Rocks the death-cold year to-day.  
     Solemn hours ! wail aloud  
     For your mother in her shroud.
- 814 As the wild air stirs and sways  
     The tree-swung cradle of a child,  
     So the breath of these rude days  
         Rocks the year :                     —*Dirge for the Year*, II. & III.
- 815 The heart which tender thought clothes like a dove  
     With the wings of care                     —*From Arabic*, II.
- 816 The sleepless billows on the ocean's breast  
     Break like a bursting heart, and die in foam  
                                                    —*To Williams*, VI.
- 817                                             from Tyranny which arms  
     Adverse miscreeds and emulous anarchies  
     To stamp, as on a winged serpent's seed,  
         Upon the name of Freedom ; from the storm
- 818 Of faction, which like earthquake shakes and sickens  
     The solid heart of enterprise :             —*Prov. to Hell*, 105.
- 819 The lamps which, half extinguished in their haste,  
     Gleamed few and faint o'er the abandoned feast,  
     Shewed as it were within the vaulted room  
         820 A cloud of sorrow hanging, as if gloom  
                                                    Had passed out of men's minds into the air.             —*Ginev.* 169.
- 821 We'll put a soul into her [sc. boat], and a heart  
     Which, like a dove chased by a dove, shall beat             —*Serchio*, 71.
- 822 Great spirit, whom the sea of boundless thought  
     Nurtures within its unimagined caves,  
     In which thou sittest sole, as in my mind  
         Giving a voice to its mysterious waves.                     —*Fragm.* Vol. IV. p. 122.
- 823                                             when I . . .
- 824                                             Wept o'er the beauty, which like sea retiring,  
     Had left the earth bare as the wave-worn sand  
         Of my lorn heart,                             —*Zucca* I.
- 825 Like a cloud big with a May shower,  
     My soul weeps healing rain,  
     On thee, thou withered flower ;                     —*Mag. Lady*, IV.
- 826 The chains of earth's immurement  
     Fell from Iarthe's spirit ;  
     They shrank and brake like bandages of straw.             —*Q. M.* I. 188.
- 827                                             Monarchs and conquerors there  
     Proud o'er prostrate millions trod—  
     The earthquakes of the human race ;  
     Like them, forgotten when the ruin  
         That marks their shock is past.                     —*Q. M.* II. 121.

- 828 His slumbers are but varied agonies,  
They prey like scorpions on the springs of life.  
—*Q. M.* III. 77.
- 829                   their influence darts  
Like subtle poison through the bloodless veins  
Of desolate society.  
—*Q. M.* IV. 106.
- 830 Until pure health-drops, from the cup of joy,  
Fall like a dew of balm upon the world.  
—*Q. M.* VI. 52.
- 831 And life. . . .  
Like hungry and unresting flame  
Curls round the eternal columns of its strength  
—*Q. M.* VI. 235.
- 

### DOUBLE SIMILES.

- 832                   His wan eyes  
Gaze on the empty scene as vacantly  
As ocean's moon looks on the moon in heaven  
—*Alast.* 201.
- 833                   and, as gamesome infants' eyes,  
With gentle meanings, and most innocent wiles,  
Fold their beams round the hearts of those that love,  
These twine their tendrils with the wedded boughs  
Uniting their close union :  
—*Alast.* 438.
- 834 And I return to thee, mine own heart's home ;  
As to his Queen some victor Knight of Faery,  
Earning bright spoils for her enchanted dome ;  
—*Dedn., L. & C.* I.
- 835 Thou Friend, whose presence on my wintry heart  
Fell like bright Spring upon some herbless plain ;  
—*Dedn. L. & C.* VII.
- 836 These things dwelt in me even as shadows keep  
Their watch in some dim charnel's loneliness,  
—*L. & C.* III. 22.
- 837                   my scorched limbs he wound  
In linen moist and balmy, and as cold  
As dew to drooping leaves ;—  
—*L. & C.* III. 29.
- 838 But Laon's name to the tumultuous throng  
Were like the star whose beams the waves compel  
And tempests,  
—*L. & C.* IV. 17.
- 839 The tyrants send their arm'd slaves to quell  
Her power ;—they, even like a thunder gust  
Caught by some forest, bend beneath the spell  
Of that young maiden's speech,  
—*L. & C.* IV. 20.
- 840                   “ and let the past  
Be as a grave that gives not up its dead  
To evil thoughts.”  
—*L. & C.* V. 12.

- 841                   but his straight lips were bent,  
 Men said, into a smile which guile portended,  
 A sight with which that child like hope with fear was blended.  
 —*L. & C.* V. 36.
- 842                   I could see  
 The multitudes, the mountains and the sea ;  
 As when eclipse hath passed, things sudden shine  
 To men's astonished eyes most clear and crystalline.  
 —*L. & C.* V. 46.
- 843                   to each other  
 As when some parent fondly reconciles  
 Her warring children, she their wrath beguiles  
 With her own sustenance ;                   —*L. & C.* V. 55.
- 844                   and over all  
 A mist was spread, the sickness of a deep  
 And speechless swoon of joy, as might befall  
 Two disunited spirits when they leap  
 In union from this earth's obscure and fading sleep  
 —*L. & C.* VI. 34.
- 845 Justice, or truth, or joy ! those only can  
 From slavery and religion's labyrinth eaves  
 Guide us, as one clear star the seaman saves,  
 —*L. & C.* VIII. 11.
- 846                   Falsehood, and fear, and toil, like waves have worn  
 Channels upon her cheek, which smiles adorn,  
 As calm decks the false ocean :—                   —*L. & C.* VIII. 15.
- 847 Yes—I must speak—my secret should have perished  
 Even with the heart it wasted, as a brand  
 Fades in the dying flame whose life it cherished,  
 —*L. & C.* VIII. 24.
- 848                   To cleanse the fevered world as with an earthquake's spasm !  
 —*L. & C.* IX. 5.
- 849 Those who were sent to bind me, wept and felt  
 Their minds outsoar the bounds which clasped them round,  
 Even as a waxen shape may waste and melt  
 In the white furnace ;                   —*L. & C.* IX. 11.
- 850 And Calumny meanwhile shall feed on us,  
 As worms devour the dead,                   —*L. & C.* IX. 31.
- 851                   those hosts of many a nat  
 Stood round that pile, as near one lover's tomb  
 Two gentle sisters mourn their desolation ;                   —*L. & C.* X. 43.
- 852                   for many of those warriors young,  
 Had on his eloquent accents fed and hung  
 Like bees on mountain flowers                   —*L. & C.* XI. 19.
- 853 Lo, that is mine own child, who in the guise  
 Of madness came, like day to one benighted  
 In lonesome woods :                   —*L. & C.* XII. 22.

- 854 Secure as one on a rock-built tower  
 O'er the wrecks which the surge trails to and fro,  
 'Mid the passions wild of human kind  
 He stood, like a spirit calming them ; —*R. & H.* 632.
- 855 All that others seek  
 He casts away, like a vile weed  
 Which the sea casts unreturningly. —*R. & H.* 666.
- 856 Till, like an image in the lake  
 Which rains disturb, my tears would break  
 The shadow of that slumber deep : —*R. & H.* 837.
- 857 but soon his gestures kindled  
 New power, as by the moving wind  
 The waves are lifted, —*R. & H.* 1160.
- 858 Perish—let there only be  
 Floating o'er thy heartless sea  
 As the garment of thy sky  
 Clothes the world immortally,  
 One remembrance, more sublime  
 Than the tattered pall of Time  
 Which scarce hides thy visage wan ;— —*Eug. Hills,* 167.
- That incestuous pair [*sc.* Sin and Death] who follow
- 859 Tyrants as the sun the swallow,  
 860 As Repentance follows Crime,  
 861 And as changes follow Time —*Eug. Hills,* 252.
- 862 Thou, that to human thought art nourishment,  
 Like darkness to a dying flame —*H. L. B.* 4.
- 863 I stood beside your dark and fiery youth  
 Watching its bold and bad career, as men  
 Watch meteors, but it vanished not —*Cenci,* I. i. 49.
- 864 Because I am a priest do you believe  
 Your image, as the hunter some struck deer,  
 Follows me not whether I wake or sleep ? —*Cenci,* I. ii. 11.
- 865 I were a fool not less than if a panther  
 Were panic-stricken by the antelope's eye,  
 If she escapes me. —*Cenci,* I. ii. 89.
- 866 I see as from a tower, the end of all —*Cenci,* II. ii. 147.
- 867 Consequence, to me,  
 Is as the wind which strikes the solid rock  
 But shakes it not. —*Cenci,* IV. iv. 50.
- 868 She, who alone in this unnatural work,  
 Stands like God's angel ministered upon  
 By fiends ; —*Cenci,* V. i. 42.
- 869 A word ? which those of this false world  
 Employ against each other, not themselves ;  
 As men wear daggers not for self-offence. —*Cenci,* V. i. 99.

870 He shrinks from her regard like autumn's leaf  
From the keen breath of the serenest north.

—*Cenci*, V. ii. 114.

871                   Alas ! poor boy !  
A wreck-devoted seaman thus might pray  
To the deaf sea.

—*Cenci*, V. iv. 42.

872                   she within whose stony veins  
Joy ran, as blood within a living frame.

—*Prom.* I. 153.

873                   so the revenge  
Of the Supreme may sweep thro' vacant shades,  
As rainy wind through the abandoned gate  
Of a fallen palace.

—*Prom.* I. 215.

874 A spirit seizes me and speaks within :  
It tears me as fire tears a thunder-cloud.

—*Prom.* I. 254.

875 I see the curse on gestures cold and proud  
Written as on a scroll.

—*Prom.* I. 258.

876 Pity the self-despising slaves of Heaven,  
Not me, within whose mind sits peace serene,  
As light in the sun, throned :

—*Prom.* I. 429.

877                   and as lean dogs pursue  
Thro' wood and lake some struck and sobbing fawn,  
We track all things that weep, and bleed, and live,

—*Prom.* I. 454.

878                   and tho' we can obscure not  
The soul that burns within, that we will dwell  
Beside it, like a vain loud multitude  
Vexing the self-content of wisest men :

—*Prom.* I. 484.

879                   See a disenchanted nation  
Springs like day from desolation ;

—*Prom.* I. 567.

880                   I see  
The wise, the mild, the lofty, and the just,  
Some hunted by foul lies from their heart's home,  
As hooded ounces cling to the driven hind ;

—*Prom.* I. 604.

And we breathe, and sicken not,  
The atmosphere of human thought :

881                   As the birds within the wind,  
882                   As the fish within the wave,  
883                   As the thoughts of man's own mind  
                    Float through all above the grave ;  
We make these our liquid lair,  
Voyaging cloud-like and unspent  
Thro' the boundless element :

—*Prom.* I. 675.

- 884 Spirits ! how know ye this shall be ?  
*(Chorus.)* In the atmosphere we breathe,  
 As buds grow red when the snowstorms flee  
 From Spring gathering up beneath. —*Prom.* I. 789.
- 885 Asia ! who, when my being overflowed,  
 Wert like a golden chalice to bright wine  
 Which else had sunk into the thirsty dust. —*Prom.* I. 809.
- 886 But on each leaf was stamped, as the blue bells  
 Of Hyacinth tell Apollo's written grief,  
 O Follow, Follow ! —*Prom.* II. i. 139.
- 887 He taught to rule, as life directs the limbs,  
 The tempest-winged chariots of the ocean, —*Prom.* II. iv. 92.
- 888 We two will sink on the wide waves of ruin,  
 Even as a vulture and a snake outspent  
 Drop, twisted in inextricable fight,  
 Into a shoreless sea. —*Prom.* III. i. 71.
- 889 And I shall gaze not on the deeds which make  
 My mind obscure with sorrow, as eclipse  
 Darkens the sphere I guide ; —*Prom.* III. ii. 35.
- 890 And death shall be the last embrace of her  
 Who takes the life she gave, even as a mother,  
 Folding her child, says, "Leave me not again." —*Prom.* III. ii. 105.
- 891 Thrones, altars, judgment-seats, and prisons ; wherein  
 And beside which by wretched men were borne  
 Sceptres, tiaras, swords and chains, and tomes  
 Of reasoned wrong, glazed on by ignorance,  
 Were like those monstrous and barbaric shapes,  
 The ghosts of a no more remembered fame,  
 Which from their unworn obelisks, look forth  
 In triumph o'er the palaces and tombs  
 Of those who were their conquerors ; mouldering round  
 Those imaged to the pride of kings and priests,  
 A dark yet mighty faith, a power as wide  
 As is the world it wasted, and are now  
 But an astonishment ; even so the tools  
 892 And emblems of its last captivity,  
 Amid the dwellings of the peopled earth,  
 Stand, not o'erthrown but unregarded now. —*Prom.* III. iv. 164.
- 893 The pale stars are gone !  
 \* \* \* \* \* and they flee  
 Beyond his blue dwelling,  
 As fawns flee the leopard. —*Prom.* IV. 1.
- 894 We join the throng  
 Of the dance and song  
 By the whirlwind of gladness blown along :  
 As the flying-fish leap  
 From the Indian deep  
 And mix with the sea-birds, half asleep. —*Prom.* IV. 83.

- 895 And where two runnels of a rivulet,  
Between the close moss violet-inwoven,  
Have made their path of melody, like sisters  
Who part with sighs that they may meet in smiles,  
Turning their dear disunion to an isle  
Of lovely grief, a wood of sweet sad thoughts ;

—Prom. IV. 196.

896 A sphere, which is as many thousand spheres,  
Solid as crystal, yet through all its mass  
Flow, as through empty space, music and light ;

—Prom. IV. 238.

897 and over these  
The jagged alligator, and the might  
Of earth-convulsing behemoth, which once  
Were monarch beasts, and on the slimy shores,  
And weed-overgrown continents of earth,  
Increased and multiplied like summer worms  
On an abandoned corpse,

—Prom. IV. 308.

898 How art thou sunk, withdrawn, covered, drunk up  
By thirsty nothing, as the brackish cup  
Drained by a desert-troop, a little drop for all ;

—Prom. IV. 350.

899 Man one harmonious soul of many a soul,  
Whose nature is its own divine control,  
Where all things flow to all, as rivers to the sea ;

—Prom. IV. 400.

900 His will,  
Is as a tempest-winged ship, whose helm  
Love rules, through waves which dare not overwhelm,  
Forcing life's wildest shores to own its sovereign sway.

—Prom. IV. 406.

901 As the dissolving warmth of dawn may fold  
A half unfrozen dew-drop, green, and gold,  
  
Thou art folded, thou art lying  
In the light which is undying  
Of thine own joy, and heaven's smile divine ;

—Prom. IV. 431.

902 I, a most enamoured maiden,  
  
around thee move,  
Gazing, an insatiate bride,  
On thy form from every side  
Like a Maenad, round the cup,  
Which Agave lifted up  
In the weird Cadmean forest

—Prom. IV. 467.

903, 904 Drinking from thy sense and sight  
Beauty, majesty and might,  
As a lover or chameleon  
Grows like what it looks upon,

—Prom. IV. 481.

- 905 Thou, Moon, which gazest on the nightly Earth  
 With wonder, as it gazes upon thee : — *Prom.* IV. 524.
- 906 The flowers . . .  
 When Heaven's blithe winds had unfolded them,  
 As mine-lamps enkindle a hidden gem,  
 Shone smiling to Heaven, — *Sens. P.* I. 63.
- 907 There was a power in this sweet place,  
 An Eve in this Eden : a ruling grace  
 Which to the flowers did they waken or dream,  
 Was as God is to the starry scheme. — *Sens. P.* II. 1.
- 908 The water-blooms under the rivulet  
 Fell from the stalks on which they were set ;  
 And the eddies drove them here and there  
 As the winds did those of the upper air. — *Sens. P.* III. 42.
- 909 The sap shrank to the root through every pore  
 As blood to a heart that will beat no more — *Sens. P.* III. 88.
- 910 . . . then the cold sleep  
 Crept, like blight through the ears of a thick field of corn,  
 O'er the populous vessel. — *Vision of Sea*, 50.
- 911 . . . it rent them in twain,  
 As a flood rends its barriers of mountainous crag :  
 — *Vision of Sea*, 111.
- 912 . . . Like a sister and brother  
 The child and the ocean still smile on each other,  
 — *Vision of Sea*, 167.
- 913 . . . O thou  
 Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed  
 The winged seeds where they lie cold and low,  
 Each like a corpse within its grave, — *Ode to West W.* I.
- 914 Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is : — *Ode to West W.* V.
- 915 Scatter, as from an unextinguished hearth  
 Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind !  
 — *Ode to West W.* V.
- 916 The sanguine sunrise with his meteor eyes,  
 And his burning plumes outspread,  
 Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,  
 When the morning star shines dead,  
 As on the jag of a mountain crag,  
 Which an earthquake rocks and swings,  
 An eagle alit one moment may sit  
 In the light of its golden wings. — *Cloud*, 31.
- 917 . . . palace and pyramid,  
 Temple and prison, to many a swarming million  
 Were, as to mountain wolves their ragged caves.
- 918 . . . but o'er the populous solitude  
 Like one fierce cloud over a waste of waves  
 Hung Tyranny ; — *Ode to Lib.* III.



If equal, yet unlike, to one sweet end ;  
 So ye, bright regents, with alternate sway  
 Govern my sphere of being night and day !

—*Epi. 355.*

- 938 adoring Even and Morn  
 Will worship thee with incense of calm breath  
 And lights and shadows ; as the star of Death  
 And Birth is worshipped by those sisters wild  
 Called Hope and Fear—
- Epi. 377.*
- 939 The golden Day, which, on eternal wings  
 Even as a ghost abandoning a bier,  
 Had left the Earth a corpse
- Adon. XXII.*
- 940 “Leave me not wild and drear and comfortless,  
 As silent lightning leaves the starless night !”
- Adon. XXV.*
- 941 And grey walls moulder round, on which dull Time  
 Feeds, like slow fire upon a hoary brand :
- Adon. L.*
- 942 Life, like a dome of many-colored glass,  
 Stains the white radiance of Eternity
- Adon. LII.*
- 943 Whose soft smiles to his dark and night-like eyes  
 Were as the clear and ever-living brooks  
 Are to the obscure fountains whence they rise,  
 Showing how pure they are :
- Cane. Adon.*
- 944 The winged glory  
 On Philippi half-alighted,  
 Like an eagle on a promontory,
- Hell. 56.*
- 945 As an eagle fed with morning  
 Scorns the embattled tempest's warning,  
 When she seeks her aerie hanging  
 In the mountain-cedar's hair,  
 And her brood expect the clanging  
 Of her wings through the wild air,  
 Sick with famine—Freedom, so  
 To what of Greece remaineth now  
 Returns ;
- Hell. 76.*
- 946 Thrice has a gloomy vision haunted me,  
 It shakes me as the tempest shakes the sea,  
 Leaving no figure upon memory's glass.
- Hell. 128.*
- 947 His cold pale limbs and pulseless arteries  
 Are like the fibres of a cloud instinct  
 With light, and to the soul that quickens them  
 Are as the atoms of the mountain-drift  
 To the winter wind.
- Hell. 142.*
- 948 For thy sake cursed be the hour  
 Even as a father by an evil child.
- Hell. 264.*
- 949 But recreant Austria loves thee as the grave  
 Loves Pestilence,
- Hell. 312.*
- 950 Even as that moon  
 Renews itself  
*Mahmud.* Shall we be not renewed.
- Hell. 347.*



- 964 When we shall be as we no longer are  
 Like babbling gossips safe, who hear the war  
 Of winds, and sigh, but tremble not ;— —*Letter to M. G.* 164.
- 965 As water does a sponge, so the moonlight  
 Fills the void, hollow, universal air —*Letter to M. G.* 255.
- 966 Or as on Vesta's sceptre a swift flame—  
 967 Or on blind Homer's heart a winged thought  
 In joyous expectation lay the boat. —*Witch*, XXXIV.
- 968 By Moeris and the Mareotid lakes,  
 Strewn with faint blooms like bridal chamber floors,  
 —*Witch*, LVIII.
- 969 He was so awful, yet  
 So beautiful in mystery and terror,  
 Calming me as the loveliness of heaven  
 Soothes the unquiet sea : —*Fragm. of Drama*, 103.
- 970 As adders cast their skins  
 And keep their venom, so Kings often change : —*Chas. I. I.* 126.
- 971 'Tis but  
 The anti-masque, and serves as discords do  
 In sweetest music. —*Chas. I. I.* 173.
- 972 [It seems] now as the baser elements  
 Had mutinied against the golden sun  
 That kindles them to harmony, and quells  
 Their self-destroying rapine. The wild million
- 973 Strikes at the eye that guides them ; like as humours  
 Of the distempered body that conspire  
 Against the spirit of life throned in the heart. —*Chas. I. II.* 145.
- 974 Partly 'tis  
 That our minds piece the vacant intervals  
 Of his wild words with their own fashioning,  
 As in the imagery of summer clouds,
- 975 Or coals of the winter fire, idlers find  
 The perfect shadows of their teeming thoughts : —*Chas. I. II.* 465.
- 976 And of this stuff the ear's creative ray  
 Wrought all the busy phantoms that were there,  
 As the sun shapes the clouds ; —*Triumph*, 533.
- 977 There late was one within whose subtle being,  
 As light and wind within some delicate cloud,  
 That fades amid the blue noon's burning sky,  
 Genius and death contended. —*Sunset*, I.
- 978 Two flames that each with quivering tongue  
 Licked its high domes, and overhead  
 Among those mighty towers and fanes  
 Dropped fire, as a volcano rains  
 Its sulphurous ruin on the plains. —*Marianne's D.* XII.

- 979 The plank whereon that Lady sate  
 Was driven through the chasms, about and about  
 As the thistle-beard on a whirlwind sails —  
 While the flood was filling those hollow vales.  
 —*Marianne's D.*, XVI.
- 980 By the false cant which on their innocent lips  
 Must hang like poison on an opening bloom,  
 —*To Lord C.*, X.
- 981 Beware, O Man—for knowledge must to thee,  
 Like the great flood to Egypt, ever be.  
 —*To the Nile.*
- 982 Let us laugh, and make our mirth,  
 At the shadows of the earth,  
 As dogs bay the moonlight clouds  
 —*To Misery*, XII.
- 983 As sunset to the sphered moon,  
 984 As twilight to the western star,  
 Thou, beloved, art to me  
 —*To Mary*, 12.
- 985 As death to life,  
 986 As winter to fair flowers, (though some be poison),  
 So Monarchy succeeds to Freedom's foison  
 —*Marenghi*, III.
- 987 that band  
 Of free and glorious brothers who had planted,  
 Like a green isle 'mid Ethiopian sand,  
 A nation amid slaveries.  
 —*Marenghi*, VI.
- 988 O foster-nurse [sc. Florence] of man's abandoned glory  
 Since Athens, its great mother, sunk in splendour ;  
 Thou shadowest forth that mighty shape in story,  
 As ocean its wrecked fanes, severe yet tender :—  
 —*Marenghi*, VII.
- 989 As the sunrise to the night,  
 990 As the north wind to the clouds,  
 991 As the earthquake's fiery flight,  
 Ruining mountain solitudes,  
 Everlasting . . . Italy.  
 Be those hopes and fears on thee  
 —*To Italy.*
- 992 Alpheus rushed behind,—  
 As an eagle pursuing  
 A dove to its ruin  
 Down the streams of the cloudy wind.  
 —*Aretz.*
- 993 Elysian City which to calm enchantest  
 The mutinous air and sea : they, round thee, even  
 As sleep round Love, are driven  
 —*Ode to Naples*, 54.
- 994 The Anarchs of the North lead forth their legions  
 Like chaos o'er creation, uncreating. —*Ode to Naples*, 137.
- 995 But, as Syrinx fled Pan, so night flies day,  
 —*Orph.*, 15.
- 996 My faint spirit was sitting in the light  
 Of thy looks, my love ;  
 It panted for thee like the hind at noon  
 For the brooks, my love.  
 —*From Arabic*, I.

- 997 As a lizard with the shade  
Of a trembling leaf,  
Thou with sorrow art dismayed : —*Song*, Vol. IV., p. 78.

998 As the wood when leaves are shed,  
999 As the night when sleep is fled,  
1000 As the heart when joy is dead  
I am left lone, alone. —*Remembrance*, I.

1001 As the fruit is to the tree  
May their children ever be. —*Epith.* 31.

1002 Then Hope approached . . .  
And Fear withdrew, as night when day  
Descends upon the orient ray, —*Lore*, 37.

1003 When, as summer lures the swallow,  
Pleasure lures the heart to follow— —*Love*, 47.

1004 . . . when Power and Pleasure,  
Glory, and science and security,  
On Freedom hung like fruit on the green tree, —*Prol. Hell.* 156.

1005 Till, as a spirit half arisen  
Shatters its charnel, it has rent  
In the rapture of its mirth  
The thin and painted garment of the earth, —*Frag.* Vol. IV. p. 102.

1006 Its leaves which had outlived the frost, the thaw  
Had blighted, like a heart which hatred's eye  
Can blast not, but which pity kills : —*Zucca*, VI.

1007 As music and splendour  
Survive not the lamp and the lute,  
The heart's echoes render  
No song when the spirit is mute : —*Lines*, Vol. iv., p. 132, ii.

1008 Its passions will rock thee  
As the storms rock the ravens on high : —*Lines*, Vol. iv., p. 132, ii.

1009 Bright reason will mock thee  
Like the sun from the wintry sky. —*Lines*, IV.

1010 Fairer far than this fair Day,  
Which, like thee to those in sorrow,  
Comes to bid a sweet good-morrow  
To the rough year just awake  
In its cradle on the brake. —*To Jane*, 2.

1011 Like one beloved the scene had lent  
To the dark water's breast,  
Its every leaf and lineament  
With more than truth exprest ; —*To Jane, Recoll.* 77.

1012 The virtuous man,  
Who, great in his humility, as Kings  
Are little in their grandeur ; —*Q. M.* III, 150.

- 1013      Thine the tribunal which surpasseth  
                 The show of human justice,  
                 As God surpasses man.

—*Q. M. III. 223.*

- 1014      From his cabinet  
                 These puppets of his schemes he moves at will,  
                 Even as the slaves by force or famine driven,  
                 Beneath a vulgar master, to perform  
                 A task of cold and brutal drudgery ;

—*Q. M. V. 70.*

• DOUBLE SIMILES.

HOMERIC.

- 1015      As an eagle grasped  
                 In folds of the green serpent, feels her breast  
                 Burn with the poison, and precipitates  
                 Through night and day, tempest, and calm, and cloud,  
                 Frantic with dizzying anguish, her blind flight  
                 O'er the wide airy wilderness : thus driven  
                 By the bright shadow of that lovely dream,  
                 Beneath the cold glare of the desolate night,  
                 Through tangled swamps, and deep precipitous dells,  
                 Startling with careless step the moonlight snake,  
                 He fled.

—*Alast. 227.*

- 1016      For, as fast years flow away,  
                 The smooth brow gathers, and the hair grows thin  
                 And white, and where irradiate dewy eyes  
                 Had shone, gleam stony orbs : — so from his steps  
                 Bright flowers departed, and the beautiful shade  
                 Of the green groves, with all their odorous winds  
                 And musical motions.

—*Alast. 533.*

- 1017      Then, like the forests of some pathless mountain,  
                 Which from remotest glens two warring winds  
                 Involve in fire, which not the loosened fountain  
                 Of broadest floods might quench, shall all the kinds  
                 Of evil catch from our uniting minds  
                 The spark which must consume them : —      —*L. & C. II. 46.*

- 1018      as whirlpools draw  
                 All wrecks of Ocean to their chasm, the sway  
                 Of thy strong genius, Laon, which foresaw  
                 This hope, compels all spirits to obey,

—*L. & C. IV. 15.*

- 1019      all mortal eyes were drawn,  
                 As famished mariners thro' strange seas gone  
                 Gaze on a burning watch-tower, by the light  
                 Of those divinest lineaments —

—*L. & C. V. 44.*

- 1020 as dead leaves wake  
Under the wave, in flowers and herbs which make  
Those green depths beautiful when skies are blue,  
The multitude so moveless did partake  
Such living change, —*L. & C. V. 53.*

1021 as in the sacred grove  
Which shades the springs of Ethiopian Nile,  
That living tree, which, if the arrowy dove  
Strike with her shadow, shrinks in fear awhile,  
But its own kindred leaves clasps while the sunbeams smile ;

And clings to them, when darkness may disperse  
The close caresses of all duller plants  
Which bloom on the wide earth—thus we forever  
Were linked, for love had nursed us in the haunts  
Where Knowledge from its secret source inhants  
Young hearts with the fresh music of its springing,  
Ere yet its gathered flood feeds human wants  
As the great Nile feeds Egypt ; —*L. & C. VI. 40, 41.*

1022 as an autumnal blossom  
Which spreads its shrunk leaves in the sunny air,  
After cold showers, like rainbows woven there,  
Thus in her lips and cheeks the vital spirit  
Mantled, and in her eyes, an atmosphere  
Of health and hope ; —*L. & C. VI. 55.*

1023 As in its sleep some odorous violet,  
While yet its leaves with nightly dews are wet,  
Breathes in prophetic dreams of day's uprise,  
Or, as ere Scythian frost in fear has met  
Spring's messengers descending from the skies,  
The buds foreknow their life—this hope must ever rise.  
—*L. & C. VII. 37.*

1024 My spirit moved upon the sea like wind  
Which round some thymy cape will lag and hover,  
Tho' it can wake the still cloud, and unbind  
The strength of Tempest : —*L. & C. VII. 40.*

1025 Yes, it is Hate, that shapeless fiendly thing  
Which, when the heart its snaky folds intwine  
Is wasted quite, and when it doth repine  
To gorge such bitter prey, on all beside  
It turns with ninefold rage, as with its twine  
When Amphisbaena some fair bird has tied,  
Soon o'er the putrid mass he threats on every side,  
—*L. & C. VIII. 21.*

1026 and as some most serene  
And lovely spot to a poor maniac's eye,  
After long years, some sweet and moving scene  
Of youthful hope returning suddenly,  
Quells his long madness—thus man shall remember thee,  
—*L. & C. IX. 30.*



And sinks down in fear : so thou,  
O Tyranny, beholdest now  
Light around thee, and thou hearest  
The loud flames ascend, and fearest :

—*Eug. Hills*, 269.

- 1037                    'Tis an awful thing  
To touch such mischief as I now conceive :  
So men sit shivering on the dewy bank,  
And try the chill stream with their feet ; once in  
How the delighted spirit pants for joy !        —*Cenci*, II. i. 124.

- 1038 In the atmosphere we breathe,  
As buds grow red when the snowstorms flee,  
From spring gathering up beneath,  
Whose mild winds shake the elder brake,  
And the wandering herdsmen know  
That the white thorn soon will blow :  
Wisdom, Justice, Love and Peace,  
When they struggle to increase,

- 1039 Are to us as soft winds be  
To shepherd boys, the prophecy  
Which begins and ends in thee.

—*Prom.* I. 790.

- 1040 Look how the gusty sea of mist is breaking  
In crimson foam, even at our feet ! it rises  
As Ocean at the enchantment of the moon  
Round foodless men wrecked on some oozy isle.

—*Prom.* II. iii. 43.

- 1041 He sunk to the abyss? to the dark void ?  
*Apollo*. An eagle so caught in some bursting cloud  
On Caucasus, his thunder-baffled wings  
Entangled in the whirlwind, and his eyes  
Which gazed on the undazzling sun, now blinded  
By the white lightning, while the ponderous hail  
Beats on his struggling form, which sinks at length  
Prone, and the aerial ice clings over it.        —*Prom.* III. ii. 10.

- 1042 The flowers (as an infant's awakening eyes  
Smile on its mother, whose singing sweet  
Can first lull, and at last must awaken it),  
When Heaven's blithe winds had unfolded them,  
Shone smiling to heaven,

—*Sens. P.* I. 59.

- 1043 The hurricane came from the west, and passed on  
By the path of the gate of the eastern sun,  
Transversely dividing the stream of the storm ;  
As an arrowy serpent, pursuing the form  
Of an elephant, bursts through the brakes of the waste.

—*Vision of Sea*, 100.

- 1044 Then, as a wild swan, when sublimely winging  
Its path athwart the thunder-smoke of dawn,  
Sinks headlong through the aerial golden light  
On the heavy-sounding plain,  
When the bolt has pierced its brain ;  
  
My song, its pinions disarrayed of might,  
Drooped ;        —*Ode to Lib.* XIX.

1045      The sun comes forth, and many reptiles spawn;  
           He sets, and each ephemeral insect then  
           Is gathered into death without a dawn,  
           And the immortal stars awake again ;  
           So is it in the world of living men :  
           A godlike mind soars forth, in its delight  
           Making earth bare and veiling heaven, and when  
           It sinks, the swarms that dimmed or shared its light  
           Leave to its kindred lamps the spirit's awful night.

—*Adon. XXIX.*

1046 Russia still hovers, as an eagle might  
           Within a cloud, near which a kite and crane  
           Hang tangled in inextricable fight,  
           To stoop upon the victor ;

—*Hell. 307.*

1047 From the surrounding hills, the batteries blazed,  
           Kneading them down with fire and iron rain :  
           . . . till, like a field of corn  
           Under the hook of the swart sickleman,  
           The band, entrenched in mounds of Turkish dead,  
           Grew weak and few.

—*Hell. 380.*

1048      Like one who finds  
           A fertile island in the barren sea,  
           One mariner who has survived his mates  
           Many a drear month in a great ship—so he  
           With soul sustaining songs, and sweet debate  
           Of ancient lore, there fed his lonely being :

—*Prince Ath. II. i. 9.*

1049 Such was Zonoras ; and as daylight finds  
           One amaranth glittering on the path of frost,  
           When autumn nights have nipped all weaker kinds,  
           Thus, through his age, dark, cold, and tempest-tost  
           Shone truth upon Zonoras ;

—*Prince Ath. II. ii. 1.*

1050 'Twas the season when the Earth upsprings  
           From slumber, as a spher'd angel's child,  
           Shadowing its eyes with green and golden wings,  
           Stands up before its mother bright and mild,  
           Of whose soft voice the air expectant seems—  
           So stood before the sun, which shone and smiled  
           To see it rise thus joyous from its dreams,  
           The fresh and radiant Earth.

—*Prince Ath. II. iii. 1.*

1051      such seemed the jubilee  
           As when to greet some conqueror's advance  
           Imperial Rome poured forth her living sea  
           From the senate-house, and forum, and theatre,

—*Triumph, III.*

1052 And her feet, ever to the ceaseless song  
           Of leaves, and winds, and waves, and birds, and bees  
           And falling drops, moved in a measure new  
           Yet sweet, as on the summer evening breeze  
           Up from the lake a shape of golden dew  
           Between two rocks, athwart the rising moon  
           Dances i' the wind, where never eagle flew ;

—*Triumph, 367.*

- 1053 and she, thought by thought,  
 Trampled its sparks into the dust of death :  
 As day upon the threshold of the east  
 Treads out the lamp of night, until the breath  
 Of darkness re-illumine even the least  
 Of heaven's living eyes— — *Triumph*, 387.
- 1054 And as the presence of that fairest planet,  
 Altho' unseen is felt by one who hopes  
 That his day's path may end as he began it,  
 In that star's smile, whose light, . . . .
- 1055 So knew I in that light's severe excess  
 The presence of that shape which on the stream  
 Moved as I moved along the wilderness,  
 More dimly than a day-appearing dream,  
 The ghost of a forgotten form of sleep ;  
 A light of heaven whose half extinguished beam  
 Through the sick day in which we wake to weep,  
 Glimmers for ever sought, for ever lost ;  
 So did that shape its obscure tenour keep  
 Beside my path, as silent as a ghost ; — *Triumph*, 416.
- 1056 The earth was grey with phantoms and the air  
 Was peopled with dim forms, as when there hovers  
 A flock of vampire bats before the glare  
 Of the tropic sun, bringing, ere evening,  
 Strange night upon some Indian isle ; thus were  
 Phantoms diffused around, — *Triumph*, 482.
- 1057 But he who gains by base and arm'd wrong,  
 Or guilty fraud, or base compliances,  
 May be despoiled, even as a stolen dress  
 Is stript from a convicted thief, and he  
 Left in the nakedness of infamy — *Fragm.* Vol. 4, p. 8.
- 1058 As a poor hunted stag  
 A moment shudders on the fearful brink  
 Of a swift stream—the cruel hounds press on  
 With deafening yell, the arrows glance and wound,  
 He plunges in ; so Orpheus, seized and torn  
 By the sharp fangs of an insatiate grief,  
 Mænad-like waved his lyre in the bright air,  
 And wildly shrieked ! — *Orph.* 46.
- 1059 It never slackens, and through every change  
 Wisdom and beauty and the power divine  
 Of mighty poesy together dwell,  
 Mingling in sweet accord. As I have seen  
 A fierce south blast tear through the darkened sky,  
 Driving along a rack of wing'd clouds,  
 Which may not pause, but ever hurry on  
 As their wild shepherd wills them, while the stars,  
 Twinkling and dim, peep from between the plumes. — *Orph.* 84.
- 1060 so that the world is bare,  
 As if a spectre wrapt in shape'less terror  
 Amid a company of ladies fair  
 Should glide and glow, till it became a mirror

Of all their beauty, and their hair and hue  
 The life of their sweet eyes, with all its error,  
 Should be absorbed, till they to marble grew.

—*Tower of Famine*, 16.

- 1061 As the world leaps before an earthquake's dawn,  
 And unprophetic of the coming hours,  
 The matin winds from the expanded flowers  
 Scatter their hoarded incense, and awaken  
 The earth, until the dewy sleep is shaken  
 From every living heart which it possesses,  
 Through seas and winds, cities and wildernesses,

So Gherardis' hall  
 Laughed in the mirth of its lord's festivals,

—*Ginev.* 123.

- 1062 Thus do the generations of the earth  
 Go to the grave, and issue from the womb,  
 Surviving still the imperishable change  
 That renovates the world; even as the leaves  
 Which the keen frost-wind of the waning year  
 Has scattered on the forest soil, and heaped  
 For many seasons there, though long they choke,  
 Loading with loathsome rottenness the land,  
 All germs of promise.

—*Q. M. V. 1.*

- 1063 Thus have I stood,—thro' a wild waste of years  
 Struggling with whirlwinds of mad agony,  
 With stubborn and unalterable will,  
 Even as a giant oak, which heaven's fierce flame  
 Had scathed in the wilderness to stand  
 A monument of fadeless ruin there;

—*Q. M. VII. 254.*

#### HUMAN TO NATURAL.

- 1064                   serenely now  
 And moveless, as a long-forgotten lyre  
 Suspended in the solitary dome  
 Of some mysterious fane,  
 I wait thy breath, Great Parent                   —*Alast. 41.*
- 1065                   and men  
 Go to their graves like flowers or creeping worms, —*Alast. 621.*
- 1066                   But when Heaven remained  
 Utterly black, the murky shades involved  
 An image, silent, cold, and motionless  
 As their own voiceless earth and vacant air.                   —*Alast. 659.*
- 1067 Thou wert as a lone star, whose light did shine  
 On some frail bark in winter's midnight roar:
- 1068 Thou hast like to a rock-built refuge stood  
 Above the blind and battling multitude.                   —*To Wordew.* 1.
- 1069 Thus solemnized and softened, death is mild  
 And terrorless as this serenest night:                   —*Summ. Eve. Churhly.* 25.

- 1070 Her golden tresses shade  
The bosom's stainless pride,  
Twining like tendrils of the parasite  
Around a marble column —*D. W.* 44.
- 1071 Hard hearts and cold, like weights of icy stone  
Which crushed and withered mine, —*Ded. L. & C.* VI.
- 1072 for one then left this earth  
Whose life was like a setting planet mild,  
Which clothed thee in the radiance undefiled  
Of its departing glory ; —*Ded. L. & C.* XII.
- 1073 thou and I,  
Sweet friend ! can look from our tranquillity  
Like lamps into the world's tempestuous night,  
—*Ded. L. & C.* XIV.
- 1074 There was a woman, beautiful as morning,  
Sitting beneath the rocks, upon the sand
- 1075 Of the waste sea, fair as one flower adorning  
An icy wilderness — —*L. & C.* I. 16.
- 1076 In the world's youth his empire was as firm  
As its foundations — —*L. & C.* I. 31.
- 1077 and they [sc. impulses] were dear to memory  
Like tokens of the dead —*L. & C.* II. 2.
- 1078 I will arise and waken  
The multitude, and like a sulphurous hill,  
Which on a sudden from its snows has shaken  
The swoon of ages, it shall burst and fill  
The world with cleansing fire : —*L. & C.* II. 14.
- 79 As mine own shadow was that child to me, —*L. & C.* II. 24.
- 1080 thus subdued  
Like evening shades that o'er the mountain creep,  
We moved towards our home ; —*L. & C.* II. 49.
- 1081 Each heart was there a shield, and every tongue  
Was as a sword of truth — —*L. & C.* IV. 10.
- 1082 And every bosom thus is rapt and shook,  
Like autumn's myriad leaves in one swoln mountain brook.  
—*L. & C.* IV. 13.
- 1083 And then my youth fell on me like a wind  
Descending on still waters — —*L. & C.* IV. 29.
- 1084 To thy voice their hearts have trembled  
Like the thousand clouds which flow  
With one wide wind as it flies ! —*L. & C.* V. i.
- 1085 and the stain  
Of blood from mortal steel fell o'er the fields like rain  
—*L. & C.* VI. 6.

- 1086                          in joy I found  
     Beside me then, firm as a giant pine  
     Among the mountain vapours driven around,  
     The old man whom I loved—                          —*L. & C.* VI. 10.

1087 And there the living in the blood did welter  
     Of the dead and dying, which in that green glen  
     Like stifled torrents, made a plashy fen  
     Under the feet—                          —*L. & C.* VI. 12.

1088                          That friend so mild and good  
     Who like its shadow near my youth had stood,  
     Was stabbed !                          —*L. & C.* VI. 15.

1089 She pressed the white moon on his front with pure  
     And rose-like lips,                          —*L. & C.* VI. 26.

1090 Her marble brow, and eager lips, like roses  
     With their own fragrance pale, which Spring but half uncloses  
     —*L. & C.* VI. 33.

1091                          and then I felt the blood that burned  
     Within her frame, mingle with mine, and fall  
     Around my heart like fire ;                          —*L. & C.* VI. 34.

1092 So we sat joyous as the morning ray  
     Which fed upon the wrecks of night and storm  
     Now lingering on the winds :                          —*L. & C.* VII. 1.

1093                          while tears pursued  
     Each other down her fair and listening cheek  
     Fast as the thoughts which fed them, like a flood  
     From sunbright dales :                          —*L. & C.* VII. 2.

1094 Her madness was a beam of light, a power  
     Which dawned through the rent soul ; and words it gave  
     Gestures and looks, such as in whirlwinds bore  
     Which might not be withstood, where none could save

1095 All who approached their sphere, like some calm wave  
     Vexed into whirlpools by the chasms beneath ;                          —*L. & C.* VII. 7.

1096                          the Æthiop there  
     Wound his long arms around her, and with knees  
     Like iron clasped her feet,                          —*L. & C.* VII. 9.

1097                          Ye shall be pure as dew                          —*L. & C.* VIII. 18.

1098                          years have come and gone  
     Since, like the ship which bears me, I have known  
     No thought . . . . .                          —*L. & C.* VIII. 25.

1099 Strange panic first, a deep and sickening dread  
     Within each heart, like ice, did sink and dwell,  
     —*L. & C.* X. 16.

1100                          Some shrouded in their long and golden hair,  
     As if not dead, but slumbering quietly  
     Like forms which sculptors carve, then love to agony.  
     —*L. & C.* X. 23.

- 1101 That monstrous faith wherewith they ruled mankind,  
Fell, like a shaft loosed by the Bowman's error,  
On their own hearts : —*L. & C.* X. 26.
- 1102 She trembled like one aspen pale  
Among the gloomy pines of a Norwegian vale.  
*L. & C.* XII. 6.
- 1103 The warm tears burst in spite of faith and fear,  
From many a tremulous eye, but like soft dews  
Which feed spring's earliest buds, hung gathered there,  
Frozen by doubt,—*L. & C.* XII. 14.
- 1104 I was clammy cold like clay. —*R. & H.* 309.
- 1105 Foul self-contempt, which drowns in sneers  
Youth's starlight smile, and makes its tears  
First like hot gall, then dry for ever ! —*R. & H.* 479.
- 1106 Many then wept, not tears but gall  
Within their hearts, like drops which fall  
Wasting the fountain-stone away. —*R. & H.* 721.
- 1107 my hopes were once like fire : —*R. & H.* 764.
- 1108 His motions, like the winds, were free,  
Which bend the bright grass gracefully,  
Then fade away in circlets faint : —*R. & H.* 795.
- 1109 Yet o'er his talk, and looks, and mien,  
Tempering their loveliness too keen,  
Past woe its shadow backward threw,  
Till like an exhalation, spread  
From flowers half drunk with evening dew,  
They did become infectious : —*R. & H.* 803.
- 1110 And soon his deep and sunny hair,  
In this alone less beautiful,  
Like grass in tombs grew wild and rare. —*R. & H.* 821.
- 1111 His breath was like inconstant flame,  
As eagerly it went and came ; —*R. & H.* 834.
- 1112 Like flowers, which on each other close  
Their languid leaves when daylight's gone,  
We lay —*R. & H.* 975.
- 1113 But his [*sc.* life] it seemed already free,  
Like the shadow of fire surrounding me ! —*R. & H.* 1037.
- 1114 and they fed  
From the same flowers of thought, until each mind  
Like springs which mingle in one flood became,  
—*R. & H.* 1287.
- 1115 Every little living nerve  
That from bitter words did swerve  
Round the tortured lips and brow,  
Are like sapless leaflets now  
Frozen upon December's bough —*Eng. Hills*, 40.

- 1116 And the sickle to the sword  
 Lies unchanged, though many a lord,  
 Like a weed whose shade is poison,  
 Overgrows this region's poison, —*Eug. Hills*, 225.
- 1117 I rarely kill the body, which preserves  
 Like a strong poison, the soul within my power, —*Cenci*, I. i. 114.
- 1118 So when I wake my blood seems liquid fire : —*Cenci*, II. ii. 136.
- 1119 My tongue should like a knife tear out the secret  
 Which cankers my heart's core : —*Cenci*, III. i. 158.
- 1120 May it be  
 A hideous likeness of herself, that as  
 From a distorting mirror, she may see  
 Her image mixed with what she most abhors,  
 Smiling upon her from her nursing breast. —*Cenci*, IV. i. 145.
- 1121 I am as universal as the light ;  
 1122 Free as the earth-surrounding air, as firm  
 1123 As the world's centre. —*Cenci*, IV. iv. 48.
- 1124 What are a thousand lives ? A parricide  
 Had trampled them like dust ; —*Cenci*, V. ii. 107.
- 1125 The Pope is stern, not to be moved or bent.  
 He looked as calm and keen as is the engine  
 Which tortures and which kills, exempt itself  
 From aught that it inflicts ; —*Cenci*, V. iv. 1.
- 1126 A pilot asleep on the howling sea  
 Leaped up from the deck in agony,  
 And died as mad as the wild waves be —*Prom.* I. 95.
- 1127 When thou didst from her bosom, like a cloud  
 Of glory, arise, a spirit of keen joy ! —*Prom.* I. 157.
- 1128 Blood like new wine bubbles within : —*Prom.* I. 575.
- 1129 And like the vapours when the sun sinks down,  
 Gathering again in drops upon the pines,  
 And tremulous as they, in the deep night  
 My being was condensed : —*Prom.* II. i. 83.
- 1130 Such the state  
 Of the earth's primal spirits beneath his [sc. Saturn's] sway  
 As the calm joy of flowers and living leaves  
 Before the wind or sun has withered them  
 And semi-vital worms ; —*Prom.* II. iv. 34.
- 1131 Yet if thou wilt, as 'tis the destiny  
 Of trodden worms to writhe till they are dead,  
 Put forth thy might —*Prom.* III. i. 59.
- 1132 Shall they [sc. human shapes] become like sister antelopes  
 By one fair dam. . . . . to me —*Prom.* III. iii. 90.

- 1133 hate, disdain, or fear,  
Self-love or self-contempt, on human brows,  
No more inscribed, as o'er the gate of hell,  
" All hope abandon ye who enter here ; " — *Prom.* III. iv. 133.
- 1134 A dark yet mighty faith, a power as wide  
As is the world it wasted, — *Prom.* III. iv. 174.
- 1135 A Lady, the wonder of her kind,  
Whose form was upborne by a lovely mind  
Which, dilating, had moulded her mien and motion  
Like a sea-flower unfolded beneath the ocean — *Sens. P.* II. 5.
- 1136 her child  
Is yet smiling, and playing, and murmuring : so smiled  
The false deep ere the storm. — *Vision of S.* 165.
- 1137 }  
1138 } Oh ! lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud ! — *Ode to W.* W. IV.  
1139 }
- 1140 Each heart was as a hell of storms. — *Ode to Lib.* II.
- 1141 Athens diviner yet  
Gleamed with its crest of columns, on the will  
Of man, as on a mount of diamond, set ; — *Ode to Lib.* V.
- 1142 Tomb of Arminius ! render up thy dead,  
Till, like a standard from a watch-tower's staff,  
His soul may stream over the tyrant's head,  
— *Ode to Lib.* XIV.
- 1143 and this kingly paunch  
Swells like a sail before a favouring breeze, — *Ed. Tyr.* I. i. 3.
- 1144 and these  
Boeotian cheeks, like Egypt's pyramid  
(Nor with less toil were their foundations laid),  
Sustain the cone of my untroubled brain,  
That point, the emblem of a pointless nothing — *Ed. Tyr.* I. i. 6.
- 1145 We—are we not formed, as notes of music are,  
For one another, though dissimilar. — *Epips.* 142.
- 1146 Imagination ! which from earth and sky,  
And from the depths of human phantasy,  
As from a thousand prisms and mirrors, fills  
The universe with glorious beams, — *Epips.* 164.
- 1147 Her touch was as electric poison, — *Epips.* 259.
- 1148 But now thy youngest, dearest one has perished,  
The nursling of thy widowhood who grew,  
Like a pale flower by some sad maiden cherished,  
And fed with true love tears, instead of dew ; — *Adon.* VI.
- 1149 See on the silken fringe of his faint eyes,  
Like dew upon a sleeping flower, there lies  
A tear some dream has loosened from his brain. — *Adon.* X.

- 1150 Midst others of less note came one frail Form,  
 A phantom among men ; companionless  
 As the last cloud of an expiring storm  
 Whose thunder is its knell ; —*Adon. XXXI.*
- 1151 Kings are like stars—they rise and set, they have  
 The worship of the world, but no repose. —*Hell. 195.*
- 1152 Time has found ye light as foam. —*Hell. 442.*
- 1153 And the quick spring like weeds out of the dead.  
 —*Death of Nap. 24.*
- 1154 Through the black bars in the tempestuous air  
 I saw, like weeds on a wrecked palace growing,  
 Long tangled locks flung wildly forth and flowing  
 —*Julian, 223.*
- 1155 though his lips did seem  
 Like reeds which quiver in impetuous floods ; —*Prince Ath. I. 63.*
- 1156 But we yet stand  
 In a lone land,  
 Like tombs to mark the memory  
 Of hopes and fears, —*Lines, II.*
- 1157 Yet now despair itself is mild,  
 Even as the winds and waters are ; —*Stanzas near Naples.*
- 1158 'tis to work and have such pay  
 As just keeps life from day to day  
 In your limbs as in a cell —*Mask, XL.*
- 1159 Blood is on the grass like dew. —*Mask, XLVII.*
- 1160 What if English toil and blood  
 Was poured forth even as a flood ? —*Mask, LX.*
- 1161 Stand ye calm and resolute,  
 Like a forest close and mute, —*Mask, LXXIX.*
- 1162 he who was  
 Like the shadow in the glass  
 Of the second. —*Prol. Peter B. 13.*
- 1163 He had as much imagination  
 As a pint-pot ;— —*Peter B. IV. viii.*
- 1164 For language was in Peter's hand  
 Like clay, —*Peter B. V. xv.*
- 1165 Is it my genius like the moon  
 Sets those who stand her face inspecting
- 1166 Like a crazed bell-chime, out of tune ? —*Peter B. VI. x.*
- 1167 The language of a land which now is free,  
 And winged with thoughts of truth and majesty  
 Flits round the tyrant's sceptre like a cloud.  
 —*Letter to M. G. 176.*

- 1168 till men should live and move  
Harmonious as the sacred stars above. —*Witch*, XVIII.
- 1169 two lovers linked innocently  
In their loose locks which over both did creep  
Like ivy from one stem ;— —*Witch*, LXI.
- 1170 And I wander and wane like the weary moon,  
—*Fragm. of Drama*, 4.
- 1171 He was as is the sun in his fierce youth,
- 1172 As terrible and lovely as a tempest ; —*Fragm. of Drama*, 57.
- 1173 And weeps like a soft cloud in April's bosom  
Upon the sleeping eyelids of the plant  
—*Fragm. of Drama*, 188.
- 1174 But I, whom thoughts which must remain untold  
Had kept as wakeful as the stars that gem  
The cone of night. —*Triumph*, 21.
- 1175 And o'er what seemed the head a cloud-like crape  
Was bent —*Triumph*, 91.
- 1176 Till like two clouds into one vale impelled  
That shake the mountains when their lightnings mingle  
And die in rain—the fiery band which held  
Their natures, snaps—while the shock still may tingle  
—*Triumph*, 155.
- 1177 till like a willow,  
Her fair hair swept the bosom of the stream —*Triumph*, 364.
- 1178 And as a shut lily stricken by the wand  
Of dewy morning's vital alchemy,  
I rose ; —*Triumph*, 401.
- 1179 and others made  
Circles around it, like the clouds that swim  
Round the high moon in a bright sea of air ; —*Triumph*, 453.
- 1180 For deaf as is a sea, which wrath makes hoary,  
The world can hear not the sweet notes that move  
The sphere whose light is melody to lovers— —*Triumph*, 477.
- 1181 and long before the day  
Was old, the joy which waked like heaven's glance  
The sleepers in the oblivious valley, died ; —*Triumph*, 537.
- 1182 Those marble shapes then seemed to quiver,  
And their fair limbs to float in motion,  
Like weeds unfolding in the ocean. —*M.'s Dream*, XXI.
- 1183 My heart is quivering like a flame ;
- 1184 As morning dew that in the sunbeam dies  
I am dissolved in these consuming ecstasies. —*Const.* III.
- 1185 And thy tears upon my head  
Burn like points of frozen lead. —*To Misery*, VIII.
- 1186 Clasp me till our hearts be grown  
Like two shadows into one ; —*To Misery*, X.

- 1187 Her sons are as stones in the way. —*Lines, II.*
- 1188 An army, which liberticide and prey  
Makes as a two-edged sword to all who wield —*Sonnet on Eng.*
- 1189 As dew beneath the wind of morning,  
1190 As the sea which whirlwinds waken,  
Is my heart when thine is near. —*Sophia, IV.*
- 1191 Their caresses were like the chaff  
In the tempest, —*Incantation.*
- 1192 One sung of thee who left the tale untold,  
Like the false dawns which perish in the bursting,  
1193 Like empty cups of wrought and daedal gold,  
Which mock the lips with air, when they are thirsting —*Fragm. Vol. 4, p. 19.*
- 1194 And from its head as from one body grow,  
As grass out of a watery rock,  
Hairs which are vipers. —*Medusa, IV.*
- 1195 And so they grew together like two flowers  
Upon one stem, which the same beams and showers  
Lull or awaken in their purple prime.  
Which the same hand will gather—the same cline  
Shake with decay —*Fiord, 15.*
- 1196 But thou art as a planet, sphered above : —*Fiord, 26.*
- 1197 That withered woman, grey and white and brown ...  
More like a trunk by lichens overgrown  
Than anything which once could have been human. —*Fiord, 56.*
- 1198 In my own heart I saw as in a glass  
The hearts of others —*Hope.*
- 1199 In whom love ever made  
Health like a heap of embers soon to fade. —*To Emilia.*
- 1200 So that as if a frozen torrent  
The blood was curdled in its current ; —*Love, 24.*
- 1201 Like a herbless plain, for the gentle rain  
I gasp, I faint, till they wake again. —*Music, I.*
- 1202 When you die, the silent Moon  
In her interlunar swoon  
Is not sadder in her cell  
Than deserted Ariel.  
When you live again on earth,
- 1203 Like an unseen star of birth,  
Ariel guides you o'er the sea  
Of life from your nativity.
- And now, alas, the poor sprite is  
Imprisoned for some fault of his  
1204 In a body like a grave— —*With a Guitar, 23.*

1205 Then like a useless and outworn machine  
Rots, perishes and passes.

—*Q. M. I.* 155.

1206 Man like these passive things

Thy will unconsciously fulfilleth :

1207 Like theirs, his age of endless peace,  
Which time is fast maturing.

Will swiftly, surely come :

—*Q. M. III.* 233.

#### HUMAN TO HUMAN.

1208 My powers revived within me, and I went  
As one whom winds waft o'er the bending grass,  
Through many a vale of that broad continent

—*L. & C. IV.* 33.

1209 I stood, as drifted on some cataract  
By irresistible streams, some wretch might strive  
Who hears its fatal roar :

—*L. & C. VI.* 6.

1210 For with strong speech I tore the veil that hid  
Nature, and Truth, and Liberty, and Love—  
As one who from some mountain's pyramid  
Points to the unrisen sun.

—*L. & C. IX.* 7.

1211 I am as one lost in a midnight wood,  
Who dares not ask some harmless passenger  
The path across the wilderness, lest he  
As my thoughts are, should be a murderer. —*Cenci*, II. ii. 93.

1212 Till, like one in slumber bound,  
Borne to the ocean, I float down, around  
Into a sea profound, of ever-spreading sound

—*Prom.* II. v. 82.

1213 all my being  
Like him whom the Numidian seps did thaw  
Into a dew with poison, is dissolved —*Prom.* III. i. 39.

1214 And then as one  
Whose sleeping face is stricken by the sun  
With light like a harsh voice, which bids him rise

—*Ginev.* 38.

#### HUMAN TO ANIMAL (OR REVERSE).

1215 Two mighty Spirits now return,  
Like birds of calm, from the world's raging sea,  
—*L. & C. I.* 58.

1216 fear with lust  
Strange fellowship through mutual hate had tied,  
Like two dark serpents tangled in the dust,  
Which on the paths of men their mingling poison thrust.  
—*L. & C. II.* 4.

- 1217 Cythna then  
 and through the paths of men  
 Will pass, as the charmed bird that haunts the serpent's den  
 —*L. & C.* II. 46.
- 1218 Thirst raged within me, like a scorpion's nest  
 Built in my entrails : —*L. & C.* III. 21.
- 1219 The tyrant's guards resistance yet maintain :  
 Fearless and fierce, and hard as beasts of blood,  
 —*L. & C.* IV. 26.
- 1220 Those sanguine slaves.  
 Like rabid snakes, that sting some gentle child  
 Who brings them food, when winter false and fair  
 Allures them forth with its cold smiles, so wild  
 They rage among the camp : —*L. & C.* V. 6,
- 1221 But he (*sc.* the sceptred wretch)  
 Glared on me as a toothless snake might glare  
 —*L. & C.* V. 25.
- 1222 Sorrow and shame, to see with their own kind  
 Our human brethren mix, like beasts of blood  
 To mutual ruin armed —  
 —*L. & C.* VI. 15.
- 1223 And impotent their tongues they lolled into the air  
 Flaccid and foamy, like a mad dog's hanging,  
 —*L. & C.* VI. 16, 17.
- 1224 as a friend whose smile  
 Like light and rest at morn and even is sought,  
 That wild bird was to me, —*L. & C.* VII. 14.
- 1225 obediently they came,  
 Like sheep whom from the fold the shepherd brings  
 To the stall, red with blood ; —*L. & C.* X. 5.
- 1226 and swore  
 1227 Like wolves and serpents, to their mutual wars  
 Strange truce, —*L. & C.* X. 7.
- 1228 All night, the lean hyænas their sad case  
 Like starving infants wailed —*L. & C.* X. 15.
- 1229 See ! See ! they fawn  
 Like dogs, and they will sleep with luxury spent,  
 When those detested hearts their iron fangs have rent !  
 —*L. & C.* X. 37.
- 1230 and with an inward fear possest,  
 They raged like homeless beasts whom burning woods invest  
 —*L. & C.* X. 40.
- 1231 So she scourged forth the maniac multitude  
 To rear this pyramid—tottering and slow,  
 Plague-stricken, foodless, like lean herds pursued  
 By gad-flies, they have piled the heath, and gums, and wood  
 —*L. & C.* X. 42.

- 1232 each girt by the hot atmosphere  
Of his blind agony, like a scorpion stung  
By his own rage upon his burning bier  
Of circling coals of fire ; —*L. & C.* XI. 8.

1233 When, like twin vultures, they hung feeding  
On each heart's wound, —*R. & H.* 932.

1234 I looked, and knew that he was dead,  
And fell, as the eagle on the plain  
Falls when life deserts her brain, —*R. & H.* 1183.

1235 Those who alone thy towers behold  
Quivering through aerial gold  
Would imagine not they were  
Sepulchres, where human forms  
Like pollution-nourished worms  
To the corpse of greatness cling,  
Murdered, and now mouldering : —*Eug. Hills*, 142.

1236 And we are left, as scorpions ringed with fire. —*Cenci*, II. ii. 70.

1237 I know two dull, fierce outlaws  
Who think man's spirit as a worm's, —*Cenci*, III. i. 233.

1238 What ! can the everlasting elements  
Feel with a worm, like man ? —*Cenci*, III. ii. 2.

1239 Heaven, rain upon her head  
The blistering drops of the Maremmi's dew,  
Till she be speckled like a toad ; —*Cenci*, IV. i. 130.

1240 Until the subject of a tyrant's will  
Became, worse fate, the abject of his own,  
Which spurred him, like an outspent horse, to death.  
—*Prom.* III. iv. 139.

1241 And the sharks and the dog-fish their grave-clothes unbound  
And were glutted like Jews with this manna rained down  
From God on their wilderness. —*Vision of Sea*, 56.

1242 Chameleons feed on light and air ;  
Poet's food is love and fame ;  
If in this wide world of care  
Poets could but find the same  
With as little toil as they,  
Would they ever change their hue  
As the light chameleons do,  
Suiting it to every ray  
Twenty times a day ? —*Exhortation*, 1.

1243 Poets are on this cold earth,  
As chameleons might be,  
Hidden from their early birth  
In a cave beneath the sea, —*Exhortation*, 10.

1244 an antelope  
In the suspended impulse of its lightness  
Were less aetherially light. —*Epips.* 75.

- 1245 And towards the loadstar of my one desire  
I flitted, like a dizzy moth, —*Epips.* 219.
- 1246 Then as a hunted deer that could not flee,  
I turned upon my thoughts, and stood at bay,  
Wounded and weak and panting, —*Epips.* 272.
- 1247 My muse has lost her wings,  
Or like a dying swan who soars and sings,  
I should describe you in heroic style, —*Canc. Epips.* 84.
- 1248 Not so the eagle, who like thee could scale
- 1249 Heaven, and could nourish in the sun's domain  
Her mighty youth with morning, doth complain,  
Soaring and screaming round her empty nest  
As Albion wails for thee, —*Adon.* XVII.
- 1250 A pardlike spirit beautiful and swift —*Adon.* XXXII.
- 1251 And like a beaten hound tremble thou shalt as now, —*Adon.* XXXVII.
- 1252 In the great morning of the world,  
The Spirit of God unfurled  
The Flag of Freedom over Chaos,  
And all its banded anarchs fled,  
Like vultures frightened from Imaus,  
Before an earthquake's tread. —*Hell.* 46.
- 1253 Nor at thy bidding less exultingly  
Than birds rejoicing in the golden day,  
The Anarchies of Africa unleash  
Their tempest-winged cities of the sea, —*Hell.* 297.
- 1254 And the inheritors of the earth, like beasts  
When earthquake is unleashed, with idiot fear  
Cower in their dens —*Hell.* 356.
- 1255 The vultures and the dogs, your pensioners tame,  
Are overgorged; but, like oppressors, still  
They crave the relic of Destruction's feast. —*Hell.* 427.
- 1256 Repulse is on the waters!  
They own no more the thunder-bearing banner  
Of Mahmud; but like hounds of a base breed,  
Gorge from a stranger's hand, and rend their master. —*Hell.* 466.  
They [*sc.* vultures]  
Stooped through the sulphurous battle-smoke, and perched  
Each on the weltering carcase that we loved
- 1257, 1258 Like its ill angel or its damned soul, —*Hell.* 517.
- 1259 The Greeks  
Are as a brood of lions in the net  
Round which the kingly hunters of the earth  
Stand smiling. —*Hell.* 931.
- 1260 And as a jade urged by the whip and goad  
To drag life on, —*Julian.* 301.

- 1261 Nay, was it I who wooed thee to this breast  
 Which, like a serpent thou envenomest  
 As in repayment of the warmth it lent ? —*Julian*, 398.
- 1262 Even the instinctive worm on which we tread  
 Turns, tho' it wound not, then with prostrate head  
 Sinks in the dust and writhes like me. —*Julian*, 412.
- 1263 Men of England, heirs of Glory  
 Rise like Lions after slumber  
 In unvanquishable number, —*Mask*, XXXVII., XXXVIII.
- 1264 There are mincing women, mewing,  
 Like cats, who *amant misere*  
 Of their own virtue, —*Peter B.* III. viii.
- 1265 Each pursues what seems most fair,  
 Mining like moles, through mind, and there  
 Scoop palace-caverns vast, —*Peter B.* III. xxiii.
- 1266 A toad-like lump of limb and feature, —*Peter B.* IV. xvi.
- 1267 And so his soul would not be gay,  
 But moaned within him, like a fawn  
 Moaning within a cave, —*Peter B.* VI. xxx.
- 1268 And the wood-gods in a crew  
 Came, blithe, as in the olive coves thick  
 Cicadæ are, drunk with the noon-day dew : —*Witch*, VIII.
- 1269 like a sexless bee  
 Tasting all blossoms, and confined to none, —*Witch*, LXVIII.
- 1270 He lives in his own world, and like a parrot  
 Hung in his golden prison from the window  
 Of the queen's bower over the public way,  
 Blasphemes with a bird's mind : —*Chas. I.* II. 102.
- 1271 The slave of thine own slaves who tear like curs  
 The fugitive, and flee from the pursuer ; —*Chas. I.* II. 123.
- 1272 To which the eagle spirits of the free  
 Like eaglets floating in the heaven of time,  
 They soar above their quarry, and shall stoop  
 Through palaces and temples thunder-proof —*Chas. I.* IV. 51.
- 1273 but as soon  
 As they had touched the world with living flame,  
 Fled back like eagles to their native noon, —*Triumph*, 129.
- 1274 Maidens and youths flung their wild arms in air  
 As their feet twinkle ; they recede, and now  
 Bending within each other's atmosphere,  
 Kindle invisibly—and as they glow  
 Like moths by light attracted and repelled,  
 Oft to their bright destruction come and go, —*Triumph*, 149.
- 1275 Amid the mountains like a hunted beast  
 He hid himself, —*Marenghi*, XIII.

1276 Rulers who neither see nor feel nor know  
But leech-like to their fainting country cling, —*Sonnet, 4.*

1277 As from an ancestral oak  
Two empty ravens sound their clarion  
Yell by yell and croak by croak  
When they scent the noon-day smoke  
Of fresh human carrion :—

1278 As two gibbering night-birds flit  
From their bowers of deadly yew  
Through the night to frighten it,  
When the moon is in a fit,  
And the stars are none or few :—

1279 As a shark and dog-fish wait  
Under an Atlantic isle,  
For the negro-ship, whose freight  
Is the theme of their debate,  
Wrinkling their red gills the while—

Are ye, two vultures sick for battle,

—*Similes, Vol. 4, p. 6.*

1280 As the birds at thunder's warning  
Is my heart when thine is near it. —*Sophia.*

1281 Her form was like a snake's—wrinkled and loose  
And withered. —*Fragm.*

1282 Like a blood-hound well-beaten,  
The bridegroom stands, —*Fugitive, IV.*

1283 The fair hand that wounded it,  
Seeking, like a panting hare,  
Refuge in the lynx's lair, —*Love, etc.*

1284 and soon the priests arrived,  
And finding death their penitent had shrived,  
Returned like ravens from a corpse whereon  
A vulture had just feasted to the bone. —*Ginev. 191.*

1285 The mind, which like a worm whose life may share  
A portion of the unapproachable  
Marks your creation's rise. —*To Byron.*

1286 custom's force has made  
His nature as the nature of a lamb. —*Q. M. VIII. 27.*

#### HUMAN BEINGS OR ATTRIBUTES TO PERSONIFIED ABSTRACTIONS (SPIRITS, SHAPES, ETC.)

1287 Nature's most secret steps  
He like his shadow has pursued, —*Alast. 81.*

1288 A Form most like the imagined habitant  
Of silver exhalations sprung from dawn,  
By winds which feed on sunrise woven, —*L. & C. V. 44.*

- 1289 A liquid element, whereon  
Our Spirits, like delighted things  
That walk the air on subtle wings,  
Floated and mingled far away,  
'Mid the warm winds of the sunny day. —*R. d. H.* 963

—R. & H. 963.

## NATURAL PHENOMENA TO NATURAL

- He wandered on  
—*Alast.*, 239.

1290 Till vast Aornos seen from Petra's steep  
Hung o'er the low horizon like a cloud : —*D. W.*, 186.

1291 Spirit of Nature ! thou  
Imperishable as this glorious scene,  
Here is thy fitting temple. —*Mont. B.*, 136.

1292 The voiceless lightning in these solitudes  
Keeps innocently, and like vapour broods  
Over the snow. —*L. & C. I.*, 11.

1293 For, from the encounter of those wondrous foes,  
A vapour like the sea's suspended spray  
Hung gathered : —*L. & C. I.*, 23.

1294 A boat of rare device, which has no sail  
But its own curved prow of thin moonstone,  
Wrought like a web of texture fine and frail,  
To catch those gentlest winds —*L. & C. II.*, 6.

1295 This vital world, this home of happy spirits  
Was as a dungeon to my blasted kind, —*L. & C. III.*, 15.

1296 The islands and the mountains in the day,  
Like clouds reposed afar, —*L. & C. III.*, 26.

1297 a whirlwind keen as frost —*L. & C. III.*, 26.

1298 I led him forth from that which now might seem  
A gorgeous grave ; —*L. & C. V.*, 26.

1299 To see like some vast island from the ocean,  
The Altar of the Federation rear  
Its pile in the midst ; —*L. & C. V.*, 40.

1300 Then : "Away ! away !" she cried, and stretched her sword  
As 'twere a scourge over the courser's head, —*L. & C. VI.*, 21.

that spacious cell

1301 Like an upaithric temple wide and high,  
Whose airy dome is inaccessible, —*L. & C. VII.*, 12.

and on such bright floor did stand

1302 Columns, and shapes like statues, —*L. & C. VII.*, 13.

1303 The misery of a madness slow and creeping,  
1304 Which made the earth seem fire, the sea seem air,  
—*L. & C. VII.*, 15.

- And I became at last even as a shade,  
A smoke, a cloud on which the winds have preyed,  
1305 Till it be thin as air ; —*L. & C.* VII. 26.
- Thither still the myriads came,  
1306 Seeking to quench the agony of the flame,  
Which raged like poison through their bursting veins : —*L. & C.* X. 21.
- 1307 Steady and swift, where the waves rolled like mountains  
Within the vast ravine, whose rifts did pour  
Tumultuous floods from their ten thousand fountains,  
The thunder of whose earth-uplifting roar  
Made the air sweep in whirlwinds from the shore,  
1308 Calm as a shade, the boat of that fair child  
Securely fled, —*L. & C.* XII. 30.
- 1309 And in the midst, afar, even like a sphere  
Hung in one hollow sky, did there appear  
The Temple of the Spirit ; on the sound  
Which issued thence, drawn nearer and more near,  
1310 Like the swift moon this glorious earth around,  
The charmèd boat approached, and there its haven found.  
—*L. & C.* XII. 41.
- 1311 O'er which the columned wood did frame  
A roofless temple, like the fane  
Where, ere new creeds could faith obtain,  
Man's early race once knelt beneath  
The overhanging deity. —*R. & H.* 107.
- 1312 The next Spring shows leaves pale and rare  
But like flowers delicate and fair  
On its rent boughs —*R. & H.* 789.
- 1313 And weeds like branching chrysolite, —*R. & H.* 1083.
- 1314 Save where many a palace gate  
With green sea-flowers overgrown  
Like a rock of ocean's own,  
Topples o'er the abandoned sea  
As the tides change sullenly. —*Eug. Hills,* 12<sup>o</sup>.
- 1315 Oh, thou bright wine . . . .  
Could I believe thou wert their mingled blood,  
Then would I taste thee like a sacrament —*Cenci,* I. iii. 77.
- 1316 Thou knowest  
This cell seems like a kind of paradise  
After our father's presence. —*Cenci,* V. iii. 10.
- 1317 Brother, lie down with me upon the rack,  
It soon will be as soft as any grave —*Cenci,* V. iii. 48.
- 1318 and mighty realms  
Float by my feet, like sea-uprooted isles, —*Prom.* I. 612.
- 1319 Mighty fleets were strewn like chaff —*Prom.* I. 716.

- 1329 Henceforth the fields of heaven-reflecting sea  
 Which are my realm, will heave, unstained with blood,  
 Beneath the uplifting winds, like plains of corn  
 Swayed by the summer air, —*Prom.* III. ii. 18.
- 1321 Behold the Nereids under the green sea,  
 Their wavering limbs borne on the wind-like stream,  
 —*Prom.* III. ii. 44.
- 1322 The dew-mists of my sunless sleep shall float  
 Under the stars like balm : —*Prom.* III. iii. 100.
- 1323 The image of a temple, built above,  
 Distinct with column, arch, and architrave,  
 And palm-like capital —*Prom.* III. iii. 161.
- 1324 and in the deep there lay  
 Those lovely forms imaged as in a sky ; —*Prom.* III. iv. 82.
- 1325 I see a chariot like that thinnest boat,  
 In which the mother of the months is borne  
 By ebbing night into her western cave,  
 When she upsprings from interlunar dreams,
- 1326 O'er which is curved an orb-like canopy  
 Of gentle darkness, and the hills and woods  
 Distinctly seen through that dusk airy veil,
- 1327 Regard like shapes in an enchanted glass ; —*Prom.* IV. 206.
- 1328 A sphere, which is as many thousand spheres,  
 Solid as crystal, —*Prom.* IV. 238.
- 1329 Until each crag-like tower, —*Prom.* IV. 344.
- 1330 My sea-like forests —*Prom.* IV. 347.
- 1331 And it opened its fan-like leaves to the light —*Sens. P.* I. 3.
- 1332 And the wand-like lily —*Sens. P.* I. 33.
- 1333 And the sinuous paths of lawn and of moss,  
 Were all paved with daisies and delicate bells  
 As fair as the fabulous asphodels, —*Sens. P.* I. 49.
- 1334 The quivering vapours of dim noon-tide,  
 Which like a sea o'er the warm earth glide, —*Sens. P.* I. 90.
- 1335 And agarics, and fungi, with mildew and mould,  
 Started like mist from the wet ground cold ; —*Sens. P.* III. 62.
- 1336 Their moss rotted off them, flake by flake,  
 Till the thick stalk stuck like a murderer's stake,  
 Where rags of loose flesh yet tremble on high,  
 Infecting the winds that wander by. —*Sens. P.* III. 66.
- 1337 And at its outlet, flags huge as stakes  
 Dammed it up, —*Sens. P.* III. 72.
- 1338 And when lightning is loosed, like a deluge from heaven,  
 She sees the black trunks of the water-sprouts spin  
 And bend as if Heaven was ruining in, —*Vis. of Sea*, 4.

1339 The great ship seems splitting, it cracks as a tree,  
While an earthquake is splintering its root. — *Vis. of Sea*, 26.

1340 One deck is burst up from the waters below,  
And it splits like the ice when the thaw-breezes blow  
O'er the lakes of the desert — *Vis. of Sea*, 35.

the screaming blast,  
1341 Between ocean and heaven, like an ocean, past.  
— *Vis. of Sea*, 105.

1342 Till it came to the clouds on the verge of the world  
Which, based on the sea and to heaven upreared,  
Like columns and walls, did surround and sustain  
The dome of the tempest; it rent them in twain,  
As a flood rends its barriers of mountainous crag:

And the dense clouds in many a ruin and ray,

1343 Like the stones of a temple ere earthquake has past,

1344 Like the dust of its fall, on the whirlwind are cast;

— *Vis. of Sea*, 107.

1345 Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor.

— *Cloud*.

1346 When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,

Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,

Like strips of the sky fallen thro' me on high,

Are each paved with the moon and these—

— *Cloud*, 55.

1347 From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape,

1348 Sunbeam-proof I hang like a roof,  
The mountains its columns be.

— *Cloud*, 63.

1349 And cloud-like mountains,

— *Ode to Lib.* IV.

And many a warrior-peopled citadel,

1350 Like rocks which fire lifts out of the flat deep,

Arose in sacred Italy,

— *Ode to Lib.* IX.

Her petticoats streaming  
Streaming like—like—like  
Anything.

*Purganax.* Oh, no,

1351 But like a standard of an Admiral's ship,

1352 Or like the banner of a conquering host,

1353 Or water-fall from a dizzy precipice

Scattered upon the wind.

— *Ed. Tyr.* II. 95.

to whom this world of life

1354 Is as a garden ravaged

— *Epips.* 186.

1355 When it would seek in Hesper's setting sphere

A radiant death, a fiery sepulchre,

As if it were a lamp of earthly flame.

— *Epips.* 222.

1356 It would have followed, tho' the grave between

Yawned like a gulph whose spectres are unseen:

— *Epips.* 230.

1357 It is an isle under Ionian skies,

Beautiful as a wreck of Paradise,

— *Epips.* 422.

- 1358 And level with the living winds, which flow  
Like waves above the living waves below. —*Epips.* 517.
- 1359 A veil for our seclusion, close as night, —*Epips.* 556.
- 1360 Of life which flows like a . . . . dream  
Into the light of morning, to the grave  
As to an ocean. —*Cae. Epips.* 151.
- 1361 Another clipt her profuse locks, and threw  
The wreath upon him like an anadem,  
Which frozen tears instead of pearls begem ; —*Adon.* XI.  
Go thou to Rome—
- 1362 And where its wrecks like shattered mountains rise, —*Adon.* XLIX.
- and lofty ships even now
- 1363 Like vapours anchored to a mountain's edge,  
Freighted with fire and whirlwind, wait at Scala  
The convoy of the ever-veering wind. —*Hell.* 283,
- 1364 The fleet which, like a flock of clouds  
Chased by the wind, flies the insurgent banner. —*Hell.* 460.
- Crete and Cyprus,
- 1365 Like mountain twins, that from each other's veins  
Catch the volcano-fire and earthquake spasm,  
Shake in the general fever. —*Hell.* 587.
- A chasm
- 1366 As of two mountains in the wall of Stamboul ; —*Hell.* 830.
- 1367 Between kingless continents sinless as Eden —*Hell.* 1047.
- 1368 It [sc. earth] was cloudy, and sullen, and cold,  
Like a frozen chaos uprolled, —*Death of Napoleon.*
- 1369 Those famous Euganean hills, which bear,  
As seen from Lido through the harbour-piles,  
The likeness of a clump of peaked isles— —*Julian.* 77.
- 1370 I leaned and saw the city, and could mark  
How from their many isles in evening's gleam  
Its temples and its palaces did seem  
Like fabrics of enchantment piled to Heaven —*Julian.* 89.
- 1371 On its helm, seen far away  
A planet, like the Morning's lay ; —*Mask.* XXVI.
- 1372 Men of England, heirs of Glory,  
Shake your chains to earth like dew  
Which in sleep had fallen on you, —*Mask.* XXXVIII.
- 1373 A cloud, with lightning, wind and hail,  
It swept over the mountains like  
An ocean, —*Peter Bell.* I. xii.

**1374** And worse and worse, the drowsy curse  
 Yawned in him, till it grew a pest -  
 A wide contagious atmosphere,  
 Creeping like cold through all things near;

—*Peter Bell*, VII. xvii.

**1375** woven tracey ran  
 Of light firm texture, ribbed and branching, o'er  
 The solid rind, like a leaf's veined fan—

—*Witch*, XXXIII.

**1376** Where like a meadow which no scythe has shaven :  
 Which rain could never bend, or whirl-blast shake,  
 With the Antarctic constellations pavèn,  
 Canopus and his crew, lay the Austral lake—

—*Witch*, XLVIII.

**1377** this haven  
 Was as a gem to copy heaven engraven.

—*Witch*, L.

**1378** And where within the surface of the river  
 The shadows of the massy temples lie,  
 And never are erased—but tremble ever  
 Like things which every cloud can doom to die,

—*Witch*, LIX.

**1379** And as a veil in which I walk through Heaven  
 I have wrought mountains, seas, and waves, and clouds,  
 And lastly light, whose interfusion dawns  
 In the dark space of interstellar air. —*Utopia. Drama*, 24.

**1380** A soft hand issued from the veil of fire.  
 Holding a cup like a Magnolia flower,  
 And poured upon the earth within the vase  
 The element with which it overflowed,  
 Brighter than morning light, and purer than  
 The waters of the springs of Himalah. —*Utopia. Drama*, 145.

**1381** And thus it [sc. the fruit] lay in the Elysian calm  
 Of its own beauty, floating on the line  
 Which, like a film in purest space, divided  
 The heaven beneath the waters from the heaven  
 Above the clouds; —*Utopia. Drama*, 228.

See those thronging chariots  
 Rolling, like painted clouds before the wind,  
 Behind their solemn steeds : how some are shaped  
**1382** Like curved shells dyed by the azure depths  
**1383** Of Indian seas : some like the new-born moon,  
**1384** And some like ears in which the Romans climbed  
 (Canopied by Victory's eagle wings outspread)  
 The Capitolian.

*Chas. I. I. 136.*

**1385** This vaporous horizon, whose dim round  
 Is bastioned by the circumfluous sea,  
 Repelling invasion from the sacred towers.  
 Presses upon me like a dungeon's grate,  
 A low dark roof, a damp and narrow wall. —*Chas. I. IV. 41.*

- 1386 Isle, ocean and all things that in them wear  
The form and character of mortal mould,  
Rise as the Sun their father rose to bear  
Their portion of the toil which he of old  
Took as his own, and then imposed on them. —*Triumph*, 16.

1387 And from it came a gentle rivulet,  
Whose water like clear air, in its calm sweep  
Bent the soft grass, and kept forever wet  
The stems of the sweet flowers, —*Triumph*, 314.  
yet contagion there

1388 Spread like a quenchless fire; —*D. W.* II. 129.

1389 the flood  
Grew tranquil as a woodland river  
Windling through hills in solitude, —*Marianne's D.* XXI.

1390 And their swords and their sceptres <sup>3</sup> flowing see,  
Like wrecks on the surge of eternity. —*Wm. Shelley*, IV.

They spread themselves into the loveliness

1391 Of fan-like leaves, and over pallid flowers

1392 Hang like moist clouds:—or where high branches kiss,  
Make a green space among the silent bowers

1393 Like a vast fane in a metropolis. —*Woodman*, 52.

1394 Surrounded by the columns and the towers  
All overwrought with branch-like traceries, —*Woodman*, 57.

1395 which makes  
Even the mud and slime of the warm lakes  
A wrinkled clot as hard as brick; —*Summer and Winter*, 13.

1396 The wreaths of stony myrtle, ivy, and pine,  
Like winter leaves o'ergrown by moulded snow, —*To Naples*, 17.

1397 And where the Baian ocean  
Welts with air-like motion,  
Within, above, around its bowers of starry green,  
Moving the sea flowers in those purple caves  
Even as the ever stormless atmosphere  
Floats o'er the Elysian realm, —*To Naples*, 26.

1398 thy shield is as a mirror  
To make their blind slaves see, and with fierce gleam  
To turn his hungry sword upon the wearer; —*To Naples*, 78.

1399 The Earth is like Ocean,  
Wreck-strewn and in motion: —*Fugitives*, I.

1400 While around the lashed Ocean,  
Like mountains in motion,  
Is withdrawn and uplifted,  
Sunk, shattered and shifted  
To and fro. —*Fugitives*, III.

1401 Nourishing each tender gem  
Which like flowers will burst from them. —*Epith.* 29.

- 1402 Through desert woods and tracts, which seem  
Like ocean, homeless, boundless, unconfined.

—*Fragm. Wandering.*

- 1403 The chasm in which the sun has sunk is shut  
By darkest barriers of cinereous cloud,  
Like mountains over mountains huddled—

—*Evening, IV.*

- 1404 Which the circumfluous plain waving below,  
Like a wide lake of green fertility,  
With streams and fields and marshes bare,  
Divides from the far Apennines—which lie  
Islanded in the immeasurable air.

—*Serchio, 41.*

- 1405 and its flowers fair,  
Full as a cup with the vine's burning dew,  
O'erflowed with golden colours.

—*Zucca, IX.*

- 1406 Now all the tree tops lay asleep,  
Like green waves on the sea,  
As still as in the silent deep  
The ocean woods may be.

—*To June Recolt, III.*

- 1407 I sat and saw the vessels glide  
Over the ocean bright and wide,  
Like spirit-wing'd chariots sent  
O'er some serenest element  
For ministration strange and far :  
As if to some Elysian star  
Sailed for drink to medicine  
Such sweet and bitter pain as mine. —*Lines in Bay of L. 31.*

- 1408 Till from the breathing lawn a forest springs  
Of youth, integrity, and loveliness,  
Like that which gave it life, to spring and die.

—*Q. M. V. 13.*

NATURAL TO HUMAN BEINGS—HUMAN ATTRIBUTES—NATURAL  
PHENOMENA TO MENTAL PHENOMENA—SPIRITS, ETC.

- 1409 Now on the polished stones  
It [sc. rivulet] danced, like childhood laughing as it went  
—*Alast. 498.*

- 1410 Watch the dim shades as like ghosts they come and go  
—*Stanzas 1814, 11.*

- 1411 Calm as a slumbering babe  
Tremendous ocean lay. —*D. W. I. 134.*

- 1412 and there the sea I found  
Calm as a cradled child in dreamless slumber bound  
—*L. & C. I. xv.*

- 1413 The Morning Star  
Shone . . .  
'Twas like an eye which seemed to smile on me  
—*L. & C. I. xl.*

- 1414 Sculptures like life and thought ; immovable, deep-eyed.  
—*L. & C.* I. li.
- 1415 what was this cave ?  
Its deep foundations no firm purpose knows  
Immutable, resistless, strong to save,  
Like mind while yet it mocks the all-devouring grave  
—*L. & C.* VII. xxviii.
- 1416 Oh, thou bright wine whose purple splendour leaps  
And bubbles gaily in this golden bowl  
Under the lamplight, as my spirits do, —*Cenci*, I. iii. 77.
- 1417 beneath this crag  
Huge as despair, as if in weariness,  
The melancholy mountain yawns, —*Cenci*, III. i. 255.
- 1418 Thou small flame  
Which, as a dying pulse rises and falls,  
Still flickerest up and down, —*Cenci*, III. ii. 11.
- 1419 the vain and senseless crowd,  
Who, . . . . will leave  
The churches and the theatres as void  
As their own hearts ? —*Cenci*, V. iii. 36.
- 1420 made earth like heaven ; —*Prom.* III. iv. 160.
- 1421 and water springs  
Whence the great sea, even as a child, is fed —*Prom.* IV. 284.
- 1422 And the Naiad-like lily of the vale —*Sens. Plant*, I. 21.
- 1423 And the rose like a Nymph to the bath addressed,  
Which unveiled the depth of her glowing breast  
Till, fold after fold, to the fainting air,  
The soul of her beauty and love lay bare : —*Sens. Plant*, I. 29.
- 1424 The unseen clouds of the dew, which lie  
Like fire in the flowers till the sun rides high,  
Then wander like spirits among the spheres,  
Each cloud faint with the fragrance it bears : —*Sens. Plant*, I. 86.
- 1425 Each and all like ministering angels were  
For the Sensitive Plant sweet joy to bear. —*Sens. Plant*, I. 94.
- 1426 The garden, once fair, became cold and foul,  
Like the corpse of her who had been its soul.  
—*Sens. Plant*, III. 17.
- 1427 And the leaves . . . .  
Like troops of ghosts on the dry wind past :  
—*Sens. Plant*, III. 34.
- 1428 And agarics and fungi  
Pale, fleshly, as if the decaying dead  
With a spirit of growth had been animated  
—*Sens. Plant*, III. 62.

- 1429 The Sensitive Plant like one forbid  
Wept, —*Sens. Plant*, III. 82.
- 1430 But the mandrakes, and toadstools, and docks and darnels  
Rose like the dead from their ruined charnels,  
—*Sens. Plant*, III. 116.
- 1431 Whether the Sensitive Plant, or that  
Which within its boughs like a spirit sat  
Now felt this change, I cannot say. —*Sens. Plant, Concl.*, I.
- 1432 The heavy dead hulk  
On the living sea rolls an inanimate bulk,  
Like a corpse on the clay which is hungering to fold  
Its corruption around it. —*Vision of Sea*, 31.
- 1433 Thou, from whose unseen presence the leaves dead  
Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing,  
—*West Wind*, I.
- 1434 Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,  
1435 I arise and unbuild it again —*Cloud*, 83.
- 1436 the odours deep  
Of flowers, which like lips murmuring in their sleep  
Of the sweet kisses that had lulled them there,  
Bathed but of her to the enamoured air; —*Epips.* 202.
- 1437 Let the fixed bayonet  
Gleam with sharp desire to wet  
Its bright point in English blood  
Looking keen as one for food. —*Mask*, LXXVII.
- 1438 like children chidden  
At her command they [sc. billows] ever came and went —  
—*Witch*, IV.
- 1439 Couched on the fountain like . . .  
Or on blind Homer's heart a wingèd thought,  
In joyous expectation lay the boat —*Witch*, XXXIV.
- 1440 till the car  
Of the late moon, like a sick matron wan,  
To journey from the misty east began. —*Witch*, LI.
- 1441 the wave  
Which like a toil-worn labourer leaps to shore  
To meet the kisses of the flowrets there. —*D. W.* II. 109.
- 1442 The works of faith and slavery, so vast,  
So sumptuous, yet withal so perishing!  
Even as the corpse that rests beneath their wall.  
—*D. W.* II. 314.
- 1443 and earth,  
Even as a child beneath its mother's love  
Is strengthened in all excellence, and grows  
Fairer and nobler with each passing year. —*D. W.* II. 326.

- 1444 and that tall flower that wets  
 Like a child, half in tenderness and mirth—  
 Its mother's face with heaven-collected tears,  
 When the low wind, its playmate's voice, it hears.

—*Question, II.*

- 1445 And like a dying lady, lean and pale,  
 Who totters forth, wrapt in a gauzy veil,  
 Out of her chamber, led by the insane  
 And feeble wanderings of her fading brain,  
 The moon arose up in the murky east,

—*Waning Moon.*

- 1446 A star has fallen upon the earth,  
 Like an angelic spirit pent  
 In a form of mortal birth,

—*Prot. Hell.* 196.

- 1447 the dew  
 Lay on its spotted leaves like tears too true

—*Zucca, VI.*

- 1448 Making the wintry world appear  
 Like one on whom thou smilest, dear. —*To Jane, Invitation*, 19.

#### NATURAL PHENOMENA TO ANIMALS—ART PRODUCTS TO ANIMALS, AND VICE VERSA.

- 1449 Higher and higher still  
 Their [sc. waves] fierce necks writhed beneath the tempest's  
 scourge,  
 Like serpents struggling in a vulture's grasp.

—*Alast.* 323.

- 1450 The glaciers creep  
 Like snakes that watch their prey, from their far fountains  
 Slow, rolling on :

—*Mont Blanc.*

- 1451 That land is like an eagle, whose young gaze  
 Feeds on the noon-tide beam, whose golden plume  
 Floats moveless on the storm, and in the blaze  
 Of sun-rise gleams when Earth is wrapt in gloom :

—*L. & C.* XI. xxiii.

- 1452 And he tamed fire which like some beast of prey  
 Most terrible but lovely, played beneath  
 The frown of man.

—*Prom.* II. iv. 66.

- 1453 heaven's utmost deep  
 Gives up her stars, and like a flock of sheep  
 They pass before his eyes, are numbered, and roll on.

—*Prom.* IV. 418.

- 1454 And none ever trembled and panted with bliss,  
 In the garden, the field, or the wilderness,  
 Like the doe in the noon-tide with love's sweet want  
 As the companionless Sensitive Plant.

—*Sens. P.* I. 9.

- 1455 All loathliest weeds began to grow,  
Whose coarse leaves were splashed with many a speck,  
Like the water-snake's belly and the toad's back.  
—*Sens. P.* III. 51.
- 1456 And at its outlet flags . . .  
Dammed it up with roots knotted like water-snakes.  
—*Sens. P.* III. 72.
- 1457 And a northern whirlwind, wandering about  
Like a wolf that had smelt a dead child out,  
—*Sens. P.* III. 110.
- 1458 Who crowd [sc. tigers] side by side, and have driven, like a crank,  
The deep grip of their claws through the vibrating plank  
—*Vision of Sea*, 43.
- 1459 Thine azure sister of the Spring shall blow  
Her clarion . . .  
(Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in air) —*West Wind*, I.
- 1460 With wings folded I rest on my airy nest  
As still as a brooding dove.  
—*Cloud*, 43.
- 1461 And I laugh to see them [sc. stars] whirl and flee  
Like a swarm of golden bees.  
—*Cloud*, 53.
- 1462 Higher still and higher  
From the earth thou springest  
Like a cloud of fire,  
—*Skytark*, 6.
- 1463 Like a star of heaven  
In the broad day-light  
Thou art unseen,  
—*Skytark*, 18.
- 1464 How glorious it will be to see her Majesty  
. . . her petticoats  
Streaming like . . .  
or a war steed's mane.  
—*Ed. Tyr.* II. i. 95.
- 1465 Streaming like . . .  
or a cow's tail.  
—*Ed. Tyr.* II. i. 95.
- 1466 And palisades of tusks, sharp as a bayonet.  
—*Ed. Tyr.* II. i. 144.
- 1467 Our bark is as an albatross, whose nest  
Is a far Eden in the purple East ;  
—*Epips.* 416.
- 1468 The earth doth like a snake renew  
Her winter weeds outworn.  
—*Hell*, 1062.
- 1469 When the exulting elements in scorn  
lay  
Sleeping in beauty on their mangled prey  
As panthers sleep ;  
—*Letter to M. G.* 40.
- 1470 Couched on the fountain like a panther tame,  
One of the twain at Evan's feet that sat,  
In joyous expectation lay the boat.  
—*Witch*, XXXIV.

- 1471 And there its fruit lay like a sleeping lizard  
Under the shadows — *Unfin. Drama*, 205.
- 1472 The splendour-wing'd worlds disperse  
Like wild doves scattered. — *Prot. Hell.* 54.
- 1473 but 'tis sleeping fast  
Like a beast unconscious of its tether. — *Serchio*, 5.
- 1474 And the young and dewy dawn,  
Bold as an unhunted fawn,  
Up the windless heaven is gone—  
Laugh—for ambushed in the day  
Clouds and whirlwinds watch their prey. — *Insecurity*.
- 1475 We paused amid the pines that stood  
Tortured by storms to shapes as rude  
As serpents interlaced — *To Jane, Recoll.* III.
- 1476 She left me at the silent time  
When the moon had ceased to climb  
The azure path of heaven's steep,  
And like an albatross asleep,  
Balanced on her wings of light  
Hovered in the purple night,  
Ere she sought her ocean nest  
In the chambers of the West. — *Lines in Bay of Lerici*, I.

### SIMILES OF SWIFTNESS, CHANGE AND EVANESCENCE.

- 1477 And felt the boat speed o'er the tranquil sea  
Like a torn cloud before the hurricane. — *Alast.* 314.
- 1478 As one that in a silver vision floats  
Obedient to the sweep of odorous winds  
Upon resplendent clouds, so rapidly  
Along the dark and ruffled waters fled  
The straining boat. — *Alast.* 316.
- 1479 The little boat  
Still fled before the storm ; still fled, like foam  
Down the steep cataracts of a wintry river ; — *Alast.* 344.
- 1480 the woven leaves  
Make net-work of the dark blue light of day,  
And the night's noon-tide clearness, mutable  
As shapes in the weird clouds. — *Alast.* 445.
- 1481 But thou art fled  
Like some frail exhalation ; which the dawn  
Robes in its golden beams,— — *Alast.* 686.

- 1482 We are as clouds that veil the midnight moon ;  
 How restlessly they speed, and gleam, and quiver,  
 Streaking the darkness radiantly ! yet soon—  
 Night closes round, and they are lost for ever. —*Mutability*, 1.
- 1483 Or like forgotten lyres, whose dissonant strings  
 Give various response to each varying blast,  
 To whose frail frame no second motion brings  
 One mood or modulation like the last. —*Mutability*, 5.
- 1484 When all that we know, or feel, or see,  
 Shall pass like an unreal mystery. —*There is no work*, 17.
- 1485 For the very spirit fails,  
 Driven like a homeless cloud from steep to steep  
 That vanishes among the viewless gales. —*Mont Blanc*, 57.
- 1486 The race  
 Of man flies far in dread ; his work and dwelling  
 Vanish, like smoke before the tempest's stream,  
 And their place is not known. —*Mont Blanc*, 117.
- 1487 The vast clouds fled,  
 Countless and swift as leaves on autumn's tempest shed.  
 —*L. & C.* I. iv.
- 1488 The pallid semicircle of the moon  
 Past on in slow and moving majesty ;  
 Its upper horn arrayed in mists, which soon  
 But slowly fled, like dew beneath the beams of noon.  
 —*L. & C.* I. v.
- 1489 Even like a bark, which from a chasm of mountains,  
 Dark, vast, and overhanging, on a river  
 Which there collects the strength of all its fountains,  
 Comes forth, whilst with the speed its frame doth quiver,  
 Sails, oars, and stream, tending to one endeavour ;  
 So from that chasm of light a winged Form  
 On all the winds of heaven approaching ever  
 Fleeted, dilating as it came : the storm  
 Pursued it with fierce blasts, and lightnings swift and warm.  
 —*L. & C.* I. vii.
- 1490 Then soar—as swift as smoke from volcano springs.  
 —*L. & C.* I. xiii.
- 1491 I looked, and we were sailing pleasantly,  
 Swift as a cloud between the sea and sky. —*L. & C.* I. xlvi.
- 1492 Even as a storm let down beneath the ray  
 Of the still moon, my spirit onward past,  
 Beneath truth's steady beams upon its tumult cast.  
 —*L. & C.* II. xii.
- 1493 In sudden panic those false murderers fled,  
 Like insect tribes before the northern gale : —*L. & C.* V. viii.
- 1494 And all the shapes of this grand scenery shifted  
 Like restless clouds before the steadfast sun  
 —*L. & C.* V. xviii.

- 1495 The chains of earth like mist melted away,  
—*L. & C.* V. xxxvii.
- 1496 Sudden, as when the moonrise makes appear  
Strange clouds in the east ;  
—*L. & C.* V. xl.
- 1497 The third Image was drest  
In white wings swift as clouds in winter skies, —*L. & C.* V. i.
- 1498 [sc. wisdom] swift and strong  
As new-hedged Eagles, beautiful and young,  
That float among the blinding beams of morning.  
—*L. & C.* V. ii. 1.
- 1499 The Fiend-God, when our charmed name he hear,  
Shall fade like shadow from his thousand fames,  
—*L. & C.* V. ii. 6.
- 1500 Far overhead, ships from Propontis keep  
A killing rain of fire ; when the waves smile  
As sudden earthquakes light many a volcanic isle ;  
Thus sudden, the while,  
—*L. & C.* VI. vii.
- 1501 Our myriads, whom the swift bolt overthrew,  
Or the red sword, failed like a mountain river  
Which rushes forth in foam to sink in sands forever,  
and ever  
—*L. & C.* VI. xiv.
- 1502 We spake no word,  
But like the vapour of the tempest fled  
Over the plain ; her dark hair was disspread  
Like the pine's locks upon the lingering blast ;  
—*L. & C.* VI. xxi.
- 1503 did seize a Tartar's sword, and spring  
Upon his horse, and swift as on the whirlwind's wing  
Have thou and I been borne beyond pursuer,  
—*L. & C.* VI. xxvij.
- 1504 while tears pursued  
Each other down her fair and listening cheek  
Fast as the thoughts which fed them,  
—*L. & C.* VII. ii.
- 1505 Swift as an eagle stooping from the plain  
Of morning light, into some shadowy wood,  
He plunged through the green silence of the main  
—*L. & C.* VII. x.
- 1506 And I became at last even as a shade,  
1507 A smoke, a cloud on which the winds have preyed,  
1508 Till it be thin as air ;  
—*L. & C.* VII. xxvi.
- 1509 Opinion is more frail  
Than yon dim cloud now fading on the moon  
Even while we gaze, tho' it awhile avail  
To hide the orb of truth—  
—*L. & C.* VIII. ix.
- 1510 High temples fade like vapour—  
—*L. & C.* VIII. xvi.



- 1529 Thou unreplenished lamp, whose narrow fire  
 Is shaken by the wind, and on whose edge  
 Devouring darkness hovers. —Thou small flame,  
 Which as a dying pulse rises and falls,  
 Still flickerest up and down, how very soon  
 Did not I feed thee, wouldst thou fail and be
- 1530 As thou hadst never been. —So wastes and sinks  
 Even now, perhaps, the life that kind' <sup>no</sup>  
 But that no power can fill with vital o  
 That broken lamp of flesh. —*Cenci*, III. ii. 8.
- 1531 Both they and thou had vanished, like thin mist  
 Unrolled on the morning wind. —*Prom.* I. 116.
- 1532 And the triumphant storm did flee  
 Like a conqueror swift and proud,  
 Between, with many a captive cloud, —*Prom.* I. 710.
- 1533 It [*sc.* a Dream] has borne me here as fleet  
 As Desire's lightning feet. —*Prom.* I. 733.
- 1534 As over wide dominions  
 I sped, like some swift cloud that wings the wide air's  
 wildernesses, —*Prom.* I. 763.
- 1535 As suddenly  
 Thou [*sc.* Spring] comest as the memory of a dream,  
 —*Prom.* II. i. 7.
- 1536 Echoes, we : listen !  
 We cannot stay :  
 As dew-stars glisten  
 Then fade away —*Prom.* II. i. 166.
- 1537 That their flight must be swifter than fire —*Prom.* II. iv. 4.
- 1538 like sister-antelopes  
 By one fair dam, snow-white and swift as wind,  
 Nursed among lilies near a brimming stream —*Prom.* III. iii. 97.
- 1539 Haste, oh, haste,  
 As shades are chased,  
 Trembling by day, from heaven's blue waste.
- 1540 We melt away,  
 Like dissolving spray. —*Prom.* IV. 21.
- 1541 And your wings are soft and swift as Thought, —*Prom.* IV. 91.
- 1542 Death, Chaos, and Night  
 From the sound of our flight,  
 Shall flee, like mist from a tempest's might. —*Prom.* IV. 144.
- 1543 Vast beams like spokes of some invisible wheel  
 Which whirl as the orb whirls, swifter than thought,  
 —*Prom.* IV. 274.
- 1544 or some God  
 Whose home was in a comet, passed, and cried,  
 Be not ! And like my words they were no more.  
 —*Prom.* IV. 316.

- Ha ! ha ! the animation of delight  
 Which wraps me, like an atmosphere of light,  
 1545 And bears me as a cloud is borne by its own wind

—*Prom.* IV. 322.

1546 The Earth.  
 I hear : I am as a drop of dew that dies.

—*Prom.* IV. 323.

1547 Then the weeds . . .  
 Fleed from the frost to the earth beneath,  
 Their decay and sudden flight from frost  
 Was but like the vanishing of a ghost.

—*Sens. Plant.* III. 98.

1548 sweet spirit, which I day by day,  
 Have so long called my child, but which now fades away  
 Like a rainbow, and I the fallen shower?

—*Vision of Sea.* 88.

1549 Their unremaining gods and they  
 Like a river roll away.

—*Ode to Heaven.* 25.

1550 Till from its station in the heaven of fame  
 The spirit's whirlwind rapt it, and the ray  
 Of the remotest sphere of living flame  
 Which paves the void was from behind it flung  
 As foam from a ship's swiftness.

—*Ode to Lib.* I.

1551 Thou huntress swifter than the moon

—*Ode to Lib.* X.

1552 When like heaven's sun girt by the exhalation  
 Of its own glorious light, thou didst arise,  
 Chasing thy foes from nation unto nation  
 Like shadows :

—*Ode to Lib.* XI.

1553 As summer clouds dissolve unburthened of their rain ;

1554 As a far taper fades with fading night,

1555 As a brief insect dies with dying day,  
 My song, its pinions disarrayed of might,  
 Dropped.

—*Ode to Lib.* XIX.

1556 Homeless she passed, like a cloud on the blast,

—*Ed. Tyr.* I. 246.

1557 my loyal pigs,  
 Now let your noses be as keen as beagles,  
 Your steps as swift as greyhounds.

—*Ed. Tyr.* II. ii. 120.

1558 As with no stain  
 She faded, like a cloud which has outwept its rain

—*Adon.* X.

1559 Shall that alone which knows  
 Be as a sword consumed before the sheath  
 By sightless lightning

—*Adon.* XX.

1560 Swift as a Thought by the snake Memory stung,  
 From her ambrosial rest the fading Splendour sprung.

—*Adon.* XXII.

1561 And like a sudden meteor, which outstrips  
 The splendour-winged chariot of the sun,  
 eclipse  
 The armies of the golden stars, each one,

—*Canc. Adon.* 34.

- 1562        Worlds on worlds are rolling ever  
             From creation to decay,  
             Like the bubbles on a river  
             Sparkling, bursting, borne away. —*Hell*, 197.
- 1563 Swift as the radiant shapes of sleep  
             From one whose dreams are Paradise  
             Fly, when the fond wretch wakes to weep,  
             And day peers forth with her blank eyes ;  
             So fleet, so faint, so fair,  
             The powers of earth and air  
             Fled from the folding star of Bethlehem. —*Hell*, 225.
- 1564 Like clouds, and like the shadows of the clouds,  
 1565 Over the hills of Anatolia,  
             Swift in wild troops the Tartar chivalry  
             Sweep :— —*Hell*, 328.
- 1566 And thaw their frost-work diadems like dew ; —*Hell*, 416.
- 1567 The fleet which like a flock of clouds  
             Chased by the wind, flies the insurgent banner. —*Hell*, 460.
- 1568 And like loveliness panting with wild desire  
             While it trembles with fear and delight ;  
             Hesperus flies from awakening night, —*Hell*, 1036.
- 1569 Heaven smiles, and faiths and empires gleam  
             Like wrecks of a dissolving dream— —*Hell*, 1064.
- 1570        Though his life, day after day,  
             Was failing like an unreplenished stream, —*Prince Ath.* I. 58.
- 1571 The youth, as shadows on the grassy hill  
             Outrun the winds that chase them, soon outran  
             His teacher, —*Prince Ath.* II. 13.
- 1572 How many a spirit then puts on the pinions  
             Of fancy, and outstrips the lagging blast,  
             And his own steps, and over wide dominions  
             Sweeps in his dream-drawn chariot, far and fast,  
             More fleet than storms— —*Prince Ath.* III. 16.
- 1573 The Horse of Death tameless as wind  
             Fled, —*Mask*, XXXIII.
- 1574        tyrants would flee  
             Like a dream's dim imagery ; —*Mask*, LII.
- 1575        and everything beside  
             Seemed like the fleeting image of a shade : —*Witch*, XII.
- 1576 The boundless ocean like a drop of dew  
             Will be consumed—the stubborn centre must
- 1577 Be scattered like a cloud of summer dust —*Witch*, XXIII.
- 1578 And ever down the prone vale like a cloud  
             Upon a stream of wind, the pinnace went : —*Witch*, XLI.

- 1579 and the pale  
And heavy hue which slumber could extend  
Over its lips and eyes, as on the gale  
A rapid shadow from a slope of grass,  
Into the darkness of the stream did pass. —*Witch*, XLIII.
- 1580 And then it winnowed the Elysian air  
Which ever hung about that lady bright,  
With its aetherial vans—and speeding there,  
Like a star up the torrent of the night,
- 1581 Or a swift eagle in the morning glare  
Breasting the whirlwind with impetuous flight,  
The pinnace oared by those enchanted wings  
Clove the fierce streams towards the upper springs. —*Witch*, XLV.
- 1582 Circling the image of a shooting star,  
Even as a tiger on Hydaspe's banks  
Outspeeds the antelopes which speediest are,  
In her light boat : —*Witch*, LI.
- 1583 With motion like the spirit of that wind  
Whose soft step deepens slumber, her light feet  
Passed through the peopled haunts of human kind. —*Witch*, LX.
- 1584 He fled like a shadow before its noon ; —*Unfin. Drama*, 2.
- 1585 until my dream become  
Like a child's legend on the tideless sand,  
Which the first foam erases half, and half  
Leaves legible. —*Unfin. Drama*, 151.
- 1586 Swift as a spirit hastening to his task,  
Of glory and of good, the sun sprang forth  
Rejoicing in his splendour, —*Triumph*, 1.
- 1587 and those  
Who lead it—fleet as shadows on the green,  
Outspeed the chariot, —*Triumph*, 138.
- 1588 the chariot hath  
Passed over them—nor other trace I find  
But as of foam after the ocean's wrath  
Is spent upon the desert shore : —*Triumph*, 161.
- 1589 And suddenly my brain became as sand  
Where the first wave had more than half erased  
The track of deer on desert Labrador ; —*Triumph*, 405.
- 1590 And man, once fleeting o'er the transient scene  
Swift as an unremembered vision, stands  
Immortal upon earth : —*D. W.* II, 150.
- 1591 The works of faith and slavery, so vast,  
So sumptuous, yet withal so perishing,  
Even as the corpse that rests beneath their wall  
*D. W.* II, 314.
- 1592 The shadows with swift wings  
Speeded like thought upon the light of Heaven.  
*D. W.* II, 322.

- 1593 The sweetness of the joy which made his breath  
 Fail like the trances of the summer air, —*Sunset*, 5.
- 1594 My thoughts arise and fade in solitude,  
 The verse that would invest them melts away  
 Like moonlight in the heaven of spreading day : —*Fragm.* Vol. 3, p. 406.
- 1595 Till this dreadful transport may  
 Like a vapour fade away —*Misery*, X.
- 1596 Then clouds from sunbeams, antelopes from leopards,  
 1597 And frowns and fears from thee  
 1598 Would not more swiftly flee  
 Then Celtic wolves from the Ausonian shepherds, —*Ode to Naples*, 170.
- 1599 And swifter thy step than the earthquake's tramp : —*Liberty*, III.
- 1600 And ever changing like a joyless eye  
 That finds no object worth its constancy ? —*To the Moon*, 5.
- 1601 Ah, fleeter far than fleetest storm or steed,  
 1602 Or the death they bear,  
 1603 The heart which tender thought clothes like a dove  
     With the wings of care ; —*From Arabic*, II.
- 1604 In whom love ever made  
 Health like a heap of embers soon to fade. —*To Emilia*, II.
- 1605 I love Love—though he has wings,  
 And like light can flee, —*Song*, VIII.
- 1606 Swifter far than summer's flight,  
 1607 Swifter far than youth's delight,  
 1608 Swifter far than happy night,  
     Art thou come and gone. —*Remembrance*, I.
- 1609 Of that before whose breath the universe  
     Is as a print of dew. —*Prol. Hell.* 5.
- 1610 A star has fallen upon the earth  
     Swifter than the thunder fell  
     To the heart of earth, —*Fragm. Hell.* III.
- 1611 The tempest of the . . . [incomplete]  
     . . . doth come,  
     Swift as fire, —*Serchio*, 96.
- 1612 Marks your creation rise as fast, as fair  
     As perfect worlds at the Creator's will, . . . —*To Byron*.
- 1613 I grow  
     Frail as a cloud whose (splendours) pale  
     Under the evening's ever-changing glow :
- 1614 I die like mist upon the gale,  
 1615 And like a wave under the calm I fail. —*Fragm.* Vol. 4, p. 119.
- 1616 Even whilst like a forgotten moon thou wanest ? —*Fragm.* Vol. 4, p. 121.

- 1617 That moment is gone forever,  
Like lightning that flashed and died,  
1618 Like a snowflake upon the river,  
Like a sunbeam upon the tide  
1619 Which the dark shadows hide. —*Lines*, Vol. 4, p. 148.
- 1620 Man's brief and frail authority  
Is powerless as the wind  
That passeth idly by. —*Q. M.* III. 220.
- 1621 Ahasuerus fled  
Fast as the shapes of mingled shade and mist,  
That lurk in glens of a twilight grove,  
Flee from the morning beam —*Q. M.* VII. 268.

## SIMILES OF LOVE.

- 1622 O Love ! who to the hearts of wandering men  
Art as the calm to Ocean's weary waves. —*L. & C.* VIII. xi.
- 1623 That love, which none may bind, be free to fill  
The world, like light ; —*L. & C.* VIII. xvi.
- 1624 Virtue, and Hope, and Love, like light and Heaven,  
Surround the world. —*L. & C.* IX. xxiii.
- 1625 and a light  
Of liquid tenderness like love, did rise  
From her whole frame, an atmosphere which quite  
Arrayed her in its beams, tremulous and soft and bright  
—*L. & C.* XI. v.
- 1626 The faintest stars are scarcely shorn  
Of their thin beams by that delusive morn  
Which sinks again in darkness, like the light  
Of early love, soon lost in total night
- 1627 Be it love, light, harmony,  
Odour or the soul of all  
Which from heaven like dew doth fall,  
—*Eug. Hills*, 315.
- 1628 And the love which heals all strife  
Circling, like the breath of life,  
All things in that sweet abode  
With its own mild brotherhood : —*Eug. Hills*, 366.
- 1629 the overpowering light  
Of that immortal shape was shadowed o'er  
By love ; which, from his soft and flowing limbs,  
And passion-parted lips and keen, faint eyes,  
Steamed forth like vaporous fire ; an atmosphere  
Which wrapt me in its all-dissolving power,  
As the warm aether of the morning sun  
Wraps ere it drinks some cloud of wandering dew.  
—*Prom.* II. i. 71.

- 1631 In the depth of the deep  
Down, down.  
Like the spark nurst in embers,  
The last look Love remembers,  
A spell is treasured. —*Prom.* II. iii. 82.
- 1632 love like the atmosphere  
Of the sun's fire filling the living world,  
Burst from thee, and illumined, —*Prom.* II. v. 26.
- 1633 Common as light is love,  
And its familiar voice wearies not ever.  
1634 Like the wide heaven, the all-sustaining air,  
It makes the reptile equal to the God : —*Prom.* II. v. 40.
- 1635 With love which is as fire, —*Prom.* III. iii. 151.
- 1636 the impalpable thin air  
And the all-circling sunlight were transformed,  
As if the sense of love dissolved in them  
Had folded itself around the spheréd world. —*Prom.* III. iv. 100.
- 1637 And from beneath, around, within, above,  
Filling thy void annihilation, love  
Burst in like light on caves cloven by the thunder-ball. —*Prom.* IV. 353.
- 1638 And like a storm bursting its cloudy prison  
With thunder, and with whirlwind, has arisen  
Out of the lampless caves of unimagined being : —*Prom.* IV. 376.
- 1639 Which [*sc.* love] over all his kind, as the sun's heaven  
Gliding o'er ocean, smooth, serene, and even  
Darting from starry depths radiance and life, doth move. —*Prom.* IV. 385.
- 1640 Man, oh, not men ! a chain of linked thought,  
Of love and might to be divided not,  
Compelling the elements with adamantine stress  
As the sun rules, even with a tyrant's gaze  
The unquiet republic of the maze  
Of planets, struggling fierce towards heaven's free wilderness. —*Prom.* IV. 394.
- 1641 *The Moon.* As in the soft and sweet eclipse  
When soul meets soul on lovers' lips,  
High hearts are calm, and brightest eyes are dull ;  
So, when thy shadow falls on me,  
Then am I mute and still, by thee  
Covered : of thy love, Orb most beautiful,  
Full, oh, too full. —*Prom.* IV. 450.
- 1642 Like the polar Paradise,  
1643 Magnet-like of lovers' eyes : —*Prom.* IV. 465.
- 1644 And the spring arose in that garden fair,  
Like the Spirit of Love, felt everywhere ; —*Sens.* P. I. 5.

- 1645 For each one was interpenetrated  
 With the light and odour its neighbour shed,  
 Like young lovers whom youth and love make dear,  
 Wrapped and filled by their mutual atmosphere.  
 —*Sens. P. I.* 56.
- 1646 Whether that lady's gentle mind,  
 No longer with the form combined  
 Which scattered love, as stars do light,  
 —*Sens. P. Cocl. 5.*
- 1647 the heaped waves behold  
 The deep calm of blue heaven dilating above,  
 And, like passions made still by the presence of love,  
 Beneath the clear surface reflecting it slide  
 Tremulous with soft influence ; —*Vision of Sea*, 128.
- 1648 Love is like understanding, that grows bright,  
 Gazing on many truths ; 'tis like thy light,  
 Imagination, which from earth and sky —*Epips.* 161.
- 1649 With flowers as soft as thoughts of budding love ; —*Epips.* 328.
- but true love never yet  
 Was thus constrained ; it overleaps all fence
- 1650 Like lightning, with invisible violence
- 1651 Piercing its continents ; like Heaven's free breath,
- 1652 Which he who grasps can hold not ; like Death  
 Who rides upon a thought, and makes his way  
 Through temple, tower, and palace, and the array  
 Of arms : —*Epips.* 397.
- 1653 One passion in twin hearts, which grows and grew  
 Till like two meteors of expanding flame,  
 Those spheres instinct with it become the same,  
 Touch, mingle, are transfigured ; ever still  
 Burning, yet ever inconsumable :  
 In one another's substance finding food,
- 1654 Like flames too pure and light and unimbued  
 To nourish their bright lives with baser prey,  
 Which point to Heaven and cannot pass away : —*Epips.* 575.
- 1655 Free love has this different from gold and clay,  
 That to divide is not to take away  
 Like ocean which the general north wind breaks  
 Into ten thousand waves, and each one makes
- 1656 A mirror of the moon—like some great glass  
 Which did distort whatever form might pass,  
 Dashed into fragments by a playful child,  
 Which then reflects its eyes and forehead mild ;  
 Giving for one which it could not express,  
 A thousand images of loveliness. —*Canc. Epips.* 17.
- 1657 Untamable and fleet and fierce as fire, —*Canc. Epips.* 147.
- 1658 thou ever soarest  
 Among the towers of men, and as soft air  
 In spring, which moves the unawakened forest,  
 Clothing with leaves its branches bare and bleak,  
 Thou floatest among men —*Prince Ath.* II. iv. 1

1659

above  
One dream of Heaven smiles, like the eye of Love  
On the unquiet world :

—*Letter to M. G.* 126.

1660 And fed with love, like air and dew,

1661 Its growth—

—*To Const.* II.

1662 There is a warm and gentle atmosphere

About the form of one we love, and thus  
As in a tender mist our spirits are  
Wrapt

—*Fragm.* Vol. 4, p. 20.

### SIMILES OF DREAM.

1663

like mist on breezes curled  
From my dim sleep a shadow was unfurled

—*L. & C.* III. ii.

1664

Talk with me  
Of that our land, whose wilds and floods,  
Barren and dark although they be,  
W're dearer than these chestnut woods :  
Those heathy paths, that inland stream,  
And the blue mountains, shapes which seem  
Like wrecks of childhood's sunny dream :      —*R. & H.* 20.

1665

Athens arose : a city such as vision  
Builds from the purple crags and silver towers  
Of battlemented cloud, as in derision  
Of kingliest masonry :

—*Ode to Lib.* V.

1666

As one enamoured is upborne in dream  
O'er lily-paven lakes 'mid silver mist,  
To wondrous music, so this shape might seem  
Partly to tread the waves with feet which kissed  
The dancing foam :

—*Triumph*, 367.

1667

Along a shelving bank of turf, which lay  
Under a copse, and hardly dared to fling  
Its green arms round the bosom of the stream,  
But kissed it and then fled, as thou mightest in dream

—*Question*.

### SIMILES OF THOUGHT.

1668

Soft and delightful thoughts did rest and hover  
Like shadows o'er my brain

—*L. & C.* I. xv.

1669

And this beloved child then felt the sway  
Of my conceptions, gathering like a cloud  
The very wind on which it rolls away

—*L. & C.* II. xxxi.

- 1670 Such are the thoughts which, like the fires that flare  
In storm-encompassed isles, we cherish yet  
In this dark ruin. —*L. & C. VII. xxxvii.*

1671 What is this undistinguishable mist  
Of thoughts, which rise, like shadow after shadow,  
Darkening each other? —*Cencl. III. i. 170.*

1672 Obscurely through my brain, like shadows dim,  
Sweep awful thoughts, rapid and thick. —*Prom. I. 146.*

1673 the thought  
Which pierces this dim universe like light. —*Prom. II. iv. 40.*

1674 Drive my dead thoughts over the universe  
Like withered leaves to quicken a new birth —*West Wind, V.*

1675 And his own thoughts, along that rugged way  
Pursued, like raging hounds, their father and their prey.  
—*Adon. XXXI.*

1676 Earth and ocean,  
Space, and the isles of life or light that gem  
The sapphire floods of interstellar air,  
This firmament pavilioned upon chaos,  
With all its cresses of immortal fire,  
Whose outwall, bastioned impregnably  
Against the escape of boldest thoughts, repels them  
As Calpe the Atlantic clouds. —*Hell. 769.*

1677 Thoughts after thoughts, unresting multitudes,  
1678 Were driven within him, by some secret power,  
Which bade them blaze, and live, and roll afar,  
Like lights and sounds from haunted tower to tower,  
O'er castled mountains borne, when tempest's war  
Is levied by the night-contending winds,  
And the pale dalesmen watch with eager ear  
—*Prince Ath. I. 66.*

1679 As flowers beneath May's footsteps waken,  
1680 As stars from Night's loose hair are shaken,  
1681 As waves arise when loud winds call,  
Thoughts sprung where'er that step did fall. —*Mask, XXXI.*

1682 How beautiful they were, how firm they stood  
Flecking the starry sky like woven pearl. —*Fragm. Thoughts.*

1683 Thy deep eyes, a double Planet  
Gaze the wisest into madness  
With soft clear fire,—the winds that fan it  
Are those thoughts of tender gladness  
Which, like zephyrs on the billow  
Make thy gentle soul thy pillow—  
—*Sophia, II.*

Ye gentle visitations of calm thought—

1684 Moods like the memories of happier earth,  
Which come arrayed in thoughts of little worth,  
1685 Like stars in clouds by the weak winds enwrought,  
But that the clouds depart and stars remain,  
While they remain, and ye, alas, depart.  
—*Fragm. Vol. 4, p. 17.*

1686

ye who sit  
Pavilioned on the radiance or the gloom  
Of mortal thought, which like an exhalation  
Steaming from earth, conceals the      of heaven  
Which gave it birth

—*Prol. Hell.* 9.

1687

Until an envious wind crept by  
Like an unwelcome thought,  
Which from the mind's too faithful eye  
Blots one dear image out.

—*To Jane,* 81.

## SIMILES OF NUMBER.

1688

the vast clouds fled  
Countless and swift as leaves on autumn's tempest shed.

—*L. & C.* I. iv.

1689

Winged and wan diseases, an array  
Numerous as leaves that strew the autumnal gale;

—*L. & C.* I. xxix.

1690

And multitudinous as the desert sand  
Borne on the storm, its millions shall advance,

—*L. & C.* II. xl.

1691

those millions swept  
Like waves before the tempest—

—*L. & C.* VII. iii.

1692

their throngs did make  
Behind the steed, a chasm like waves in a ship's wake

—*L. & C.* X. iii.

1693

Great people, as the sands shalt thou become,

—*L. & C.* XI. xxiii.

1694

Look, sister, where a troop of spirits gather,  
Like flocks of clouds in spring's delightful weather,  
Thronging in the blue air!

—*Prom.* I. 664.

1695

And see! more come,  
Like fountain-vapours when the winds are dumb,  
That climb up the ravine in scattered lines.

—*Prom.* I. 666.

1696

Four hundred thousand Moslems from the limits  
Of utmost Asia, irresistibly

1696 Throng like full clouds at the Sirocco's cry;

1697 But not like them to weep their strength in tears.

—*Hell.* 275.

1698

The Grecian fleet  
As multitudinous on the ocean line      hung  
As cranes upon the cloudless Thracian wind

—*Hell.* 477.

1699

And when the windless snow descended thicker  
Than autumn leaves

—*Witch,* XXX.

- 1700 And o'er its gentle countenance did play  
The busy dreams as thick as summer flies. — *Witch*, XL.
- 1701 And as the day grew hot, methought I saw  
A glassy vapour dancing on the pool,  
And on it little quaint and filmy shapes.  
With dizzy motion, wheel and rise and fall,  
Like clouds of gnats with perfect lineaments — *Unfin. Drama*, 234.
- 1702 and the crowd divided  
Like waves before an admiral's prow. — *Chas. I. I.* 133.
- 1703 and a great stream  
Of people there was hurrying to and fro,  
Numerous as gnats upon the evening gleam. — *Triumph*, 44.
- 1704 He made one of the multitude, and so  
Was borne amid the crowd, as through the sky  
One of the million leaves of summer's bier ; — *Triumph*, 49.
- 1705 And as I gazed, methought that in the way  
The throng grew wilder, as the woods of June  
When the south wind shakes the extinguished day, — *Triumph*, 74.
- 1706 And saw like clouds upon the thunder blast  
The million with fierce song and maniac dance  
Raging around — — *Triumph*, 109.
- 1707 But all like bubbles on an eddying flood  
Fell into the same track at last, and were  
Borne onward — — *Triumph*, 458.
- 1708 } Or like small gnats or flies, as thick as mist  
1709 } On evening marshes, — *Triumph*, 508.
- 1710 }
- 1711 each one  
Of that great crowd sent forth incessantly  
These shadows, numerous as the dead leaves blown  
In autumn evening from a poplar tree. — *Triumph*, 528.
- 1712 The thronging thousands, to a passing view  
Seemed like an ant-hill's citizens. — *Q. M. II.* 101.

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## LIFE.

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I was born in Toronto, Canada, on March 17, 1871. I received my early education at Upper Canada College, and matriculated at the University of Toronto in 1887, where, with the intermission of a year, I remained until the spring of 1892. In that year I graduated with the Governor-General's medal in Modern Languages. For the three following years I taught Modern Languages at Upper Canada College, at the same time working under the general direction of Dr. Bright. In the autumn of 1895 I entered the Johns Hopkins University, where I followed courses in English, German and French. In January, 1896, I was appointed Scholar in the Department of English, and Fellow in June of the same year. I have studied under Dr. Bright, Dr. Brown, Dr. Wood, Dr. Menger and Dr. de Hahn, to all of whom I desire to express my gratitude.

To Dr. Bright, especially, I wish to convey my warm appreciation of the benefit I have received from his stimulating and sympathetic direction of my work.

PELHAM EDGAR.